A DIARY

WITH

REMINISCENCES

OF THE

WAR

AND

REFUGEE LIFE

IN THE

SHENANDOAH

VALLEY

1860 - 1865

M. E



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"THE SUNSET OF THE CONFEDERACY."

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"We see the battle of the old and the new; the heroic defence of ancient strongholds, the long impending and inevitable doom of Mediaeval life; strong men and proud women struggle against the destiny of modern society, unconsciously working out its ways, undauntedly defying its power."

A Diary

WITH

REMINISCENCES OF THE WAR

AND

REFUGEE LIFE

IN THE

SHENANDOAH VALLEY

1860-1865



MRS. CORNELIA McDONALD
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY
1875

ANNOTATED AND SUPPLEMENTED

BY

HUNTER McDONALD
NASHVILLE, TENN.
1934

CULLOM & GHERTNER CO., NASHVILLE

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DEDICATED

TO THE

DESCENDANTS

OF

ANGUS McDONALD

IMMIGRANT

TO

VIRGINIA

1727 - 1746 - 1778

PREFACE

In 1875 my mother assembled her scattered notes and records of the war period and copied them into a blank book which she later presented to my brother, Donald. About 1895 she made another copy which has been ever since among my most cherished possessions.

I have had a vague idea that some day I would annotate and publish this volume but the exacting duties of my calling admitted of scant opportunity for the work.

The sudden death of my brother, Donald, in 1924, forced upon me the realization that survivors of my father's children were all advanced in years and that if my mother's records were to be published by one of her children, I was the one who should do it.

Accordingly, in 1927, I began an intensive study of existing records and the collection of data to enable me suitably to supplement and explain many things which might not otherwise be fully understood.

The author's text has been adhered to in words, spelling and punctuation. This is true also of the old letters quoted, where the originals and exact copies are reproduced.

Diaries of Confederate sympathizers were kept in secret. Names of persons were generally omitted for fear that discovery might lead to dire results.

The author's notes were kept on blank paper as long as it lasted, but resort was finally taken to writing between the leaves of printed books. She mentions names of persons to whom she refers. Her story being intended for the family, she omitted many given names of her friends and fellow sufferers within the enemy lines. These have been supplied and they and their families identified as far as possible by notes.

My sister, Flora, in 1911, two years after my mother's death, after years of hard and patient work in the collection of family data, published a book entitled "The Glengarry McDonalds of Virginia." (George G. Fetter Company, Louisville, Ky.) This includes sketches from available records of my father's life and ancestry and a biography of each of his children. The edition was limited but copies are to be found in many Southern libraries. If she had access to my

mother's book she made no extracts from it, very considerately leaving its publication to the younger children.

She was no doubt urged on to this work by the appeals of Ex-President Jefferson Davis of the Southern Confederacy, through letters written to her in 1887, which appear in her book, to give to the world the story of her father's capture and ill treatment by General David Hunter in 1864. With her consent and also that of her publishers, I have availed myself fully and freely of the contents of her volume.

Typed copies of my mother's work were sent to my sisters, Flora and Nelly, and my only surviving brother, Kenneth, for comment. Their assistance has been invaluable.

My own recollection of the events related in this volume began with the arrival of the family at Lexington on the canal boat in August, 1863. I attended Washington and Lee University in 1878-79 and visited Lexington briefly in 1915, 1927, 1931, and 1932. On the later visits I found only a few of the friends and companions of my youth, but some of these were very helpful in furnishing me data for this work.

I am particularly indebted to Mr. W. M. McElwee, President of the People's National Bank, Miss Annie White, granddaughter of Mr. Wilson, who was with my father at the time of his capture, Mr. Charles H. Chittum, a contemporary of my brother, Kenneth, in Lexington, Mr. J. Ed Deaver, now a prominent merchant of Lexington, and Colonel Walter S. Forrester, formerly of Louisville, Kentucky, my roommate at Washington and Lee University, who, shortly after leaving college, married Miss Julia Nelson, daughter of Professor A. L. Nelson, of Washington and Lee University. Colonel Forrester now lives at Lexington and was lately connected with the *Lexington Gazette*. The publisher of the *Gazette* took a lively interest in my work and I have used many articles published in their "Half Forgotten Bits of Local History," conducted by Dr. E. Pendleton Tompkins. For much data about Winchester people and places, I am deeply indebted to Dr. C. Vernon Eddy, Librarian at the Handley Library. Acknowledgment is made of many helpful letters wherever their contents have been referred to. Much of the data for the notes was obtained through correspondence.

In the preparation of data relating to the family, APPENDIX G, I have been greatly aided by many of my numerous cousins and nieces through letters and interviews. I caused the records of many Vir-

ginia counties and some in Maryland and Kentucky to be searched and abstracted.

Since my mother makes frequent reference to members of the family and the servants, their names are given below in order to avoid repetition of footnotes.

The children of my father by this first wife, Leacy Ann Naylor, all born at Romney, were, in the order of their births:

Mary Naylor, married 1852, Thomas Claiborne Green. Mrs. McDonald refers to her as Mary and to her husband as Mr. Claiborne Green.

Angus William, Jr., married in 1857, Elizabeth Morton Sherrard, referred to as Angus and Betty, respectively.

Anna Sanford, married in 1855, James W. Green, brother of Thomas Claiborne Green, above, referred to as Anne and Mr. Green, respectively.

Edward Allen Hitchcock, ("Edward"), William Naylor, ("Will"), Marshall, Craig Woodrow, ("Wood"), Susan Leacy, ("Sue") and Flora.

Colonel McDonald's children by his second wife, Cornelia Peake, were Harry Peake, Allan Lane, Kenneth and Humphrey Peake (died in infancy), born at Romney, Ellen ("Nelly"), Roy ("Rob"), born at "Windlea," and Donald, Hunter, and Elizabeth ("Bessie"), born at "Hawthorn," Winchester.

The slaves of the family at Hawthorn were as follows:

Aunt Winnie, cook, purchased with the place.

Tuss, half-wit, son of Aunt Winnie, stable and yard man, purchased with the place.

Manuel, house servant and coachman, Cathrine, laundress, and Alethea, nurse and seamstress, wife of Manuel, with daughter, Margaret, were all rented by the year.

Aunt Dinah, cook and dairy maid and Henry, dining room boy, belonged to the family in Romney and were brought to Winchester from "Windlea." Both died shortly before the war.

Thornton, rented out by the year, left early in the war and never returned.

The following special abbreviations have been used by me: (W. R. R.) for "War of the Rebellion Records." (Mrs. F. D. McD. W.) for Flora McDonald Williams. ("Glengarry McDonalds") for Mrs. Williams' book. (K. McD.) for Kenneth McDonald.

(Cartmell) for "History of the Shenandoah Valley and Frederick County, Virginia."

Some other abbreviations for long titles are used in repeating them, but these are readily understood. Cross references have been used as little as possible, reliance being placed on the index.

A description of the nature of the appendices in the table of contents follows:

A. Based on intimate contact with General Lee and his family at Lexington, Virginia.

B. Published as an appendix because of its length. It recounts the cruel and inhuman treatment visited upon Colonel McDonald by General David Hunter, assigns the cause of his persecutor's ferocity and appeals to General Crook for intervention in his behalf and to effect his exchange.

C. Henry D. Beall was captured near Lexington while scouting for General John C. Breckinridge, C. S. A. He was a fellow prisoner with Colonel McDonald and Harry and a witness to the latter's dramatic escape in Greenbrier County, West Virginia. This letter is an unconscious and disinterested corroboration of much of Mrs. McDonald's and her husband's stories of his capture and ill treatment.

D. Documentary proof, unknown to Mrs. McDonald at the time she wrote, that General Hunter's ill treatment of Colonel McDonald was the result of a conspiracy between his Adjutant General and Chief of Staff, Colonel David H. Strother, U. S. A., his nephew, Colonel Charles G. Halpaine, U. S. A., his Adjutant General, and General Hunter himself.

E. A correction of errors and misstatements in General Hunter's Official Report of his actions at Lexington and embraces some discussion of subsequent events of his expedition.

F. The story of Colonel McDonald's earlier life.

G. Opens with a biographical sketch of Angus McDonald, the Immigrant, includes his rise to a Lieutenant Colonelcy of Virginia Militia and some of his correspondence with General Washington and General Adam Stephen.

There are other biographical sketches and accounts of the forebears and descendants of McDonalds, Naylors, Lanes, Stonestreets, Demovilles, Eltings, Hollidays, Langhams, Tripletts, Adams and other related families of Virginia, Maryland, Kentucky, Missouri and Illinois. The immediate McDonald descendants have been brought as nearly as possible up to date.

HUNTER MCDONALD.

INTRODUCTION

BY VIRGINIA LYNE TUNSTALL

This volume is the record of a period, but to a greater degree the record of a personality. It is the story of a woman, well-born, well-bred, handsome and high-spirited, and her fight against demoralizing forces of war and poverty. Others share the stage with her at times,—her husband, an heroic figure of almost legendary strength and bravery; her children and step-children, in the common ruin and disaster united in their devotion to her and to each other; her circle of loyal friends and faithful servants; the soldiers of both armies. But she remains the protagonist of the drama; and her lion-like courage, her loyalty and intelligence, make this story an absorbing one. Even her faults—if any such they were—her imperiousness, her pride and her inability to compromise served her better than a more feminine compliance could have done, for only an iron will and determination could have kept her flock together at a time when shoes and food and shelter were equally uncertain.

The diary, valuable as a contemporary history, was kept for her husband, and is, for the most part, wholly unstudied. To this fact it owes much of its charm and vivacity, and its wealth of unconscious but revealing glimpses of the writer—her maternal tenderness, her sense of humor, her artistic appreciation and love of nature. When the war clouds were blackest she found time to intercede for a beautiful tree, and to mourn over the trampled ruins of her flowers, and she could always find an escape from anxiety in her admiration of a vivid sunset, or the whiteness of the new-fallen snow. And she possessed a deep piety, and through the whole story runs the rich thread of her abiding faith in the care and goodness of God.

When one who in childhood knew her well, thinks of her across the long years, it is the picture of her reading beside the fire which lingers most persistently in the memory, and certainly the love of books was one of her major passions of her life. Poetry, biography, history, fiction,—she devoured them all, consumed by the eternal hunger of the insatiable reader. She lived to a great age, and kept a clear mind and a straight back to the end of her days, and as a very

old lady still moved with that incomparable grace of carriage which had once caused an admiring domestic to exclaim, "There goes Miss Cornelia now; ain't another lady in Louisville kin walk like her."

There are only three left of that war-time household, and to their ears and echoes of "old," unhappy, far-off things, and battles long ago, must be very faint now and only those chords of mutual devotion and understanding sound as clear as they did when they were children in the troubled days of the sixties.

V. L. T.

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MRS. CORNELIA McDONALD

From a photograph made in Washington, D. C. about 1890.

INTRODUCING THE AUTHOR

Mrs. Cornelia McDonald: A Sketch

BY MRS. J. HENRY LYNE

My mother, who was the youngest child of Dr. Humphrey Peake and his wife, Anne Linton Lane, was born in Alexandria, Virginia, June 14, 1822. There was a large family of brothers and sisters, and when the time came that the last baby should be baptized, her mother, being sentimentally inclined, wanted to name her Olivia after the lady in the "Vicar of Wakefield," but her father, who I imagine was a gentleman having the "courage of his convictions," announced that the latest addition to the family should be called Cornelia after an old sweetheart of his, Miss Cornelia Lee.[1] How her mother liked it I never heard, but no doubt she submitted with all the grace that the wives of that day seemed to have had in abundance. The name seemed to suit her and there are a great many Cornelias in the connections, nieces and grandchildren.

Her memories of her old home in Alexandria were very interesting, and she used to say that her first recollection was of standing at the window of her mother's bedroom and looking at the spire of Christ Church, where her father, an ardent Episcopalian, worshipped. Then the next was of being carried to a little school kept by two old ladies and called a "Dame School."[2] She at this time was three years old. I never heard her say what they were taught here, but I imagine that it was something far removed from kindergarten methods. The thing that seemed to have impressed itself most upon her memory was that she was carried to school on the shoulder of her mother's carriage driver Adam and that when school was over for the day her mother came for her in her carriage to take her home.

Life had a great many interesting things for this young person who came into this world "for to admire an' for to see." Often she

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[1]She was a daughter of William Lee, who was born at "Stratford" August 31, 1739, and his wife, Hannah Phillippa Ludwell, born at Brussels, Belgium, in 1780, married John Hopkins of Richmond, Virginia, in 1806. They lived at "Belvue," Alexandria. She died in 1815. Their daughter, Portia, married Doctor Robert Baldwin of Winchester. ("Lee of Virginia," page 254.)

[2]This school was kept by Mrs. Lucia Whiting. It was on the second floor of the Star Fire Company's hall, which stood on the southeast corner of Christ Church grounds. ("History of Old Alexandria," by Mary G. Powell, p. 49.)

would wake up and hear the watchman cry out in the night: "Past one o'clock and all's well." At twilight came the "link boys" carrying the lights to light the streets. Another event which "registered," was being carried in the arms of her nurse to see General Lafayette and that he took her in his arms and kissed her. This was at the time of his visit to this country in 1824-25. I do not think that she could ever determine to her own satisfaction whether or not she had only heard the story told or remembered it herself. She was at that time three years old, and her recollection of the event was quite possible as she had a most remarkable memory, never seeming to have forgotten anything that she had read or heard, and this fact made her a most delightful and interesting person.

She had strong and very decided views on all subjects, and I think that in her heart she always felt that slavery was wrong. She used to say that when she was a very small child she remembered being in her father's library playing on the floor on Saturday evenings and looking up and seeing the big tall Negro men laying the money on the table before her father that they had earned by their week's work in the oyster boats, and young as she was she felt that it was not fair or right that they should work and give the wage to someone else.

When she was quite a small child her father was financially much embarrassed, occasioned by the good old custom of acting surety for friends. He could not bear the mortification of being obliged to reduce his style of living among his old associates, so concluded to remove with his family and what was left of his fortune to "Waterfall," a plantation near Haymarket in Prince William County, where he engaged in agriculture and the practice of his profession. He later moved to Front Royal, a pretty little village in the Shenandoah Valley. Here he lived for several years and practiced his profession, but was never very well satisfied with the life in the little town. Here little Cornelia had a wonderful time, untrammeled and delightful—not quite as many conventions to be observed in the little village as there were in the city. This suited her exactly.

Cornelia's two older sisters, both very young, the elder only sixteen, undertook to help the fallen fortunes of the family by teaching school. They were quite accomplished, could teach French, dancing, painting, and drawing, and were strong on deportment. Our little heroine was ostensibly a pupil but was really in her place only when

she so elected, did little studying, and went at her sweet will. I remember her telling of one of her exploits, which was walking across the rafters in an unfinished church, balancing herself warily while the other children stood with bated breath watching till she made the crossing safely.

But her father was not satisfied and concluded to take his slaves and family and go out west to try his fortune. And soon came the wonderful journey fraught for her with much adventure. The plan for the going was go to Wheeling and then get the steamboat. So, in 1835, they started off on their long journey—the family in carriages, her brother (William) riding his own horse, the Negro men walking, while the women and children rode in wagons.

The trip for this interesting little girl was a thrilling one. She most of the time would leave the carriage and ride her horse by her brother's side, and he would hunt all sorts of game. Even then she was enchanted by the grand mountains and the dashing, sparkling streams. The gorgeous sunsets filled her artistic young soul with rapture. Sometimes in lieu of more formal accommodations the family would sleep in tents and the slaves in the covered wagons. A very thrilling little episode was added to the trip when one night they were attacked by bandits, but they were driven off with nothing resulting but a scare for the travelers.

Arriving at Wheeling, they were all taken on the boat, and it was a wonderful experience to sail down the broad expanse of the Ohio until they came to its mouth, and then to ascend the Mississippi until they came to Hannibal, Missouri, going thence to Palmyra, which was their destination. Everything seemed very crude and strange to these people who had been gently bred in a land that seemed very far away.

Here sadness awaited them and heavy losses. The negroes died off very fast. The malarial country was too much for them, and soon from a company one hundred strong there were many gone. Two young nieces of her mother died, too, of consumption, and altogether things were pretty bad. The house was none too large, and with the three invalids there was a very acute question of sleeping space, which was solved, as far as the youngest child, which was my mother, was concerned, by putting her to sleep in the room up under the roof, and as the roof and windows were none too tight she would sometimes awake with the snow all over the bed. This she often said was a blessing in disguise as she slept in what we

now consider to be ideal fresh-air quarters. In those days fresh air, especially night air, was much dreaded, but she avoided breathing the same air that the ill ones downstairs breathed. It may have been that the seeming hardship laid the foundation for the good health that she had all her life—living until she was eighty-seven years old, and having good health almost to the end.

Her mother's health failed. The pioneer life was too rough and hard for one who had been used to the luxuries and refinements of a different world. Her mother was ill a long time, and she was often called to sit with her, and when the invalid slept she would sit behind the bed curtains and read Byron's works. She always said that her catholic taste in literature dated from that time.

She had access to her father's library and no one censored her reading. She browsed at will, selecting what suited her own taste. But she was not always reading, her greatest fun was to mount a horse, taking with her a little negro girl who belonged to her, named Kit, and the two of them would gallop over the prairies with the prairie grass as high as their heads in some places and in others the ground would be carpeted with beautiful brilliant flowers, scarlet and blue and yellow, making an enchanting scene. Everything that happened interested her.

She had vivid remembrance of the migration of the 5,000 Pottawattomie Indians when they were sent further west to another reservation. She said she would sit up late at night making caps for the little Indian babies, and how delighted the squaws were to have them! She thought it very hard that the women had to carry all the burdens and walk while the Indian braves in all the glory of war paint and feathers pranced along on their fine horses.

After her mother died in 1837 her father moved to Hannibal, Missouri. Here he practiced medicine and his elder daughters had some society, and the little girl began to grow up and soon showed evidence of the many gifts with which she was endowed, and made many friends and was always the life of the party. There were lots of things to do. They would go out partridge netting, all on horseback. The partridges were driven into a net and caught wholesale. Then pecan hunts were fine sport, and with no thought of the future the men would cut the trees down to get the nuts. There were wonderful sleigh rides on the frozen Mississippi by moonlight. Altogether she had a good time.

Then came the winter when she was invited to spend several months in St. Louis with the daughter of her cousin, Dr. Carr Lane. What a wonderful time she had, dances and balls and dinner parties, all delightful. This was not the only winter there. She spent a great deal of time with these cousins and was a great favorite with everyone. Added to all the other joys there were trips to Jefferson Barracks, the military post not many miles away, where it was very gay indeed, parties and balls galore. Here she danced with the officers, had many a mazurka and schottische with General Grant, General Longstreet, and General Kearney, all of them young lieutenants and fine dancers, and many others who were afterwards distinguished figures in the army. She was at the barracks visiting at Dr. De Camp's when the United States Army was ordered to Mexico, and she saw the troops go off with banners flying and the band playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me"—gallant friends of hers, many of them, that were never to come back.

There was by this time quite a pleasant society in Hannibal. A good many young men seeking their fortunes in the west had come out from Maryland and Virginia, and they soon found that the house of Dr. Peake was full of the traditions and customs of the homeland; and so with the four attractive daughters, Susan, Ellen, Elizabeth, and Cornelia, it was a very popular place.

There were interesting things to be done, and various expeditions to be undertaken, one especially notable was a trip to Nauvoo, the Mormon settlement in Illinois, where she saw the famous Book of Mormon and learned many things concerning the customs and religious beliefs of this sect.

But as time went on it brought many changes to the house of Dr. Peake. Elizabeth, an older sister, had married Mr. Fayette Buck and had gone with him to Front Royal, Va. Ellen had married James De Camp and was living with him out near St. Louis. Susan married Edward C. McDonald. He and his brother, Angus W., had large holdings of land in and near Hannibal, and I think that it was on a visit out there in the interest of his possessions that Angus McDonald met Cornelia Peake.

I have heard my mother tell of the first meeting. It was at a party at the house of a friend. She said that she was much attracted by him, he was so very striking looking, tall and with a good figure, a fine face full of spirit and intelligence. The attraction seemed to be mutual, and when at the end of the evening he came up and

said, "Miss Peake, may I take you home?" she said that she had an engagement, he very quietly, in the masterful way that women like, said, "No, I will take you," and quietly put her wrap around her shoulders, tucked her hand under his arm, and left the other swain standing aghast.

I do not know how long the courtship was, but she married him and went back with him to Virginia to make her home, living first in Romney, where he practiced law, and then for a while at Windlea on a spur of the Allegheny Mountains near New Creek, Virginia, where he owned much coal and iron land. She would ride for miles along the mountain roads and enjoy to the full the wonderful scenery. Even "the storms abroad in the mountains" had a charm for her intrepid spirit which knew no fear.

She busied herself with her family, tried to do something for the mountain people, and sometimes would while away the time by sketching some of the mountain scenes which were around her. Kenneth, one of my brothers, says that the first thing that he remembers about mother was her sitting by the window at "Windlea" drawing "Bull Neck," a rugged crag by the Potomac on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. Also another vivid memory of his of our mother was of her courage when the mountain at the foot of which our house stood was a mass of flames "so near that we could feel the heat in our faces" and that the house was saved only by the heroic efforts of the household with no expression of fear from her in such an anxious time.

The winters were long and lonely. Her husband was much away in Washington and Philadelphia, and she pined for him. She had a love for the bright lights herself. The life up there on the side of the mountain was dreary. That big old stone house with the walls three feet thick seemed almost like a prison to her. She resolved that she would not live there any longer.

So she persuaded her husband to buy a home for her in Winchester, Virginia. Here they moved and she lived for seven years surrounded by a congenial group of charming, cultivated friends.

A memorable trip was once taken with her husband to Missouri, seeing her old friends there and finding that she was still loved and valued by them as she had been in the past. The sojourn in Winchester she always said was the happiest period of her life, but it was to be followed by the terrible days of war.



"BULL NECK" ON THE POTOMAC AND "WINDLEA".

NEAR NEW CREEK VIRGINIA. THE ORIGINAL WAS MADE IN 1854 BY MRS. MCDONALD WITH LEAD PENCIL AND SEPIA FROM THE PORCH OF THE OLD STONE HOUSE SHOWN IN THE INSERT, NOW LOCALLY KNOWN AS THE "OLD SINGLETON HOUSE", AT KEYSER, WEST VIRGINIA, ON THE BALTIMORE & OHIO RAILROAD.

In her diary there are many pages devoted to the refugee life and there is no need to dwell on it here. In 1873 she followed her sons Harry, Allan, and Kenneth to Louisville, leaving Donald and Roy at Washington and Lee University and bringing Hunter and me with her. In Louisville there was much to interest all of us. A gay and pleasant household it was with the "boys," as we always called them, and our two young cousins from Virginia, Neville and Esten Buck, sons of her sister, Elizabeth. Here in Louisville she made many warm friends, among whom Mrs. R. A. Robinson, Mrs. Preston Rogers, and Mrs. James Clark were some of the most valued. Here, too, she renewed a friendship formed in Lexington with Miss Henrietta Johnston, daughter of General Albert Sidney Johnston, a most interesting and delightful person.

My mother was a most devoted member of the Episcopal Church, which was the church of her father, and she was very careful that all of her family should be on hand for the services on Sunday morning.

She took a keen interest in all the work of the church charities, was for many years the President of the Guild of the Home of the Innocents, and every week would meet with a band of other devoted women, members of Calvary Church, to cut and make garments for those unfortunate waifs who were under church care.

She had among many other gifts a wonderful talent for drawing and painting. One of my earliest memories was of going with her in company with the other children out in the fields and playing about while she sat on some little elevation and sketched with her pencil some of the beautiful views of mountain and river in which the scenery around Lexington was so rich.

In Louisville she found many others who were equally artistic in their tastes and, therefore, congenial, and when the craze for china painting came about she and those friends formed what was known as the "Pottery Club," and she for nine years was the president of this organization. She did beautiful things, and a great many lovely pieces of painted china are still prized by her family and friends. She was very ambitious, too, to perfect herself in the art of painting on china, loved to do it because she said the colors were permanent, never fading or changing.

She at one time took valued lessons from an artist in china painting, a Mr. Bischoff from Cincinnati, whose specialty was the depiction of grapes and roses. Under his direction she produced with

her brush luscious bunches of grapes that looked almost real, so lovely was their coloring and the shadows on the leaves. All this time she was the head of a large family and led a busy life but always found time for a wonderful amount of reading and for her painting.

As the years went by of course the family became smaller and there was some time for her to go about the world. Her greatest delight was to go for some time every summer to visit her youngest son, Hunter, who was in the engineering corps of the Nashville, Chattanooga & St. Louis Railway. She would board at one of the mountain houses and enjoy not only the views but would get a great deal of entertainment from conversing with the mountain people. Their views of life were very interesting to her. She made many friends in Tennessee, and when Hunter married a lovely young lady, Miss Eloise Gordon of Columbia, she was present at the marriage and was more than pleased with the young bride and her family and friends. She and Eloise were always most congenial. They took many trips together and many beautiful summers Mother spent with Hunter's family at White Bluff.

One eventful trip was to Virginia when Hunter's son was about four years old in 1900 when they all three went to see her sacred places of memory—to Alexandria, to Front Royal and Winchester, visiting all the relatives and finding out many things of interest about the family history.

It was on that visit that she found her father's old family clock which she had known in her childhood. The old clock had quite an interesting history. When her father made his migration to the West many articles of furniture were left behind, among others the old clock, which was left with Mr. James Marshall's family, and when Mother heard that it was still in their possession she went to their old home, "Happy Creek," and made herself known to them and was most cordially received, and when she asked to be permitted to buy the old timepiece they would not hear of her doing so, but with all the noble, generous spirit of old Virginia, insisted that she take the clock as a gift from them. This clock is now in possession of Hunter McDonald, Jr., at Nashville, Tennessee.

I feel that this little sketch of my mother would be incomplete without a few words descriptive of her appearance and chief traits of character. She was quite tall with a slender and graceful figure, a queenly and elegant bearing, a beautiful brow and fine dark eyes beaming with spirit and intelligence, fine dark hair always most

simply dressed. Her face seemed a good index to her character in which many noble traits mingled, but the most outstanding one was her loyalty—loyalty to her principles, to her religion, to her family and friends. She died March 11, 1909, and was buried beside her husband in Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond, Virginia. A rare soul was hers, and one that had few equals.

RECOLLECTIONS OF 1860 AND 1861

In November, 1860, my husband returned from his mission in Europe. He came full of joy at again seeing his own country, and of exultation that he was an American and a Virginian. More especially the latter, for on Mr. Mason's[1] coming to see him, which he did in half an hour after his arrival, he related to him with pride, that at the New York Custom House when he was questioned about the contents of his baggage, he had pointed to his trunks saying that they contained his clothes, a few articles of jewelry, and a silk dress for his wife and daughters.

"That," he said, pointing to a huge seaman's chest packed with books and papers concerning the adjustment of the boundary between the states of Virginia and Maryland, "contains only matters concerning the business on which I went," mentioning its character. The officer after a pause asked what state he was from. On receiving his answer "from Virginia" he turned to his assistant and said: "Let this gentleman's packages pass without examination." He afterwards said to him: "I seldom find anything wrong in the boxes of persons from Virginia." The eyes of both Mr. Mason and himself were filled with tears of happy pride at the high compliment to their beloved state.

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[1]Former U. S. Senator James M. Mason, captured with John Slidell on the British steamship "Trent," where they were bound, one for England and the other for France as Commissioners for the Confederate Government. The house "Selma," a duplicate of "Hawthorn," was on the next hill toward the town and about 200 yards distant. His wife was Elizabeth Margaretta Chew, daughter of Benjamin Chew, and his wife Elizabeth, of "Cliveden," near Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Their children were George, James M., Jr., John, Virginia, Emily, and Ida. "I was coming home from school one afternoon and encountered Mr. Mason, who was a very dignified and pompous, big, fat man, and the following conversation took place: 'Mr. Mason, are you going up to our house?' 'I may do so, why?' 'Well, if you are [handing my books to him], I wish you would lay my books on the hall table.' I always thought there was a little malice in the way he complied. He walked all the way up to the house and informed the family that I had sent my books by him and then departed. From the hard words and dirty looks I got for the next few days I thought I had committed a crime. I remember mother's scolding had serious words, but that merry twinkle in her eye told me she was still my friend." (K. McD.)

"About a year before the war we had a large company at our table one night. Senator James M. Mason, our next-door neighbor, and eight or ten others. Of course the children had to wait, but Nelly had enough pull to get into the dining-room at least. After the company had finished dinner and had sat for a long time arguing about politics, she went and stood by Senator Mason and he put his arm around her and said, 'And what does my little Nelly want?' She replied, 'I want you to get up from the table and let us have our supper.' " (K. Mc.D.)

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In his joy at being at home, and pride in his own country, so much happier he thought than any of those he had visited, he forgot for the time his lifelong hatred for everything Northern and puritanic as he expressed it, for in those days he rarely gave any one credit for a commendable quality if he was born north of Mason and Dixon's line, that circumstance served always to detract from any recommendation the person might have. In his softened mood he seemed to have buried the ill will he had always borne them as well as his remembrance of their approval of, and sympathy with, the atrocious attempt of the murderous John Brown.

The stormy scenes of '59 and '60 also seemed to have faded from his memory, when the mere attempt to elect a Speaker to the House excited the rage of both parties, and the "Black Republicans" as they were called made such furious attacks on the South and her people, made more furious by the recollection of the swift punishment meted out to Brown and his gang in Virginia. None but gentle feelings filled his heart then, and that night he asked Mary to sing "New England, New England, my home o'er the sea." That was a wondrous change, for nothing of New England had before found favor in his eyes.

When Congress again assembled after the election of Lincoln the strife re-commenced with greater fury than before. Nothing was talked of but secession, in every company, at every street corner, whenever two people met that was the subject discussed. The gentlemen, most of them, were of the opinion that that was the only remedy for our troubles: the only way to settle the differences between North and South. They declared that once separated from the North we should have peace and prosperity to a degree before unknown; that we could never have peace with them while we had our slaves, and that we could not, and would not give them up. Some insisted that it was jealousy of our comfort and leisure that made them so oppose slavery, and it seemed strange now, to recall some of the conversations I heard and took part in, on that hateful subject.

I never in my heart thought slavery was right, and having in my childhood seen some of the worst instances of its abuse, and in my youth, when surrounded by them and daily witnessing what I considered great injustice to them, I could not think how the men I most honored and admired, my husband among the rest, could constantly justify it, and not only that, but say that it was a blessing to the slave, his master, and the country; and, (even now I say it

with a feeling of shame), that the renewal of the slave trade would be a blessing and benefit to all, if only the consent of the world could be obtained to its being made lawful.

They agreed that it was owing to the restrictions put upon the trade that the slaves suffered in the passage; and but for the laws against the traffic, and if it was legitimate they would be far happier if brought away from their own country even as slaves, than they could be if they remained in freedom and barbarism. They insisted also that it was to the interest of the Cotton States and the dignity of the South to revive it. Such men as Mr. James M. Mason, Mr. Ran. Tucker[2] and many others did not hesitate to avow their intention in case the South did secede and achieve her independnce to use their best endeavors to establish the iniquitous practice again. Many there were, however, who did not go so far and though they were no advocates of slavery or the slave trade, were unwilling to be dictated to by a hostile section, and were in favor of secession for the sake of independence.

For some time the people of Virginia had been trying to carry out an oft expressed intention of buying nothing at the North, not even importations from other countries; so the ladies, some of them wore linsey, and the men homespun. All the woolen factories in the lower valley were hard at work to supply the demand for woolen fabrics of every kind. But I confess that few besides the elderly and very patriotic were heroic enough to adorn their charms with linsey woolsey.

I was at a large dinner party at Mrs. Conrad's[3] given to the bride of a young relative who had married in Memphis. The bride was very richly dressed, and the company moderately so, while Mrs. Conrad presided at her table in a linsey gown. Few people could have appeared, however, as she did in such a dress. Her dignity and grace were unequaled, her manners perfect in their composure, and her face the most beautiful I ever saw a person of her age have, with its sparkling black eyes, regular and beautiful features, with the snow white

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[2]John Randolph Tucker, born at Winchester, Virginia, 1823. He married Miss Laura Powell, daughter of Burr Powell of Winchester. Their children were Evelyn, Nannie, Virginia, Henry St. George, Gertrude, and Laura. He died at Lexington, Virginia, February, 1897.

[3]Wife of Robert Y. Conrad. She was Miss Elizabeth Powell, daughter of Burr Powell, second son of Col. Levin Powell and his wife Catherine Brooke. Mr. Conrad was born in 1807. He was a State Senator and a member of the Virginia Convention of 1861. Commissioned Brig. Gen., C. S. A. Their children were Daniel, (surgeon, U. S. Navy prior to 1861, resigned and commissioned surgeon in C. S. N.), Powell, Robert Y., Jr., Kate, Holmes, Sally, Charles, and Cuthbert. (Mrs. F. McD. W.)

hair parted on her forehead, and the dainty white cap half covering it.

In Congress the scenes daily became more alarming to the lovers of peace, and more gratifyingly spirited to the wishers for separation. The opinion was almost unanimous that separation was inevitable, but that it would be peaceful; that the importance of the supply of cotton was such that the North dared not go to extremities. And if it did, that Europe and the rest of the world would interfere. "Cotton is King" was the cry, and it was sufficient for people to believe it to make them willing to abide the issue whatever that might be. The secession of South Carolina on the 20th of December was hailed with delight by our extremists, and when it was followed by that of the other cotton states there was great rejoicing.

At the same time there were many men and women of my acquaintance who did not regard it as a cause of joy. As for me, I mourned over it, I had a constant sense of coming evil, and felt almost certain that such a matter could only be settled by war and all its train of woes. The excitement of the time was such that no one could judge calmly, every day some additional news, or some fresh occurrences would serve to keep alive the interest and ardour of the people. The Senators from the seceding states were leaving Washington for their homes; and when Senator Brown of Mississippi came to Winchester after vacating his seat he was greatly toasted and admired. Dinner parties were given and feasting went on as if we were not all standing on the brink of an abyss. It has since often been a matter of wonder to me, that so many men of sense could have agreed in being so shortsighted. No one then took much time to think. Everybody seemed to be frantic, bereft of their sober senses. The gods must have meant to destroy us as the old heathen said; for they made us mad.

The morning we heard of the attack on Fort Sumpter, the 11th of May, '61, I came into the room where my husband was, and found him in a state of great excitement not unmingled with pleasure. "Gallant little state," said he, "she deserves to lead all the rest, for she has always been true to her principles." "What," said I, "if there is war, and war means misery, deserted and desolate homes, and the loss of all we hold dear." "There will be no war," he said; "those Northern rascals will be afraid to fight us, and we will have the world on our side, for the world will have cotton." Ah, how the scales fell from his eyes!

There was no dearth of excitement at any time in Winchester, for some of the recusant statesmen in passing through, on their return to their homes at the summons of their seceded states, made inspiring addresses and appeals to the people, assuring them of triumph over the North, in the event of war, but scarcely admitting the idea that war would come.

The Virginia Convention had been sitting for weeks in sad deliberation; for there were many of the best and truest men in it who thought secession fatal to the Southern interests, and had seen with sorrow the hasty action of South Carolina and the gulf states. A peace commission[4] recommended by Virginia had been sent to Washington, but its overtures were rejected.

Still, the moderate men in the Convention and in the whole country hoped for peace, and opposed extreme measures; but when Lincoln's proclamation, calling on Virginia to contribute her quota of 75,000 men, necessary to "put down the rebellion of the other states," what a change! Those who had been calm and moderate were now furiously indignant at the insult to Virginia. Not a dissenting voice was raised when the ordinance was passed that took her out of the company of the states which were ruled by the vulgar rail-splitter, who had sneaked into Washington disguised, for fear of assassination; and who had had the insolence to call on her for aid in crushing the sovereign states which had only acted as she believed she as well as they had a right to do.

Some days before the proclamation was known, some friends requested me to go to Mr. Sherrard's[5] to assist in making a Confederate flag, as it was afterwards called. "The stars and bars" had been adopted by the seceded states, and as we were cutting out the white and red stripes Judge Parker[6] came, and sent for me and another lady, and begged us to relinquish the idea of making it, as there was danger of an attack on the bank building, in which Mr. Sherrard lived, if we persisted in making a secession flag, as the mechanics and trades-people were so opposed to secession that

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[4]The "Peace Congress" initiated by Virginia in a resolution of its General Assembly adopted on January 19, 1861. It met at Washington on February 27 pursuant to adjournment from February 7. Twenty-one states were represented, eight Southern slaveholding states having been excluded from the call. A basis upon which war might have been avoided was reached by the Congress but promptly rejected after a reluctant consideration by the Twenty-sixth U. S. Congress. (Davis' "Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government.")

[5]Joseph H. Sherrard.

[6]Judge Richard Parker, born in Virginia in 1810.

it would enrage them if they knew a flag was being made. We put it away, but at the end of a week, when the odious proclamation had decided Virginia's course, a change had come over the feelings of all classes; and the flag was brought out, and triumphantly unfurled to the sound of ringing of bells that announced the secession of Virginia.

On the morning of the seventeenth of April I was at breakfast, when my ears were greeted by the ringing of all the bells in town. Many bells were ringing, and as the tones softened by the distance, came on the sweet morning air, they seemed to have a sound of joy and exultation. Edward[7] had half done his breakfast, and at the sound of the bells he jumped up from the table, and running down the avenue was soon on his way into the town at a swift run.

April, 1861—The bells rang on, and shouts of people mingled with the sound. I did not for a moment think what it meant, but went about my household affairs, and about ten o'clock set out to go to town, taking with me the beautiful dress pattern my husband had brought me from Paris, to have it made. At the gate I stopped to ask a man who was passing what the bell ringing meant; he said, "Virginia has passed the ordinance of secession." I turned and went back to the house, folded up the dress and put it away; for I felt that in the days that were coming I should have no use for finery.

When I got in town every person I met was full of joy; those who a week ago were so violently opposed to secession had completely turned round, and were as ardent and exultant as any one. A few flags showing the stars and bars were on some of the houses, but when we had made and unfurled the large one which had been so obnoxious over the Farmers Bank, it excited great enthusiasm.

I did not see Edward for three weeks; he had reached the Taylor Hotel and found that men were volunteering to go to Harper's Ferry to take possession of the armory and to hold the place; he immediately started off with them, and was in the war, from which he never returned except on a hurried visit, till that dreadful day at Appomattox, when, wounded and suffering, he made his way off the stricken field to find a place, as he thought, to die in.

In a few days we learned that the Federal troops stationed at Harper's Ferry had evacuated the place after destroying a large

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[7]Edward Hitchcock McDonald. On the date here mentioned he was to take his examination before Judge Tyler at Warrenton, Virginia, for a license to practice law.

part of the public property; and in a few days more, men began to gather towards that point from all parts of the state, men of all grades and pursuits; farmers from their ploughs, boys from their schools came in companies which in sport they had formed for drilling, students from the colleges, all were making to the point of expected conflict. I saw the students of the University of Virginia, gaily marching through the town, in their red shirts and black trousers, utterly unprovided with such sordid things as overcoats and blankets, but full of ardour at the prospect of encountering the Yankees. Col. Jackson of the Virginia Military Institute was summoned there and assumed command.

My husband was in Richmond when the ordinance was passed, and immediately proceeded home, or rather to Harper's Ferry, and offered himself as volunteer aid to Col. Jackson. He came up to Winchester one night while the assembling of forces was going on; he was anxious and uneasy; for even his ardour could not blind him to the dangers of an attack on the undisciplined forces there. He spoke of the arrangements to guard against surprise; of the students who had been placed to guard the bridge. When he spoke of them he almost wept: "To think of those noble fellows being slaughtered like sheep, as they will be if an attack is made on them in their unprepared condition."

Soon the news reached us of the approach to Baltimore, of troops from Massachusetts and Pennsylvania; and of the resolve of the citizens to dispute the passage. At midnight a messenger reached Harper's Ferry from Gen. Stuart[8], of Baltimore, for arms for the citizens. Prompt action was necessary, and when an appeal was made for someone to go in charge of the arms, no one responded to it, till Edward came forward and offered to go. His offer was accepted, and procuring an engine and tender he had it loaded with arms from the stores of the Ferry, and started off in the night to Baltimore with only an engine driver and fireman.

When he reached the station an excited multitude was there to receive him; and old Gen. Stuart[8] clasped him in a close embrace

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[8]General George Hume Stuart, born in Annapolis, 1790. Became a lawyer at Baltimore. A soldier in War of 1812. Wounded at the Battle of North Point. Major General in Maryland Militia. Father of Gen. George H. Stuart, C. S. A., and, though too old for active service, spent much time with the Confederate armies and witnessed a number of battles. Died in 1867.

in his joy of seeing him with the wished for arms.[9] The bloody scenes that were enacted in those streets there can never be forgotten; bravery and patriotism were of no avail. Under the pretense of protecting the National Capital more troops were hurried from the North. Passing around Baltimore, they reached Washington, where they remained to keep the rebellious city of Baltimore in subjection by cutting her off from her friends, and to threaten Virginia.

Maryland now was powerless. The people no more sang their beautiful patriotic songs in the streets, for they were captive; and the best and truest men were seized and sent away to Northern prisons. Her whole legislature was imprisoned in Fort Warren. Then the young and the ardent came pouring over the river into Virginia, to fight Maryland's battles on her soil; and on many a hard fought field did the Maryland Line maintain the honour of their old state.

Those days of preparation for battle were holiday days compared with what came after. We, the ladies, worked unceasingly making lint, rolling bandages, (alas! for limbs that then were sound and active) making jackets and trousers, haversacks and havelocks, and even tents were made by fingers that had scarcely ever used a needle before.

Up to the 29th of May, no hostile foot had ventured on Virginia soil, though Alexandria was closely watched and threatened, for the war vessel Pawnee was anchored in the Potomac opposite the city, with guns bristling, ready to open fire if any movement of troops was made to invade Washington. So we at least thought, and we imagined that that was all they dared do, that they would not venture to cross to Virginia to offer battle, fearing to meet her armed hosts. They were not only watching, but were holding Alexandria in their grasp. Like the cat that knows the mouse is in its power, lets the poor thing imagine it is at liberty, when the claw has only to close down and crush it. So the Pawnee held the old city.

Full of confidence and determined, the people made their preparations for fight if it should come. The troops stationed in the

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[9] "As he was about to take the train for Harper's Ferry that evening he met Pres. Garrett of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, who invited him into his office and told him that Baltimore had never been so crowded with supplies, that all communication with the North had been cut off, while trains from the West were bringing in supplies all the time. He begged that authorities at Richmond be apprised of the state of affairs and urged the importance of moving troops from Harper's Ferry to Baltimore without delay and declared that the Susquehanna and not the Potomac should be the line of defense." ("Glengarry McDonalds of Virginia," p. 165.) This explains how the train carrying arms was so safely and quickly dispatched to Baltimore.

town were daily paraded, guards were stationed, and every means adopted to repel an attack. Still they felt secure that no attack would be made, that the enemy would be content with protecting his own side of the river, and would not venture to cross; but they were fearfully awakened from their delusion, when on that calm night, as the moon shone quietly down on the sleeping town, a band of men stole into it without the note of drum or martial trumpet, and took possession. Then the blood of the "Martyr Jackson" was shed, and all Virginia was aroused to avenge him.[10]

Troops were now pouring into Winchester on their way to the gathering of the clans at Harper's Ferry.[11] Among the rest came a body of men from the upper valley, from Rockingham county; I heard that when asked if they had arms, having nearly all arrived without them, they acknowledged that they had none, but expressed their willingness to try the issue with stones!

I, who had always loved the Union, and gloried in the stars and stripes, was surprised at myself when I felt my pulses bound at the sight of the first Confederate flag I saw borne at the head of a marching column. It was carried by the Culpeper minute men, who in passing through had halted in the street. I had gone to see them come in, as Wood was among them. It was night, and the line of shadowy forms occupied the middle of the street, while admiring crowds thronged the pavements. Above them the flag chosen by the Confederacy slowly furled and unfurled its stars and bars, as the wind rose and fell, and as I beheld it my heart beat high, for it seemed a promise of glory and greatness, and of triumph over those who would deprive us of our right to do as we pleased with our own. Ah! I did not know then what a portentous sight it was, I only thought of the attempted coercion of our free state and country, and felt that no sacrifice was too great to ensure their defeat. I knew that blood must be shed, but the trial would be soon

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[10]From page 618, A. H. Stephens' "History of the United States": "On May 24, 1861, Col. Elmer E. Ellsworth, in command of a regiment of New York Fire Zouaves, advanced from Washington to Alexandria. He first took possession of the Marshall House, the principal hotel in that city, and while tearing down the Confederate flag floating over it and hoisting the Federal flag in its stead, was shot dead by James W. Jackson, the proprietor, who was himself instantly killed in turn by the soldiers, but the City of Alexandria immediately surrendered to the Federal authorities. This was the first blood shed in the war."

[11]Craig Woodrow McDonald, April, 1861, enlisted as a private in the Brandy Rifles at Culpeper. He participated in the capture of Harper's Ferry. Later Lieut. P. A. C. S. and appointed on the staff of Brig.-Gen. Arnold Elzey; promoted Captain for bravery at Cross Keys and Port Republic; killed at battle of Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.

over, and we would be forever free. We were conscious of strength and courage, and were fully possessed of the idea of the importance of our part of the country as the producer of cotton for the world.

May, 1861.—The seat of the Confederate Government having been, on the secession of Virginia, transferred to Richmond, the Carolinas and Gulf States began to send their troops to defend the noble old state that had so manfully placed herself between them and her enemies, making their cause her own, and provoking them to fight the battles of the South on her soil, and make her a desolation.

The first regiment that came from the South was from Alabama; a splendid body of men, and a grand welcome did they receive as they came marching through the streets of Winchester, all along the length of which the windows streamed with banners, and expectant crowds awaited them. Loudon Street from end to end was draped with Confederate flags, the same flag that a few weeks before we dared not show for fear of the people. Now it was the people who flung it to the breeze, and who crowded to fight under its folds.

Soon a Georgia Regiment came, commanded by Col. Bartow,[12] and the same greeting was extended to them. Every house was opened to them, and instead of their being obliged to seek soldiers quarters they were received and entertained as honoured guests.

I drove out one afternoon to the Georgia camp, and we were invited to Col. Bartow's tent. Over it floated a splendid banner of silk, displaying the red, white and red, and richly embroidered with the arms of Georgia, and fringed with gold; a gift from the ladies of Georgia. We saw the parade, a beautiful sight; the uniforms were dark green and gold, and the men went through all their maneuvers with perfect order, so well were they drilled. After it was over, the boys, for boys most of them were, began to play games, leap frog and others; so joyous they looked, so full of life and gaiety, that I could not help contrasting their happy looks with the melancholy face of their commander. As he stood looking at them a deep sadness was on his countenance, and I heard him say to Mrs. Ambler,[13] "I cannot drive from my mind the thought of the terrible

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[12]Brigadier-General Francis Scott Bartow. May 21, 1861, elected Captain of Company B, Oglethorpe Light Infantry, 8th Regiment, Georgia Volunteer Infantry; June 1, 1861, appointed Colonel of the 8th Regiment; July 18, 1861, commissioned Brigadier-General of the Provisional Army, C. S. A., commanding brigade of the 7th and 8th Regiments, Georgia Volunteer Infantry, under Major-General Beauregard. Killed at first battle of Manassas or Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

[13]Mrs. Ambler was Virginia Mason. Her husband was John Ambler, Commissioner of the Bank of Virginia. She wrote "The Public Life and Letters of James M. Mason."

struggles in which they will have to bear their part." I thought afterwards that his sadness was prophetic, for when the sun had set over the dreadful field of Manassas two months afterwards, Col. Bartow lay dead with the best part of his splendid regiment around him.

My husband, as I have said, had gone immediately from Richmond, where he was when the ordinance passed, to Harper's Ferry, and offered himself as volunteer aid to Gen. Jackson. He was employed in assisting to organize the forces assembled there, and aiding by his military knowledge in all the measures taken by Col. Jackson for the protection of the border. Ashby's[14] troop of Black Horse cavalry, organized in Prince William County, had been placed on a sort of picket duty near the Point of Rocks, and along the river, by Gen. Harper,[15] the commander of the state militia, and was thus engaged when Col. Jackson arrived at the place from Lexington[16] with the cadets.

June, 1861.—My husband had applied to the War Department for permission to raise a regiment of cavalry, and Ashby's troop was the first to join him. His object was to employ his command in guarding the boarder of the Upper Potomac. His rendezvous was at Winchester, and so many applications to join him by gentlemen who had raised troops of horse, were made, that the regiment was rapidly filled, and by the 17th of June was ready for service.

Ashby had been appointed Lieut. Col., and his troop was assigned to his brother Richard. Headquarters were at our house, and it was thronged day and night by armed men passing to and fro, while preparations were going on for the removal of the regiment. The hall was the place where military affairs were attended to, and in passing back and forth the ladies of the family not infrequently had their flounces caught by a spur, or would run against a carbine. The clashing of sabres and jingling of spurs became a familiar sound, and in the activity and excitement we nearly lost sight of the object of the preparations.

The men slept under the trees in the yard, and though the two Ashbys were pressingly invited to sleep in the house they declined,

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[14]Brig.-Gen. Turner Ashby.

[15]Maj-Gen. Kenton Harper, Virginia Militia, born in Pennsylvania; fought in the Virginia Regiment, Mexican War. After being succeeded by Major Jackson, was Colonel 5th Virginia Regiment.

[16]This is an error. Major Jackson went from Richmond. The Cadets went to Richmond to train troops and did not go to Harper's Ferry.

preferring to share the discomforts of their men. On the morning of the 17th of June the regiment marched away, with orders to move along the North Western turnpike and destroy the bridges of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad over the Cheat river,[17] in order to break the communication between Washington and the West, so as to prevent the advance of troops in that direction till forces could be sent from Staunton to Western Virginia to relieve the remnant of the Confederate forces lately commanded by the ill-fated Garnett.[18] My husband had only one of his older sons with him, Angus, who was Adjutant of the regiment. He seemed anxious to have one of the younger boys, and poor Harry[19] had fixed his hopes on being the one selected; but he talked with him, and told him that though he, being older and stronger would be better able to assist him, he could not think of taking him from home where his presence was necessary, as no man was on the place but negroes. He told him he had such a high opinion of his sense of duty and willingness to do it, that he knew he would not repine. So he took Allan[20] with him, and though Harry was flattered at being placed in the position of guardian of the household, he could not command stoicism sufficient to see without tears the regiment march away to its glorious destiny, while he was left behind; so he retired to hide his grief, while Allan gleefully went off with his father. The second day after leaving Winchester they reached Romney, where they remained to perfect their arrangements, and to await the arrival of some of their equipments which were to come from Richmond. In the meantime scouts were sent out to ascertain the whereabouts of McClellan's[21] force

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[17]On June 5 at Richmond he was commissioned by President Davis a Colonel of Cavalry. He was instructed to report at once to Brig.-Gen. Joseph E. Johnston at Harper's Ferry, and secure from him such cavalry force as he could spare, recruiting such additional as might be necessary and with such force to proceed to the Cheat River Viaduct on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, destroying same if possible and as much as he could of the track, bridges, and tunnels on that road. (See S. I., Vol. 2, p. 904, order of Adj.-Gen. Cooper, C. S. A., June 4, and progress report of Col. McDonald, June 25, p. 952, W. R. R.) The Cheat River bridge consisted of two through iron spans, total length 320 feet, supported on two stone masonry abutments and one pier, height from rail to stream bed 27 feet. It was 76 miles west of Cumberland, Maryland, near Rowlesburg in Preston County, Virginia. The bridges and tracks were already guarded by Federal troops under Gens. Wallace and Patterson. (See reports from pages 105 to 123 of above named volume.) The march was to be made through a mountainous and chiefly hostile country. Had the bridge been completely destroyed, traffic could have been resumed in a day or two. (See note 148, p. 158.)

[18]Brig.-Gen. Robert Selden Garnett, C. S. A.

[19]Harry Peake McDonald, born, Romney, Virginia, 1848.

[20]Allan Lane McDonald, born, Romney, Virginia, 1849.

[21]Major-Gen. George B. McClellan.

which was still threatening an advance from Western Virginia. In order to secure forage for their horses and provisions for their men, it was deemed advisable for the regiment to separate and go to different points on the railroad. Six miles from Romney Col. Ashby established his camp, calling it Camp Washington, in compliment to Mr. George Washington, on whose estate the camp was.

On the morning of June 26th Col. Ashby selected his brother Richard to command a party of eleven men who were commissioned to arrest some mischievous individuals of suspected Union proclivities. Finding on arriving at the place that the men he sought had put themselves out of the way, he determined to push his scout nearer to the Federal lines.

Proceeding along the railroad, and turning off to avoid a cattle guard, he was startled by a volley of musketry which was poured into his ranks. Rapidly forming his little band of men to receive the coming charge, he perceived that he was outnumbered. Determining to withdraw to a more favourable position, he endeavored to effect a retreat, himself bringing up the rear, when the Federal column of a hundred charged on them. Firing as they rapidly retreated down the railroad, they were suddenly brought to a stop by the cattle guard they had turned off to avoid in the morning. Most of the men made the leap, but Ashby's horse, as he turned to fire at his pursuers, lost his footing, and fell into the cattle guard with his rider. Ashby sprang to his feet and seeing the danger called to his men to shelter themselves. He was then alone, attacked by a large body of men who fired on him as they advanced.

He fought bravely, but was soon cut down in a hand to hand encounter with the bravest of his foes. He fell, pierced by more than a dozen wounds; and gasping as he was, when they asked if he was a secessionist, and he said "Yes," they gave him a thrust in the abdomen which was his death.

Col. Ashby had gone with a party on a scouting expedition in another direction, and being informed of the firing heard in that taken by his brother, he went at full speed and overtook the enemy at Kelly's Island. Plunging into the Potomac, he charged them with his men and soon routed them. Three of his men fell, and he received a slight wound. Gathering up his wounded he returned to the Virginia shore in search of his wounded brother. He was still alive, but survived only a week, for on the 3rd of July he died,

mourned by all who knew him.[22] His death was a terrible blow to his brother who I heard many say, was never the same man. Always brave and daring, he was now fierce in his recklessness, and in the one short year that he lived after his brother's death, he won such a name by his dashing bravery and by his splendid soldierly qualities, that he was placed in command of a brigade. His connection with my husband's command ceased in a month or two after he went to Romney with the regiment, as he and several companies were assigned to duty on the lower Potomac. In one year, from the time of which I have written, his eventful career was closed. On the 6th of June, 1862, he fell near Port Republic while leading his squadrons in a charge on a body of cavalry commanded by Sir Percy Wyndham, an Englishman, Col. of the 1st New Jersey Cavalry.[23] He was supported by the celebrated Pennsylvania Bucktails, and other troops; they were defeated, and both commanders taken prisoner, Wyndham, and Col. Kane,[24] of the Pennsylvania Bucktails. Wyndham being left alone by his retreating regiment, surrendered to Edward, then in command of the 11th Virginia cavalry, and

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[22]Col. Lew Wallace, 11th Reg. Ind. Vol., in his report from Cumberland June 27 (S. 1, 5. 2, 134, W. R. R.) to Gen. McClellan and by him sent to Gen. Winfield Scott, claims his scouting party of 13 picked men attacked 41 Confederate Cavalry and killed 8 and captured 17 horses. (This was the encounter in which Capt. Ashby was wounded and left for dead.) Later they were attacked by enemy reinforced to about 75 men. The horses were abandoned and his scouts crossed to small island with Corporal Hayes wounded. The rebels charged and 23 of their number fell. His men scattered, but all are in camp except Hollenbeck, who was captured and brutally murdered. Enemy engaged all night long, boxing up their dead. Two officers killed, 23 laid out on a porch at a farmhouse. Says report sounds like fiction, but not exaggerated. "The fight was really one of the most desperate on record and abounds with instances of wonderful daring and coolness." In another report to Gen. Patterson from Camp McGinnis, June 27, on same page as above he says: "Eight dead bodies (Rebels) were left on the railroad track where first encounter took place." The fight on the island is declared to be "the boldest, most desperate and fortunate on record—hand to hand—with pistol, sabre, bayonet, and fist." One man, Farley, killed six Rebels; another, Grover, three; and Corp. Hayes, two. All his men bear marks of bruises, cuts, and bullet holes in clothing. No report from Lieut.-Col. Ashby is available. However, beginning on page 108 of "Ashby and His Compeers," by the Rev. James B. Averitt, Chaplain of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, will be found an account written by him from statements given him by Col. Ashby and Capt. Richard, the latter while on his death bed. He died from seven wounds on the 3rd of July at the home of Col. George Washington near "Camp Washington," six miles below Romney on the south branch of the Potomac. Richard Ashby's force is given as eleven men and that of the ambushing party of the Federals as about 100. He was the only one killed. Col. Ashby's force is given as nine or ten men, two of whom were killed and one slightly wounded.

[23]Part of force under Brig.-Gen. Charles D. Bayard.

[24]Col. Thomas L. Kane.

Holmes Conrad.[25] The flag of the Pennsylvania regiment was captured by Edward's men; it was made of the wedding dress of Mrs. Kate Chase Sprague. The victory was dearly bought by the valuable life of one of the most brilliant cavalry officers in the Confederate service. The story of the death of the two Ashbys has been told often; but I repeat it here, on account of the connection of them both with my husband's command. I so well remember the two brothers as they sat together on my right at the breakfast table; Richard, with his handsome brown eyes and hair, his bright smile and pleasant manners, while Turner, with jet black piercing eyes, black hair and beautiful coal black beard, sat grave and quiet, but enjoying the chat. It seemed that morning as if some gay pleasure excursion was on foot, so bright and spirited they all were as they marched away, but for the cannon it might have been taken for a holiday expedition.

Edward, who had joined the 10th Virginia regiment as a private, went with it and the 1st Tennessee[26] to Romney under command of Col. A. P. Hill. He had been since the John Brown raid in command of a militia regiment[27] and was still occupying that position when on visiting Hampshire County while the troops were collecting and organizing, he saw a man about to march off with a volunteer regiment, leaving his wife in great distress. The tears of the woman were more than he could bear, so he volunteered to take the place of the man, thus losing his chance of a command which he could readily have had, as he was well esteemed for his courage and energy, and thoroughly acquainted with the country.

His first experience as a foot soldier was not an agreeable one, but he was rewarded after his wearying march by the warm welcome of the people of Hampshire who had known him from a boy and knew his worth. He regarded the place and people with great affection, as Romney was his birthplace, and of the county of Hampshire and some adjoining scarcely a corner was unknown to him, as when a boy he had in his hunting expeditions roamed over them at will.

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[25]Third son of Robert Young and his wife Elizabeth Whiting (Powell) Conrad, daughter of Burr Powell of Winchester, Virginia; 1861, private 11th Virginia Cavalry; 1862, Adjutant, later Inspector Gen. Rosser's Brigade; 1865, Attorney at Law, Winchester, Virginia; 1895, Assistant Attorney-General, U. S. A., Washington, D. C. In 1869 he married Georgia Bryan Forman of Brunswick, Georgia. Their children were Elizabeth Whiting Bryan, Carter Bryan, Holmes, Jr., Augusta Forman, and Robert Young. Died, 1915; buried at Winchester.

[26]The 3d Tennessee under Col. John C. Vaughn.

[27]77th Virginia Militia.

A few days after his regiment arrived at Romney, he was sent with a detachment of it to destroy the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad bridge at New Creek. They marched all night and at daylight arrived at the bridge. They found there a few home guards who had been left to defend the place. Col. Vaughan, who commanded the expedition, led his Tennessee regiment by columns of two instead of line of battle, while Captain Robert White was sent with his own company and a detachment of that to which Edward belonged to cross the river below the bridge and attack the defending party in the rear.

When the detachment commanded by Capt. White reached the river, the head of the column stopped and fell into confusion, as no one seemed disposed to lead them on to the attack. Edward at his place in the ranks, was appealed to by one of the Lieutenants, and asked what had better be done. He told him if he would take ten men and protect their crossing that he would lead them on over the river. He plunged in, followed by the whole command, and when he reached the opposite shore, the surgeon, who was the only officer who had crossed with the command, dismounted and offered him his horse and sword, saying that he was better fitted to command than those whose duty it was. He took the horse and assumed command, thereby violating all military rules, being only a private. As soon as the home guards (Union men) perceived them crossing the river, they beat a disorderly retreat, and the fleetest of foot could not overtake them. The Confederates captured two pieces of old artillery, burnt the bridge, and returned that evening to Romney, having marched about forty miles in twenty-four hours. Finding that McClellan's object was not to march any further in that direction, he having apparently relinquished the design of uniting with Patterson[28] in an advance up the valley, as was supposed he intended doing, Gen. Johnston[29] ordered the two infantry regiments to repair to Winchester, my husband's cavalry to take their place in Romney. There they remained till the 17th of July, when orders were received to march to Winchester. On the 19th they began the march.

Gen. Johnston had on the 10th of June evacuated Harper's Ferry, marching all of his army to Winchester. He had found Harper's Ferry an untenable position, as it could be easily flanked by any one

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[28]Maj.-Gen. Robert Patterson, U. S. Vol., April 15, 1861, appointed Maj.-Gen. of Volunteers in command, Military Department, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, and District of Columbia. For failure to co-operate with Gen. McDowell at first battle of Manassas was mustered out of service July 27, 1861.

[29]Maj.-Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, C. S. A.

of the three bodies of troops which then threatened the valley. He removed all the munitions of war that he could get away, and destroyed the bridge. I think that I, with my own hands, made the cotton bag to hold the powder for the train. A bag was brought to me to be made, many yards long, and about three inches wide, and I was requested to sew it up. I inquired what it was for, and was told it was to blow up the bridge at Harper's Ferry.[30] It was not interesting work, but I was zealous, and sat up till far into the night to finish the never-ending seam.

Gen. Johnston having arrived with his army, the old town was made lively again, it having worn rather a gloomy aspect after the departure of the cavalry two days before. The army was encamped near our house in the fields on the edge of town. We had plenty of company, for people were constantly coming and going, young men, friends of the girls and boys, and men of distinction both of the army and in civil life were our daily visitors and every meal was a festive occasion; for gay officers and pleasant young privates were always there, besides ladies from all parts of the state who had come to see their friends. The parades, the galloping back and forth, the music and the stir, made it seem a great gala time, for as yet there were no features visible of grim visaged war.

Already though, the hospitals were filling up with sick men from the Southern regiments; they seemed less able to bear the hardships of camp life than the Virginians. The ladies organized parties for attending to the sick, making clothes for the soldiers, preparing bandages, lint, etc., but these doleful employments did not destroy their pleasure in the brightness and gaiety around them, or damp their enjoyment of the society of the pleasant people.

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[30]The following description of the destruction of the bridge is taken from "Notes on Harper's Ferry by Josephus, Jr." (*The Berkeley Union*, Martinsburg, Virginia, 1872): "On the 14th day of June the insurgents blew up the railroad bridge, burned the main armory buildings, and retreated up the Valley, taking with them as prisoners Edmund H. Chambers, Hezekiah Roderick, Nathaniel O. Allison, and Adam Ruhlman, four prominent citizens of Harper's Ferry, whom they lodged in jail at Winchester on the charge of inveterate unionism. From the first, preparations had been made for the destruction of the railroad bridge under the superintendence of Angus McDonald of Hampshire, an old man, but one who appeared to be full of zeal in the cause and possessed by a bitter spirit of opposition to the U. S. Government. He was a grandson of a Scotch Highlander, who fled to Virginia after the last Pretender's rebellion in 1745 when 'the Clans of Culloden were scattered in flight,' and it may be that he inherited the idea of feudalism which prevailed to so late a day among the Scottish clans and which were so well known to the Virginia of ten years ago. Whatever may have been the cause, he was a most virulent enemy to the Government, and he will be long remembered at Harper's Ferry for the dread felt of him by the Union men at that place. He died a prisoner during the War, having been captured by the Union forces in a skirmish near Romney."

On Gen. Johnston's staff was Kirby Smith,[31] Major Whiting,[32] Captain Fauntleroy, late of the U. S. Navy,[33] Col. Preston,[34] Maj. McLean,[35] Col. Thomas,[36] besides the prominent men in command of brigades and regiments. Scarcely a young man we knew in Virginia but was present in that camp, and the throngs of comers and goers was almost too much for my comfort, I often had to have three or four supper tables set at night, and the parlour floors were often covered with mattresses. Gen. Patterson, the Federal commander, and Gen. Patterson[37] had for some time hovered near Bunker Hill, a point between Winchester and Martinsburg, and we were daily in receipt of news concerning them. Now they were advancing, now returning to Martinsburg; but one day intelligence was received that Patterson was moving on Winchester.

By noon Gen. Johnston's army was in motion, marching to meet him, but in two days they all came back, rather crestfallen at being compelled to retrace their steps without an encounter with the foe they had so long wished to meet. A few shots had been fired on either side, and only one casualty occurred on our side. One man had his head taken off by a cannon ball. Holmes Conrad was telling

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[31]Maj.-Gen. Joseph Lee Kirby Smith, graduate U. S. Military Academy, 1845.

[32]Maj. W. H. C. Whiting, C. S. A., graduate U. S. Military Academy, 1845.

[33]Archibald McGill Fauntleroy, born Winchester, Virginia, Assistant Surgeon, U. S. A., June, 1860. Resigned May 9, 1861. Surgeon, C. S. A., 1861-65.

[34]J. T. L. Preston. Born, Virginia, 1811. Graduated at Washington College and later studied at Yale. 1835, while practicing law at Lexington, Virginia, published three articles in the *Gazette,* signed "Civis," suggesting the conversion of the state arsenal at Lexington into a combined military and literary institution at which students of Virginia and other states could be suitably educated. Chiefly through his labors the Virginia Military Institute was established in 1839, he being professor of languages. 1860, Major on staff of Col. Francis H. Smith, Superintendent of Virginia Military Institute, who was in command of the Virginia Militia at the trial and execution of John Brown at Charles Town. 1861, Major and Assistant Adjutant-General of staff of Col. T. J. Jackson at Harper's Ferry. Spring of 1862 commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel and was aide to Col. Francis H. Smith, who was in command of the fort at Carney Island. Later returned to professorship at the Virginia Military Institute. May, 1864, accompanied corps of cadets of Virginia Military Institute to Richmond after the battle of New Market, June, 1864, returned to Lexington with the corps of cadets and accompanied them in the march to Lynchburg to aid in the defense of that place against the advance of Gen. Hunter. At the close of the war resumed his duties with the Virginia Military Institute cadets at Richmond, returning with the corps to Lexington and assisting Col. Smith in rehabilitation of the Institute, which Gen. Hunter had destroyed. In active duty as a member of the faculty of the Virginia Military Institute until 1882, when he became Emeritus Professor of Languages. Died at Lexington, 1889.

[35]Eugene McLean, graduate U. S. Military Academy, 1842. Major Quartermaster, C. S. A.

[36]Col. Thomas.

[37]Gen. Lew Wallace probably intended. At that time he was Colonel of the 11th Indiana Volunteer Regiment.

me of it, and said it was a man named Parks. During my refugee life[38] I lived opposite an old man of that name who was demented, and I learned that it was his son who was killed on that day, and that the first intimation he had of it was the arrival of the corpse at his door in the night. He lost his reason then.

July, 1861.—Thursday, the 18th day of July, Gen. Johnston received a despatch from Gen. Beauregard informing him that McDowell was about to attack him. The whole army was soon in motion, in gallant array, and a proud sight it was, with the Confederate banners waving, the bands playing and the bayonets gleaming in the noonday sun. They passed by our gate and we were all there to bid them good bye and to fill their haversacks with the food we had prepared for them in haste. Many of the companies were made up of mere boys, but their earnest and joyous faces were fully as reassuring as the martial music was inspiriting. Then we watched them out of sight, and saw the last of them; of some the last we should ever see; for on reaching that fatal field they rushed into the battle without rest or refreshment, and turned the tide and brought victory to us. Wood, who had been a private in one of the Virginia regiments for some time, had been appointed aid to Gen. Elzey.[39] He came in haste to get a horse, and the servant who had charge of the horses thought the best not too good for him, and so brought Sam Patch, a fiery young blooded horse, who before he had gone a hundred yards, took occasion to show his distaste to the service, by throwing him over his head. He hurried back and mounting the girl's pretty riding horse, the spirited and beautiful Kate, he dashed off after Elzey.

A sad and deserted place was Winchester all those days after they were gone. Friday, Saturday and Sunday passed without news. When Sunday came, bright and peaceful as it was, it seemed as if an unnatural hush was over everything. Gloom and anxiety was on every face; but how would our hearts have fainted if we had known that all through those bright peaceful hours a deadly struggle was going on, that amid the rattle of musketry and the roar of artillery our ranks were being rapidly thinned, that the good and the brave were falling like leaves in Autumn. When night closed the dreadful battle of Manassas had been fought and won. We only heard rumours of a great and overwhelming victory, the enemy had been driven like sheep, so said the accounts, driven so far, and so well

[38] At Lexington, Virginia.
[39] Brig.-Gen. Arnold Elzey, C. S. A.

beaten that they would scarcely attempt to attack us again; it would end the war, many thought and said. How we watched and waited for news, and how we exulted over that we heard.

I remember standing at the gate all day to hear what any passerby might have to tell. We did not begin to realize the horrors of our victory till Tuesday evening when the wagons began to come in with their loads of wounded men; some came, too, with the dead. One stopped at Mr. Charles Powell's, and left his son, Lloyd,[40] killed in the early part of the battle. He had come from the West to join the army just one week before it marched. Another stopped at the house of a plasterer named Glaize.[41] His boy was one of a company of schoolboys who went with Harry to Mr. Clarke's[42] school, and had drilled with the school company till the troops were called to the defense of Virginia. These made a deep impression, because they were the first of the victims.

The list is long, and I have no room to tell of more, but will only relate how the two young sons[43] of Mr. Holmes Conrad[44] fell, together with their cousin, Mr. Peyton Harrison,[45] killed by the same shell. They were found lying side by side. When the wagon was seen approaching his house Mr. Conrad went to meet it. Finding what its burden was, he turned and went into the house and into the room where his wife and daughter were sitting. "Let us pray,'" he said, and they all knelt, asking no question, but knowing full well that an awful calamity had happened. They had joined the army only two weeks before. I saw them when they rode into the camp that day, as they came galloping up, their black groom riding behind them, their rosy young faces bright with excitement and pleasure at the martial aspect of the surroundings.

These were the first fruits of the bitter tree our people had helped to plant and nourish for so many years. We soon learned all the particulars of that memorable battle; how the festive Congressmen had come with their wives, daughters and sweethearts, on the out-

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[40]His wife was Miss Elizabeth Lloyd of Alexandria. Her husband was a brother of Capt. John S. Powell. He conducted a girls' school at Winchester and later in Alexandria. There were three daughters and two sons, both of whom were in the Confederate Army and killed in the war.

[41]Isaac N. Glaize, 2nd Virginia Infantry. He was found dead after Jackson's first bayonet charge, with two dead Federals who died also by bayonet thrusts. Glaize was an expert in bayonet exercises.

[42]Winchester Academy, Peyton Clarke, Principal.

[43]Holmes, Jr., and Tucker Conrad.

[44]David Holmes Conrad of Martinsburg, Virginia, elder brother of Robert Y. Conrad.

[45]Also of Martinsburg.

skirts of the army, seated in luxurious carriages, with hampers packed with champagne and all good things, to regale themselves withal, as from a safe place they would view the triumphant career of their Invincibles as they made the rebels bite the dust, and then to march over their traitorous corpses to Richmond. There, there was to be a grand ball; ladies had provided themselves with magnificent dresses, certainly expecting, after the battle was over, and the rebels were wiped out, to proceed serenely on their way to the Confederate Capital without meeting an obstacle.

When the "rebels" had been reinforced by the arch-rebels, Johnston and Jackson, with their wornout but gallant men, and when the Federals with their splendid army had turned and were frantically flying before those same "rebels," they cared for nothing but to get away. The flight of that panic-stricken mob has often been described, and by many pens, none however so graphic as that which after treating of their disgraceful race, styled them the "Bull Runners," the *London Punch* was, I believe, the author of that appropriate name.

The battle was called the battle of Bull Run, because it took place near that stream, a poor little mountain brook, that I remember playing in when a child, as my sister's home[46] was near it. Near there was the great battle fought that might have decided the issue if God had not willed that it should be decided not then or there. And now the homely name has become classic, as much as any in ancient story, for as goodly men, and as glorious heroes dyed its waters that day with their blood, as any that ever fell on the hard fought battle fields of the world.

All along the line of pursuit of the fleeing army, our men beheld the shattered trunks of the ladies with their ball dresses; gossamer robes trampled under feet of men and horses, and which our men picked up and laughingly carried on the points of their bayonets. Huge baskets of wine and all kinds of delicacies strewed the way. We heard many laughable accounts of how the luxurious non-combatants made good their escape; of the prayers for a mule or a wagon horse, anything to bear them out of the reach of danger. The daughter of Thurlow Weed was seen on a mule that had been

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[46]Julia Peake, eldest daughter of Doctor Humphrey Peake. She married George G. Tyler.

cut from a wagon making her way through the crowd and din, without saddle or bridle other than a robe around the neck of her steed.

Henry Wilson, a senator, and afterwards Vice President of the United States, begged in vain of a teamster the privilege of a seat on his wagon. After repeated and emphatic refusals, he revealed his name and position. "I am Henry Wilson," said he, "United States Senator"; but the teamster, perfectly unmoved by the announcement of the dignity and importance of his petitioner, cried out, "I don't care a —— who you are," and lashing his mules, sped on his way. Many noble and brave men laid down their lives on that day; Generals Bee[47] and Bartow headed the list. But of the rank and file whose names perished with them, there were hundreds who we had known of.

I heard the scenes and incidents described by many different actors in it; a shoe maker named Faulkner[48] who had left the army the day after the battle on account of a slight wound, said, as I stood in his shop: "First came Sherman's artillery thundering down a slope, then an avalanche of red, I could not tell what, for I shut my eyes; but I afterwards found it was a regiment of Zuaves; it seemed to me that all creation had turned red."

Wood had been ordered to carry a message, and in galloping across the open space in front of the enemy's line, a shell fell and burst just before him. His gallant little horse showed no terror, but tossed her pretty head after a slight pause, and galloped on her way quite composed. William[49] was then a private in the ranks, and his regiment was on that fearful left, while the enemy was making such desperate efforts to flank them. He said they were in a sort of thicket surrounded by a close undergrowth; they could see no enemy to fire at, but without ceasing the bullets whizzed through the bushes, and generally found a mark in some poor fellow, for they fell thickly around. He said that as they were falling behind him and at his side, he feared to look at them lest his own heart should fail and his hand become unnerved. Holmes and Tucker Conrad he saw fall wounded by the same piece of shell. He and others

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[47]Maj.-Gen. Bernard E. Bee of South Carolina, killed at the first battle of Manassas while rallying his men with the cry: "Jackson stands like a stone wall."

[48]Manufacturer of women and children's shoes.

[49]William Naylor McDonald, born Romney, Virginia, 1834.

declared that the enemy carried the Confederate banner to deceive our troops.[50]

On the 18th my husband reached Winchester with his cavalry, in obedience to an order from Gen. Johnston to join him at Manassas. He arrived at Winchester the day after Gen. Johnston had left. He did not reach Manassas till the day after the battle, greatly to the regret of his regiment. Col. Hill, commanding the 10th Virginia and the 1st Tennessee,[51] had been as related, called to Winchester on the 17th of June, and were encamped near there, forming part of Gen. Johnston's army. When Johnston marched to Darkesville to meet Patterson, Edward was with his regiment. In his diary he says, "We were drawn up in line of battle for three days expecting an attack, but Patterson gave us the slip, and marched off towards Charlestown."

When he made his appearance there, to the great disgust of the inhabitants, my boy Harry, who had been sent to act as protector to his sister Mary when Mr. Green[52] left for the army, thought it incompatible with the dignity of a man of thirteen to remain and be captured by the Yankees, so as they entered the town on one side, he left it at the other and walked all the way to Winchester that day, a distance of twenty miles.

While the army of Gen. Johnston was encamped at Winchester, Edward was sent by him to call out the 77th regiment of Virginia Militia of which he was Colonel. Before he had done so, however, Gen. Johnston had left Winchester, and was moving by forced marches to join Beauregard in repelling the attack of the Federals

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[50]On page 214 of Gen. Jubal A. Earley's book, "An Autobiographical Sketch and Narrative of the War between the States," an incident is related which evidently influenced the change in the pattern of the Confederate flag, as referred to on page 175 herein. It relates how Lieut. (Craig Woodrow) McDonald, at the first battle of Manassas, rode rapidly up to him and asked that he order his men not to fire on the troops in his front as they were the 13th Virginia Regiment of Elsey's Brigade. I said to him, "They have been firing on my men," to which he replied, "I know they have, but it was a mistake. I recognize Col. Hill and his horse." Gen. Early halted his troops and rode to the top of the hill. The flag of the men in front was drooping around the staff. "The dress of the volunteers at that time on both sides was very similar." He was convinced that the regiment in front was Confederate. However, when Col. Stuart advanced on his feet and Beckham's Battery began firing on the same regiment he sent a messenger to Col. Stuart, requesting that he stop the firing, "but a second shell or ball from Beekham's guns caused the regiment to face about and retire rapidly, when I saw the United States flag unfurled and discovered the mistake into which I had been led by Lieut. McDonald."

[51]Third Tennessee. Commanded by Col. Vaughn.

[52]Mary Naylor McDonald, born Romney, Virginia, December 27, 1827, and her husband Thomas Claiborne Green of Charlestown, Virginia, now West Virginia.

at Manassas, and as Edward was without a commander, his father having left to join Johnston, he thought it best not to call out the militia for the defense of the border, as many of them whose homes were near it were not entirely free from Union proclivities, and he had serious doubts of their reliability if called into action. Under these circumstances he thought it best to follow his father's command and reached Manassas with him the day after the battle. After consultation, his father advised him to return to Hampshire and resume command of his militia, which he decided to do; but on reaching Winchester he found that all the militia of that district had orders to rendezvous there.

He reported to Gen. Carson,[53] in command, who ordered him to order his regiment out and bring it there. His orders were accordingly issued, but only about forty men responded, the rest, or many of them, having gone into the volunteer service. Soon after he was authorized to mount and equip his forty men to do scouting and picket duty. This was the beginning of his cavalry company, with which he afterwards did good service.[54]

My husband being ordered to join Gen. Lee[55] in Western Virginia, who was opposing Rosencrantz,[56] marched his regiment towards Staunton. On reaching that place the order was countermanded, and the whole force returned to the valley. Part of the regiment was sent to do picket duty on the border, and formed the guard of all the country from Martinsburg to Harper's Ferry. This part of it was under command of Lieut. Col. Ashby, while six companies under my husband went into camp near Winchester, he having his headquarters at home.[57] I was greatly pleased to have the regiment back again, and especially that my little boy Allan was at home

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[53]Brig.-Gen. Jas. H. Carson, Virginia Militia.

[54]He was commissioned Captain in the Virginia Cavalry and recruited Company D of the 17th Battalion, commanded first by Major William Patrick and after his death by Lieut.-Col. Thomas B. Massie. In September, 1862, it consisted of six companies. On October 10 it was assigned to the 2nd Brigade under command of Brig.-Gen. William E. Jones and became known as the 11th Virginia Cavalry. In February, 1863, it was recruited to full strength and Col. L. L. Lomax was appointed to command it.

[55]Gen. Robert E. Lee.

[56]Brig.-Gen. W. S. Rosecrans.

[57]The first time Pa came home to Winchester after the war began, Mother called his attention to certain little water blisters which had appeared between the fingers of all the children and accompanied by itching. He at once said we had the itch. By his direction (he off again at once in command of his regiment) she procured a quantity of poke root, boiled and bathed us all over in the water once every second day for about ten days. Along with this we had before each meal a teaspoonful of powdered sulphur and molasses. I can taste it yet. (K. McD.)

once more. He has a great deal to tell of what he had seen, but unfortunately for his martial and ambitious spirit, he had no adventure of his own by flood and field to relate; but he made up for it by telling of those of others, of which he had heard. While they were encamped near Winchester, sometime in August, I was returning from church one day, and as I reached the gate I observed a carriage standing near, guarded by six cavalrymen. An old gentleman sat inside. When I got to the house I saw my husband sitting in the hall leaning on a table with his face buried in his hands, in an attitude of deep dejection. I asked what the matter was, and he told me that a part of the cavalry commanded by Ashby had, in scouting near Martinsburg, taken and brought in as a prisoner Col. Strother,[58] his father's old companion-in-arms, and his own good friend. He was much distressed but could do nothing till he could communicate with Richmond. The consequences to him of this unfortunate arrest are well known, and I will not dwell on the subject here, except to say that Col. Strother was accused of communicating with the enemy, and nothing could be done to effect his release till his case was examined by the proper authority. My husband did all in his power to prevent any anxiety or suffering from any inconvenience on his part. He desired to entertain him at his house, but Col. Strother preferred going to camp.

In the latter part of August my husband went to Romney with six companies of his regiment, about 400 men. The rest of the regiment was still with Ashby near Martinsburg, engaged in protecting the border, and preventing the enemy from rebuilding the railroad and canal which our forces had destroyed. The command was sent to Romney to protect the border there, and also to prevent the rebuilding of that part of the railroad, Baltimore & Ohio, it being the great line of communication by which they received their supplies for the army.

September, 1861.—Edward now joined his father in Romney, and this time succeeded in organizing about a hundred and fifty of his regiment of militia. These with his company of mounted men formed part of the force for the protection of the border. A great effort was now being made by the Federals to draw the forces away from Romney, as they could do nothing to repair the bridges, culverts and canals while they were here. Upon the 29th of September

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[58] "Colonel" John Strother was a veteran of the War of 1812. He was Second Lieutenant of the 12th Virginia Infantry. Phillip Wager was also a Second Lieutenant of the same Regiment. (U. S. Army Register, 1812.)

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they began the advance upon my husband's position. I had constant letters from him at this time, expressing regret at the smallness of his force, and fear of his inability to hold the position.

In one of his letters he told me of Edward's routing a force of 200[59] with about seventy of his command. They stationed themselves, part on a precipice overlooking a narrow road formed on the mountain side, where it seemed to have parted for the passage of the river, a place called Blue's Gap. Part were placed a short distance from the narrow pass. Orders were given not to fire till the word of command, but as the dark column moved along on the shelving road, and approached the point overlooked by the precipice, one gun went off by accident, when the enemy opened on the position of the men stationed near. At this moment those on the top of the precipice began to roll down on their advance huge rocks which fell crushing among them, making them all turn and flee for life, overriding in their mad course the infantry that followed. It being too dark to see their enemies, or guess their numbers, they did not pause till safely out of their way. This delayed the advance on Romney for some time.

At one time he wrote that anticipating an attack on Romney for some time, he had withdrawn his force six miles out of the town, in order not to have his retreat cut off; that they had occupied the town on his withdrawal, and he had determined to attack them there. That as his troops advanced they retreated rapidly from the town, and that as they were making good their escape Edward was sent in pursuit, and overtaking them while crossing the South Branch of the Potomac, charged them with his mounted men, and they all fled precipitately, never pausing till they were within their fortifications.

October, 1861.—On Sunday morning, the 7th of October, I was awakened at daylight by the tramp of horses under my window, and the voices of men calling me. I got up and raising the window asked who they were. One answered, "We are men of Col. McDonald's command; the regiment has been cut to pieces, and he is either killed or captured. The last seen of him was standing in the

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[59]This engagement occurred at Hanging Rock Pass, sixteen miles east of Romney, September 24, 1861. What the author here terms darkness was heavy fog. For particulars of this and engagements at other points in this descent upon Romney, see reports of Col. Angus W. McDonald, C. S. A., Col. E. H. McDonald, 77th Virginia Militia, Col. A. Monroe, 114th Virginia Militia, Major O. R. Funsten, C. S. A., and Lieutenant J. H. Lineberger, C. S. A. (W. R. R., Series I, Vol. 5, beginning on page 200), also report of Gen. Lew Wallace and his subordinates (Series I, Vols. 2 and 7).

street of Romney with his bridle in his hand, and only one officer with him. We saw him mount his horse, but do not know whether he escaped or not, as the town was then full of the enemy advancing along all the streets." All that day the fugitives were passing, the broken remnants of the once gallant regiment.

Not until Tuesday night did I learn of my husband's safety by his arrival at home. He said the enemy were moving to attack him in two columns, one under Col. Kelly from New Creek, the other under Col. Bruce[60] from Green Spring Run, both places on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad. He had withdrawn his baggage to a point east of the town, and disposed his troops to meet the attack. He had under his command six companies of his cavalry, a small company of artillery, which had been organized by Edward from his militia, and which was provided with one howitzer, one rifled six-pound gun and one old iron four-pounder which had been captured by Col. Hill's command. The 77th Virginia Militia under Edward, numbering 100 men, the 114th under Col. Monroe, numbering 400, in all about 700 men, to oppose a force of 4,000; Col. Monroe was sent to defend the wire suspension bridge, Edward to Blues, while four companies of the cavalry were sent to defend the turnpike road along which one column was to advance.

They skirmished all along the route back to the bridge, and when the enemy attempted to cross, charged and repulsed them, throwing them into great confusion, they retreating on their infantry.

One officer,[61] bolder than the rest, made a desperate charge under the bridge, protected by the piers, and succeeded in gaining the opposite bank. This unexpected maneuver threw the Confederates into a panic, and they retreated back to Romney, passing through the town without pausing.

My husband with two companies of the cavalry and the rifled gun had placed himself at Cemetery Hill[62] as a reserve; but as the panic-stricken men rushed by, they communicated their fears to the reserve, who without ceremony broke ranks and fled after the rest. My husband only escaped capture by mounting his horse and riding quietly out of the town by a road that led over a high hill covered

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[60]Gen. B. F. Kelley and Gen. Lew Wallace evidently intended.

[61]Captain Keyes commanding a company of the Ringgold Cavalry and Captain McGhee of same organization.

[62]This engagement occurred on October 26, 1861. For full particulars see report of Col. Angus W. McDonald, C. S. A. (Series I, Vol. 5, p. 931), and of Gen. B. F. Kelley, Gen. C. M. Thruston, U. S. A., Col. Thomas Johns, 2nd Northern Infantry, and Col. A. Monroe, 114th Virginia Militia (Series I, Vol. 5, pp. 378 to 383).

with laurel bushes. One officer accompanied him, whose name I cannot now recall. Knowing the country well, he made his way to a place of safety, where he procured rest and refreshment, and from there slowly made his way home.

On the 29th of October, a few days after the occurrences narrated, my little Bessie was born. My husband had suffered from rheumatism, exposed as he necessarily was in command of the regiment, and being unable to take the active post that a cavalry officer should do, he was convinced that it was his duty to resign it to one younger and more active than himself. He resigned accordingly, and was placed in command of the post at Winchester. Ashby was now promoted and assumed command of the regiment.

General Jackson had returned to the valley after the battle of Manassas, and the neighborhood of Winchester was again the camping ground of the Stonewall Brigade, as it was then called. Ashby scoured the country along the border, keeping Geary[63] at bay, and driving him back when he attempted to emerge from his place of safety. We often drove out to the camp to see our friends, and they were near enough often to slip into town to see the girls or get a good supper. We saw Will often, as his camp was near.

November, 1861.—One evening in November Jackson marched his troops out to meet Geary, who had advanced from Charlestown, and the brigade was kept in line of battle for several hours. Those who saw Jackson as he rode down in front of his line that evening, said that his face beamed at the prospect of an encounter, but he had no battle that day, for Geary retired to fight another day. Those were dreary months, November and December, nothing but mud or rain and snow. All the glory seemed to have departed from the eager and enthusiastic army of the summer before.

Christmas night we gave a party to the Stonewall Brigade, and our sweet and comfortable home was for the last time the scene of a gay assemblage. New Year's day General Jackson marched his army off to Bath. The weather was very inclement, and in little more than a week the wagons began to pour in with sick men; the hospitals were filled, and the ladies had to organize a system of cooking for the sick, which we did, taking turns in the kitchen each day. Gen. Jackson, after many battles and skirmishes, finally went to Romeny, from whence he sent for my husband to assist him with his knowledge of the country in planning movements.

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[63]Maj.-Gen. John W. Geary, 28th Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers.

In February Jackson returned to Winchester, and news came that preparations were making by the Federals for another advance up the valley. It then began to be whispered that our army must evacuate, as that at Manassas had long since fallen back and a retreat seemed general. The consternation of the people was great when they learned of their probable fate, but the evil hour was, as we thought, far off.

My husband had returned from Romney with Jackson, and shortly after told me that he was compelled to go to Richmond. He told me that Winchester would have to be given up, that he would probably see me no more till better times. That was when we should have driven off the Yankees which we were sure to do. He begged me to keep up a good heart, and not give way to sorrow at parting with him, or to apprehension at being left with the enemy. He then made the request that I should keep a diary, and record every day's event so that nothing should be forgotten when we met again. He left, and from that time preparations for evacuating went on rapidly. The sick went first, and the stores and supplies followed, heavily laden wagons and rumbling artillery filled the streets. Friends began to call to take leave. Edward came to tell us good bye, and that night, the 11th of March, at twelve o'clock, the long roll was heard in the streets, the trampling of men and horses, and in an hour they were all gone.*

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*For the details of the battles, and the movements of the regiment I have been indebted to Edward's diary.

PREFACE TO THE DIARY

My diary was begun at the request of my husband who was on the eve of leaving Winchester with the Stonewall Brigade, and in the expectation that the town would be immediately occupied by the enemy, he wished to be informed of each day's events as they took place during his absence.

The record was faithfully kept, and when I left Winchester, in 1863, I had it all with me, but in going from place to place, the first portion was unfortunately destroyed, or lost; that part extending from March to November, or nearly all of it.

Believing that my children will take interest in the record of that time, as they were all too young to realize what was occurring around them, and wishing them to remember the trials and struggles we endured and made, and the cause in which we suffered, I have tried to recollect the incidents recorded in the first part of the diary, and to write them again as nearly as possible like the original; that, though not all lost, was in many parts illegible, having been written some on blank leaves of old account books, and some between the lines of printed books. Paper being very difficult to get, any that could be made available was used.

Louisville, Ky., 1875.

WAR DIARY FROM MARCH, 1862, TO AUGUST, 1863

March, 1862.—On the night of March 11th, 1862, the pickets were in the town; part of the army had already gone, and there were hurried preparations and hasty farewells, and sorrowful faces turning away from those they loved best, and were leaving, perhaps forever. At one o'clock the long roll beat, and soon the heavy tramp of the marching columns died away in the distance.

The rest of the night was spent in violent fits of weeping at the thought of being left, and of what might happen to that army before we should see it again. I felt a terrible fear of the coming morning, for I knew that with it would come the much dreaded enemy.

I laid down when the night was almost gone, to sleep, after securing all the doors, and seeing that the children were all asleep. I took care to have my dressing gown convenient in case of an alarm, but the night passed away quietly, and when the morning came, and all was peaceful I felt reassured, dressed and went down.

The servants were up and breakfast was ready. The children assembled and we had prayers.[1]

I felt so thankful that we were still free, and a hope dawned that our men would come back, as no enemy had appeared. We were all cheerfully despatching our breakfasts, I feeling happy in proportion to my former depression; the children were chatting gaily, Harry and Allan rather sulky at not having been permitted to leave with the army, as they considered it degradation for men of their years and dimensions to be left behind with women and children. Suddenly a strain of music! Every knife and fork was laid down and every ear strained to catch the faint sounds. The boys clap their hands and jump up from the table shouting. "Our men have come back!" and rushed to the door; I stopped them, telling them it must be the Yankees. Every face looked blank and disappointed.

I tried to be calm and quiet, but could not, and so got up and went outside the door. Sure enough that music could not be mistaken, it was the "Star Spangled Banner" that was played. A serv-

[1]It was her rule, no matter what the circumstances, to assemble the family and guests each morning. She adhered to the ritual of the Prayer Book, and I can see her now kneeling beside her chair, body erect, face uplifted and eyes closed, paying her vows and those of all of us to the Most High.

ant came in. "They are all marching through the town, and some have come over the hill into our orchard."

I made the children all sit down again, and began to eat my breakfast, but felt as if I should choke with anger and mortification. Now, as I look back and recall this scene, I can be amused at the expression of humiliation on the small faces around me.

Tears of anger started from Harry's eyes, while Allan looked savage enough to exterminate them if he had the power. Kenneth looked very wretched, but glanced occasionally out of the window, as if he would like, as long as they had come, to see what they were like. Nelly's face was bent in the deepest humiliation on her plate, as if the shame of defeat was peculiarly hers. Roy's black eyes were blazing, as if he scented a fight but did not exactly know where to find it. While Donald, only two and a half years old, turned his back to weep silently, in sympathy I suppose with the distress of the rest. Presently a trampling was heard around the house, loud voices and the sounds of wheels and horses' hoofs. Suddenly a most unwonted sound! A mule braying; Nelly looked up from her plate where her eyes had been fixed in shame and distress: "Even their very old horses are laughing." That was irresistible. I was compelled in spite of all to join the horses in their laugh.

I was obliged to attend to my household affairs, and in passing to and fro on the porch and through passages, encountered them often, but took no notice, just moved on as if they were not there. Donald was sitting on a step very disconsolate looking, when one blue coat passed near him, and laying his hand on his head, said, "How d'ye do Bub." He did not look up, but sullenly said, "Take your hand off my head, you are a Yankee." The man looked angry, but did not try to annoy us because the small rebel scorned him.

Ten o'clock had come, and we were still undisturbed. Only men passing through the yard to get water from the spring; so I put on my bonnet and went to town to see what had befallen my friends, and to attend to some necessary business. As I approached Mrs. Powell's house,[2] I saw a group of officers standing at the gate, brilliantly dressed men who, as I could not help seeing as I advanced, were regarding me very curiously. I was obliged to pass very near them, but did so without being, or seeming to be aware of their

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[2]This house was on West Boscawen Street, No. 212, according to present numbering, and is now (1931) owned by Dr. P. W. Boyd. (C. Vernon Eddy.) Mrs. Powell's husband was Burr Powell, grandson of Levin Powell of Loudoun County. They were said to have had 16 children. (Miss Sally Lee Powell.)

presence. When I had gone by, I heard behind me a "Whew" and a little quiet laugh. I knew they were laughing at my loftiness, but tried to smother my resentment.

As I came near the town I encountered throngs of soldiers of different parts of the army. The pavements were lined with them, the doorsteps and front yards filled, and they looking as much at home, and as unconcerned as if the town and all in it belonged to them, and they were quietly enjoying their own.

Conspicuous above the rest were Banks'[3] bodyguard. A regiment of Zuaves, with scarlet trousers, white leather gaiters, and red fez. I would not look at them, though I saw them distinctly.

Though they behaved well, I fancied they looked triumphant and insolent; it was perhaps only fancy.

As I passed Mrs. Seevers'[4] beautiful house that was her pride and delight, I saw an unusual stir. More Zuaves were on the pavement in front, many stretched on the beautiful lawn or smelling the flowers that were just budding out. Two stood, straight and upright at each side of the door, while sentinels walked back and forth outside the gate. That I afterwards heard was Banks' headquarters.

I passed some friends who looked at me with unspoken mortification and distress. All houses were shut, and blinds down.

Occasionally at a door might be seen an excited woman talking resentfully to one, or a group of men. I hated the sight of the old town, as it looked with strangers meeting me at every step, their eyes looking no friendliness; only curiosity or insolence. I finished my business, and without exchanging a word with any one, set out for home.

As I turned in at the gate at the end of the avenue, I beheld a sight that made my heart stand still. A number of horses were tied on the lawn, and in the porch was a group of men. I went straight up to the house, as I came near saw they were U. S. officers. There they stood in all the glory of their gold lace and epaulettes, but I felt neither awed by their martial appearance, or fascinated by their bravery of apparel. I walked deliberately up the steps until I reached the top one, as I felt that I could be less at a disadvantage in an encounter if on a level with them. When there I stood still

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[3]Maj.-Gen. N. P. Banks.

[4]Wife of George W. Seevers, who succeeded Bushrod Taylor as proprietor of the Taylor Hotel. (See note 15, p. 49.) "The house is No. 230 West Boscawen Street, corner of Stewart. It has been owned and occupied by Dr. Dan. Conrad and his widow for a number of years.' (C. V. Eddy.)

and waited for them to speak. One took off his cap and came towards me colouring violently. "Is this Mrs. MacDonald," said he. I bowed stiffly, still looking at him.

He handed me a card, "De Forest, U. S. Army."[5] I bowed again and asked if he had any business with me, knowing well that he had, and guessing what it was. Another then came forward as if to relieve him, and said that they had been sent by General Williams[6] to look at the house, with a view to occupying it as headquarters, and asked if I had any objection to permitting them to see the rooms. I told him that I had no objection to them seeing the rooms, but that I had very many objections to having it occupied as headquarters. (This was said very loftily.) But that as I could not prevent it, they must, if they chose do it. This was meant to be indignant, but at the end, angry tears would come. One or two seemed sorry for me, but the others looked little moved. I went and opened a room for their inspection, but they declined looking in, and asked what family I had, and how many rooms the house contained. I told them there were seven children, and that the two youngest were ill.

They bowed themselves out but Maj Wilkins,[7] the one who was the second to speak, turned back and coming close to me said, "I will speak to Gen. Williams and see if they cannot be accommodated elsewhere." Then they all left, but in a few hours a note came from Maj. Wilkins, saying that in consideration of sickness in my family, Gen. Williams would not inconvenience me. I was very grateful at being left to myself, but not glad to be obliged to feel grateful to these intruders.

For a week or more I was annoyed but little, though every day would hear tales of the arrest of citizens, and occupation of houses belonging to them, while their families were obliged to seek quarters elsewhere, so of course there was nothing like quietness or peace of mind. These outrages roused all our indignant feelings, but when we had a closer acquaintance with war, we wondered how such things could have disturbed us so much.

One morning, very early I observed a U. S. flag streaming over Mr. Mason's house. Found out that it was occupied as headquarters by a Massachusetts regiment. The same evening I was waited on

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[5]Col. Othneil de Forest, 5th New York Cavalry. Wounded at or near Winchester, Va., in May, 1862.

[6]Alpheus S. Williams, 1st Division 12th Army Corps, Army of Potomac.

[7]Capt. William D. Wilkins, Assistant Adjutant-General. Captured at Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862. Paroled.

by an officer, very gentlemanly and officerlike (having been in the old army), who requested me to be perfectly easy, and to rest assured that the troops would not annoy me, or do any injury to the property, and he requested that if any of them misbehaved it should be communicated to him, and that every offender would meet with speedy punishment.

I thanked him, and asked if stealing fowls would be considered an offense. He laughed, and said that the usages of war permitted these small depredations. I told him that a steady course of slaughter had been persisted in till there were only few left. He was sorry, but feared that nothing could be done, as the offenders would not be easily caught. He was Col. Chapman of the Massachusetts regiment.[8]

That evening an orderly came to present the Col.'s compliments, and to beg that I would be so very kind as to send him a few gallons of wine, as they had found Senator Mason's cellars empty. I sent word with my regrets, that in anticipation of the occupation of the Federal army all my husband's wines and liquors had been sent off when Gen. Jackson's army left.

In a week or two things had settled down, and anxiety had given place to a feeling something like peace and securing. I went about my daily tasks, and when anything annoying or distressing would happen, would try to find comfort in the thought that my children were all with me, and we had a home.

My blessed little Bessie, with her bright little face and happy smile, her looks of love following me wherever I moved, was a constant joy. How well I remember when on returning home from some fruitless errand, or annoying encounter I would be so cheered by the delight of the little creature at seeing me.

Oh, the sad, sad time, when in the still night I would lie awake, and all the distressing circumstances by which I was surrounded would rise up before me. Our home broken up, my husband and his sons exiles from it, and I and my children only tenants at the will and pleasure of our enemies; and then I would realize the terrible thought that at any time we might be driven out homeless. But I

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[8]Col. George D. Chapman, 5th Connecticut Regiment, 5th Army Corps. After the battle of Cedar Mountain, August 9, 1862, Major E. H. McDonald was in charge of a number of prisoners, taking them to Richmond. Col. Chapman was among them and wounded. Major McDonald put him on his horse and marched with the prisoners, and when they parted at Libby Prison, Col. Chapman ripped off his shoulder straps and, untying his crimson scarf, handed them to Major McDonald and said: "Take these, Major, I shall never wear them again." He was visibly affected as he said it. (Mrs. F. McD. Williams.)

trusted in Him who is able to shelter and succor those who call upon Him, and felt tranquil.

One day in April I was returning from a walk in town, and on approaching the house saw a U. S. flag floating over the front door, and an orderly quietly seated under its protecting folds on the door step.

On asking the meaning of it all I was informed that Col. Candeé[9] of the 5th Connecticut regiment of infantry had taken possession of the house as headquarters, the regiment being encamped in our orchard. I stood for sometime too indignant to fix on any course of action, but at last resolved on taking steps to get them away, I found the Col. had taken possession of my husband's room which he used as a study, and in which he kept his books and papers.

Knocking at the door I saw the Col. and asked him if it was not possible for him to find quarters elsewhere; as I was alone and my children sick it would incommode me very much to have strangers in the house.

He regretted being obliged to annoy me, but said very quietly that their presence would be a protection, and that as they wanted but one room they would annoy me less than others might do. I saw the wisdom of submitting, but could not accept the flag without a protest; so I ventured to say, "You will confer a favor on me Col. Candeé if you will have that flag removed from the front door if you must remain, as while it is there, I shall be obliged to enter at the back of the house. He was standing with his back to the fire, and his officers were listening to what passed. The Col. coloured and hesitated for a moment. Some of the officers laughed derisively, others because they were amused, but all laughed.

I stood till the merriment had subsided and the Col. had regained his composure. Then he said, "I will do all in my power, Madam, to make our stay here as little unpleasant to you as possible." In the afternoon I noticed that the flag had been removed and floated some distance from the house to the left.

Things went on comfortably for a time, except that every day the cows were milked by the soldiers, and I took pains to have every offense reported to the Col. with the intention of annoying him, and disgusting him with his quarters. On each occasion he requested that

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[9]Not located in W. R. Official Records. Probably Col. Charles Candy, Colonel 66th Regiment, Ohio Volunteers. See W. R. Record, Series I, Vol. 12, Part II, p. 160-165.

the offender be pointed out in order that he might be punished, but the culprit in every instance escaped detection.

One morning, however, the children came in with the report that the cows had been milked, and the offender caught.

I lost no time in having the Col. informed of it; and in crossing the hall on coming down to breakfast I glanced out at the front door and saw a man mounted on a barrel with his hands tied behind him, and his face so miserable that my heart was melted.

He had such a human look, so dejected and wretched, that Yankee as he was, and milk the cow as he did, I could not help feeling self reproach at being the cause of his punishment. After breakfast I went to the Col.'s door and knocked; he opened it himself but I felt almost ashamed to speak. I managed to say, "How long, Col. Candeé, do you intend to keep that poor man on that barrel?" "Until justice is satisfied, Madam." I saw his eyes twinkle as if he enjoyed the fun of seeing me take it to heart. "Do let him go," I said, "he may have all the milk rather than have him standing on that barrel any longer." "As you please, Madam, if you are contented he may go." I did not annoy the Col. any more with complaints—it was malicious in him to punish the man where I could see it. He knew I would not suffer it.

I omitted to mention that soon after Gen. Banks left Winchester to take up his triumphant march after the retreating Jackson, who had, as they supposed, fled to the mountains, Gen. Shields[10] being in command, some officers came to search my house.

Dr. Baldwin[11] was in my room on a visit to the sick children. I went down to the door to receive them, telling the larger boys to keep out of the way. It was nine o'clock at night, and as I went to open the door the old doctor came and in passing out said he was sorry to leave me, but had no fear, as he thought I could take care of myself. He looked very sorrowful, poor old gentleman, and mortified that he could do nothing to save me from their presence.

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[10]Maj.-Gen. James Shields.

[11]Dr. Robert Baldwin. He was too old to enter the Confederate Army and was one of the only two physicians left in Winchester, who were permitted to practice by the Federals. He was the son of Dr. Robert Baldwin, whose home was on what is now called "Fort Hill" and brother of Dr. Stuart Baldwin. His wife was Miss Carey Marks Barton. Their home was a stone residence on the corner of Cameron and Picadilly Streets. Their children were Carey, Kathrine, Stuart, Robert, John, and William. After the war, he was in charge of the Deaf and Dumb Institute at Saunton, where he died in 1879. He was buried in Mount Hebron Cemetery in Winchester.

The officers came in, and I could see through the darkness outside that they were accompanied by a number of soldiers.

One of them was a tall man with quite an air of fashion but not at all military looking. He had large black eyes with so disagreeable an expression that I hated his looks. I felt an antagonism towards him perfectly independent of his character as a Yankee, or of his insulting mission.

The other was fair haired with a rosy face and blue, good natured eyes. In spite of his military dress, he looked and behaved like a country-bred man. The sight of him excited no irritation but that of the other did, with his insolent eyes and fastidious dress. He wore a rose in his buttonhole. I felt impelled to resent his intrusion with the greatest scorn, and as the door closed on their entrance, I stood silently waiting till Col. Clark[12] disclosed his errand. "I have been sent to search this house for arms and military papers," said he.

"You will find neither," said I, "for all have been taken away, where you will never find them." "I will search nevertheless," he said. "Very well," I said, "it may be interesting to you to look through mine and the children's wardrobes, so I have no objections, though I regret that in anticipation of the coming of your army, everything of value has been removed."

I led the way to the dining room where he pulled out a few sideboard drawers, rummaged the liquor case and wine cooler, turned out the contents of my writing desk, read some notes aloud in a mocking tone (for which I could have shot him), looked into the parlor and my husband's private room, and then demanded to be shown upstairs. I led the way and opened my room door for them. There sat my sweet Bess in Lethea's arms crowing and reaching out her hands after the light. On the entrance of the strangers the little hands dropped, and the countenance changed from glee to wide-eyed astonishment. The three little ones were crouching by the fire, while poor little Hunter lay sick in his crib.

The search was begun by Major Stone,[13] rather diffidently. One or two drawers were opened, and closed again after being slightly examined.

He knelt to look into the bottom drawer in which were the baby's clothes. Clark stood by trying to give an air of pleasantry to the

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[12]Col. John S. Clark, Aide-de-Camp to Gen. Banks. (See Report, May 26, 1862, p. 251, Series I, Vol. 12, Part III, W. R. R.)

[13]Lincoln R. Stone, Assistant Surgeon 2nd Massachusetts Regiment.

scene, tired, I suppose of playing the role of stern warrior. "I declare Stone," he said, "you seem to be all unused to business of that kind." "Oh no," said I, "you do the Major injustice. He acquits himself very creditably. I should think he had been long accustomed to examining ladies' and children's wardrobes; but if he feels unequal to the task, I will assist him." So I spread out a baby frock and little shirt, asking Clark if they did not look traitorous. And so they were disgusted, and went to other rooms to continue the search. While they were thus engaged, the three boys, Harry, Allen and Kenneth, had stolen out in the yard, and in front of the house and, in view of the soldiers were fighting a sham battle, two against one. When the one attacked, the two invariably took to their heels.

One of the soldiers asked why the two ran from one. "You two," said he, "ought to be able to whip one." "Oh!" said one urchin, one of the defeated, "we are obliged to run, we are the Yankees."

Clark informed me that they intended totally to demolish our army, and conquer the Southern people. "And what will you do with us when you have conquered us?" I said. "Make serfs of you," said he. "You will never see us conquered by such as you," I said. Then his great eyes flamed with anger. "Should the fortunes of war place your husband in my hands, Madam, you will wish you had used less intemperate language." "I do not fear it," said I, "from present indications your army will never get near enough to ours for that, as I see that they always keep at a respectful distance."

Clark was Col. of a New York volunteer regiment of infantry, and must have been a man of most vindictive character. After Banks' defeat he recommended to the returning army, that when they entered the old town it should be sacked and burned.

I had one other encounter with Clark. Some weeks after on Sunday, I learned that one of the horses I had left me, had been taken by some soldiers out of the stable. I was told to go to Gen. Sigel[14] and he would see that it was restored. It had been a good horse, and for a time was used in the cavalry; now I used it to drive in our little carriage. Being lame, and not fit for cavalry service, it had been left behind.

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[14]Maj.-Gen. Franz Sigel, born in Germany, 1824. In May, 1861, organized and commanded 3rd Missouri Regiment, U. S. Volunteers.



Courtesy of The Shenandoah Publishing Corp., Strasburg, Va.

THE TAYLOR HOTEL, WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

HEADQUARTERS OF GENERAL T. J. JACKSON IN 1861 AND LATER OF THE GENERALS OF BOTH ARMIES.

I went to the Hotel[15] and saw Gen. Sigel. He was quite elegant in manner, very polite, and seemed to wish to oblige me. He directed me to go to the Provost Marshal's office and he would see that I got it. I went, and while waiting in the anteroom I took up a newspaper. Being Sunday, and I having been to church, was rather more stylishly dressed than when Clark had seen me at home with my sick children. Soon I saw some one enter the door opposite where I sat, and looking up saw Clark resplendent in a fresh suit of citizen's clothes, with a fresh rose in the button hole. I gave only a glance, and dropped my eyes again on the paper. He advanced towards me in his most gracious style, and in a bland voice said, "What can I do for Mrs. MacDonald today?" He was perhaps influenced by the better clothes I wore to be polite, but I fastened my eyes on the paper I held and said not a word. He turned and walked off to a window, and the Provost Marshal came in. He told me there were a number of horses in a building near, and I might see if it was there. I had taken Tuss down to identify it, and bring it home in case I got permission to do so. A soldier led me to a large building on Water Street that had been Mr. Baker's wholesale store.[16] At the large plate glass windows appeared the melancholy faces of a number of horses. I sent Tuss in to see if he was there, but after a while he came out saying "They knowed that Burwell horse w'ant dar—and just made believe for us to go and see."

FROM THE DIARY

March.—The *Baltimore American,* the only paper we see, is full of the amazing success of the "National Army" over the rebels. "The traitor Jackson is fleeing up the valley with Banks in hot pursuit. The arch rebel suffers not the grass to grow under his flying feet. There is perfect confidence in his speedy downfall."

Gen. Shields is in command; Banks has gone—with nearly two-thirds of the army. Those that are here make a great display of their finery, and the grandeur of their equipments, but the people

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[15]The Taylor Hotel. It was this hotel that Gen. T. J. Jackson made his headquarter, when on November 18, 1861, as Commander of the Shenandoah Valley District, he came to Winchester from the camp at Centreville, Va., and began the reorganization of his command. The house was subsequently used as a hospital by Gen. Banks and as headquarters later by officers of both armies. It stands on the east side of Loudoun Street, just north of the site of Peter Lauck's "Red Lion" tavern, which extended to the corner at Cork Street.

[16]This store was on the east side of Market Street. (Mrs. F. McD. W.)

take no notice of them. I meet the gorgeous officers every day in our hall, but I never raise my eyes.

As I came up the avenue[17] a few days since, I noticed one of the beautiful ornamental trees cut down for fuel. I was greatly disturbed by it; and as I entered the hall, still angry and excited, I met rather a fine looking officer coming out. He was a large man, handsomely dressed, and seemed inclined to be courteous. He raised his cap, and held the door open for me to pass, but remained standing after I had entered. I took the opportunity to speak of the trees, and asked that no more be allowed to be destroyed. He said he would do his best to prevent it; and as he still stood and wished to say something else, I waited to hear what it was. First he said he was astonished to see so much bitterness manifested toward them by the people, especially by the ladies of Winchester. "I do not think," he said, "that since I have been here I have seen a pleasant countenance. I always notice that the ladies on the street invariably turn away their faces when I look at them, or if they show them at all, have on all their sour looks. Do they always look sour and do they always dress so gloomily in black?" "As for the dress," said I, "many of them are wearing black for friends killed in battle, and others are not inclined to make a display of dress when those they love are in hourly danger; and they cannot look glad to see those they would like to have drowned in the sea, or overwhelmed with any calamity that would take them from our country." He said no more but passed on.

One day Maj. Wilkins called to bring me a written protection for the house and ground, consigning to death any who should violate it. Gen. Shields had given it. He also offered to take for me any letters to friends in the Stonewall Brigade, as he was to set out that day for the upper valley, and could communicate by flag of truce. I soon wrote one or two while he waited, putting nothing in them but that we were well, and in quiet, but anxious for intelligence of their well-being.

He sealed them in my presence, and when I asked him if it would not occasion him trouble he only laughed and said carelessly that it might cost him his commission, but that he would see that it did not.

I expressed great concern lest it should be a cause of trouble to him, and felt so grateful for his kindness, that I told him if he was

[17] A row of cedar trees flanked the driveway on each side from the gate at the foot of the hill to and around the turnway at the house.

ever sick or otherwise in need of a kind office to apply to me; he thanked me, and mounting his horse, galloped off to join Banks in his advance up the valley, as I was afterwards told.

The *Baltimore American* still continues to publish flaming accounts of the advance of the Union Army up the valley, and having no means of knowing their resources, or ability as a military body, except from their own boastful accounts, I was filled with apprehension. A feeling of utter despair would take possession of me when I saw their great army moving, or marshalled in all its pomp for parade or review. My heart would be filled with indignation and even rage, all the more violent because of its impotence.

Had I forgotten the gallant array and brave appearance of Gen. Johnston's army as they passed our house on their march to their great victory at Manassas? The exulting strains of "Dixie" or the "Bonnie Blue Flag" almost giving wings to their feet as they moved triumphantly on, keeping time to the joyous music.

I could not recall any triumph of a former time in the humiliation of the present, and the apprehensions for the future which their power and strength would awaken. To hear their bands playing, as they constantly did, in our streets as if to remind us of our captivity and insult our misery was distracting, but Oh! the triumph of their faces when they had a slight advantage! It was maddening to see.

Though their papers were so noisy and boastful, it was observable that they continued to hover near Winchester, and as we could every day hear the sound of cannon not very far off, it was not easy to persuade us to believe that our troops were frightened away altogether.

For two or three weeks, on successive Sundays there was brisk cannonading near the town, and an evident commotion among the troops. One bright Sunday morning I was standing on the porch listening to the sounds of the cannon in the distance, when a Yankee approached and asked me if I expected "Old Jack" that day, saying that "Sunday was the day he usually selected to come."

But a day came, a Sunday, when the cannonading did not cease after the usual annoyance of the enemy in the distance, but as the day wore on it thundered louder and louder, and came nearer and nearer. All the troops left the town, and we soon became aware that a battle was being fought very near us.[18] An intervening hill shut out the sights but not the fearful sounds, which, as the right of the enemy met our left became more and more dreadful and deafening

[18]Battle of Kernstown, about three miles north of Winchester, March 23, 1862.

till two o'clock in the afternoon; then the cannon ceased, and in its place the most terrible and long continued musketry firing, some said, that had been heard since the war began, not volley after volley, but one continued fearful roll, only varied in its distinctness by the swaying of the battle, now nearer and now farther away, as each combatant seemed to gain or lose ground. Harry and Allan had begged me to let them go to the top of the hill early in the morning to see what was going on. I had given permission, thinking of no danger other than occurred every day; but now, how I repented having let them go, and sat all that fearful afternoon in terror for fear my boys had come to harm.

I remained during all those miserable hours with my baby on my lap and the four little ones clustered round, listening to the dreadful storm of battle, and feeling, Ah! how bitterly, that at each shot some one of the flower of our youth was perishing, (for that Stonewall Brigade comprised the very pride and flower of the upper counties of Virginia) that they were being cut down like the grass. Oh the anguish of those hours! My little boys! How could I have suffered them to go away from me so thoughtlessly when nearly every moment brought danger?

At last the gloomy hours had all rolled by, and with the darkness came silence. All the turmoil had ceased, and in its place a dreary pattering rain was the only sound I heard.

As I sat there in the darkness my imagination painted the scenes behind that hill. The dead, the dying, the trampling horses, the moans, the ghastly forms of those that some of us loved, the cries for help when no help was near. I cried out in my terror, "Where are my boys?" and ran down to the kitchen in the hope of seeing some face that looked natural and reassuring. Aunt Winnie sat there by the fire with Tuss. He was the picture of terror. His poor ugly face was ghostly, his eyes and mouth wide open and his hands clasping each other nervously. He looked up at me and asked in a husky voice, "Whey is dem boys?" I could not answer but went back and sat in the dining room with the little children and poor little Kenneth, who was grieving about the boys. About nine o'clock they came in, very grave and sad looking. Indeed they seemed not like the same boys, so sad and unnatural was their expression. Everything that fearful day seemed unreal. I felt as if a new and terrible existence had begun, as if the old life was over and gone, and one

had opened, from the threshold of which I would if I could, have turned away, and lived no longer.

All the careless happiness had gone from the faces and manner of the boys, and though there was no sign of fright or of excitement, they were very grave and sorrowful; disappointed, too, as we had lost the battle, and they had been compelled to see the Southern troops sullenly withdraw after the bloody struggle. I could see that they had comprehended the situation of the contending forces, and had given a correct account of what had transpired under their observation.

They told of the prolonged fight behind the stone wall, of the repeated onsets of our men, and the rolling back of the blue columns, as regiment after regiment was repulsed by the Confederates, till at last, outnumbered and borne back, they had retired from the field, leaving behind the dead and dying, and even their wounded. When the boys told of the retreat their anger and mortification found relief in tears, but they were tears of pity when they told of the wounded. They remained for a while to give water to some, and would have gladly done more, but were hurried away by the sentinels. "I was mortified all the time," said Allan, "because we had to stay on the Yankee side."

They had a position in the beginning of the battle near where a body of the Federals were awaiting an attack, and they, the boys, were perched on a fence for a better view, but the attack was made, and a man's head rolled close to where they were, and they prudently retreated to a more secure position.

Next morning, a worn and weary, ragged and hungry train of prisoners came in town under a strong guard. Throngs of ladies and poor women greeted them and cheered them with comforting words. Mothers at the doors of elegant houses waited to give these poor boys food. They were not allowed to stop, but were hurried out of sight without a word to the parents whose darlings they were. No one had been allowed to go to the battlefield the night before, though many had begged to be permitted to carry relief to the wounded.

No one knew who was dead, or who was lying out in that chilly rain, suffering and famishing for the help that was so near, and would have been so willingly given but for that barbarous order that no relief should be sent from the town. No eyes closed during those nights for the thought of the suffering pale faces turned up

under the dark sky, or for the dying groans or helpless cries of those they were powerless to relieve.

Not until the Federal dead were all buried on the field, and their wounded brought in, which occupied nearly two days, were our people allowed to go to the relief of their wounded. Then, no doubt, many had perished who could have been saved had timely relief been given. Our people buried their own dead. Though, as we had no conveyances, the authorities had our wounded brought in.

Every available place was turned into a hospital, the courthouse was full, the vacant banks, and even the churches. I went with some refreshments as soon as I heard they were coming in. I first went to the Farmer's Bank, where I saw some ladies standing by several groaning forms that I knew were Federals from their blue garments. The men, the surgeon said, were dying, and the ladies looked pityingly down at them, and tried to help them, though they did wear blue coats, and none of their own were there to weep over or help them.

I went from there to the courthouse; the porch was strewed with dead men. Some had papers pinned to their coats telling who they were. All had the capes of their great coats turned over to hide their still faces; but their poor hands, so pitiful they looked and so helpless; busy hands they had been, some of them, but their work was over.

Soon men came and carried them away to make room for others who were dying inside, and would soon be brought and laid in their places. Most of them were Yankees, but after I had seen them I forgot all about what they were here for. I went on into the building intending to find our own men and give them what I had brought.

A long line of blue clad forms lay on each side as I passed up the room. I had not gone far before I saw a pair of sad looking eyes intently regarding the pitcher the servant carried. I stooped and offered him some: it was lemonade; he could not raise his head to drink, so I poured it into his mouth with a tablespoon. He looked up at me so thankfully. "It is a beautiful drink," he said, "for a thirsty man," and the poor fellow looked after me as I walked away.

The next day when I went he was past all succor in this world, he still lay in the same place and in the same position, with his head bent far back; he was breathing painfully and heavily, and after I

had spent some time in another part of the room and was going out, I saw them carrying his corpse towards the door.

Many, many poor sufferers were there, some so dreadfully mutilated that I was completely overcome by the sight.

I wanted to be useful, and tried my best, but at the sight of one face that the surgeon uncovered, telling me that it must be washed, I thought I should faint. It was that of a Captain Jones, of a Tennessee regiment.[19] A ball had struck him on the side of the face, taking away both eyes, and the bridge of his nose. It was a frightful spectacle. I stood as the surgeon explained how, and why he might be saved, and the poor fellow not aware of the awful sight his eyeless face was, with the fearful wound still fresh and bleeding joined in the talk, and raising his hand put his finger on his left temple and said, "Ah! if they had only struck there, I should have troubled no one." The surgeon asked me if I would wash his wound. I tried to say yes, but the thought of it made me so faint that I could only stagger towards the door.

As I passed my dress brushed against a pile of amputated limbs heaped up near the door. My faintness increased, and I had to stop and lean against the wall to keep from falling. Just then Mrs. Magill[20] stopped by me on the way in, and asked me what was the matter. I told her about the poor man whose wound I could not wash. "I'll wash him," she said, and with her sweet cheerful face she went in, and I saw her leaning over him as he laid propped up by a bench.

Another poor man I saw who was well known to my family. Townes was his name; he had married a wealthy widow of Shepherdstown. He told me his wife was away in Missouri and he should not see her ever again, as the doctor had told him that he could not live till night. It seemed dreadful to hear him say that when his face was full, and his eyes bright as if in health. His wound was in his neck or spine. He shook my hand as I left him and begged me to give his regards to my husband and family.

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[19]The 1st Tennessee, Col. Peter Turney, born, 1827, at Jasper, Tenn. It was called Turney's 1st Tennessee to distinguish it from another First Regiment raised by the State, commanded by Col. George Maney.

[20]Mrs. Ann Hunter Tucker Magill, widow of Alfred T. Magill, daughter of Henry St. George Tucker and sister of John Randolph Tucker. They had eight children. In 1866 Mrs. Magill and her daughters, Misses Mary T. and Eva, founded and conducted a private school for girls which attained great success. Miss Mary T. was the author of a school history adopted by the schools of Virginia.

The regards of a dead man! But he was so polite, and such a gentleman he must send a message of remembrance even though when it could be delivered he would be in another world. He did not like me to see how he suffered, but tried to talk pleasantly, never mentioning his wound. He said he would love to hear some of the church prayers, but there was no book at hand, and it would have been impossible to read among all those sounds of war, for all the amputations were being performed in the room where the wounded lay.

The afternoon of the next day I went by the courthouse, the scene of so much anguish and despair. I could not believe my own eyes when I saw a flaming banner flying from the porch gaily painted and inscribed with the words, "Theatre here tonight." A gentleman told me that they had spent the night before removing the wounded and dying to make way for the theatre, as they said the men must be amused.

Soon after, the *Baltimore American* contained a paragraph to the effect that the ladies of Winchester evinced a very great uncon-

cern for their people and the army as well as for their own situation as prisoners, as the theatre was nightly thronged. It was thronged with negro women and Yankee soldiers.

Some days after the battle of Kernstown I noticed unusual preparations going on by the officers in the house, and soldiers outside. Sleek, splendid horses were brought from the stables, and gorgeously dressed officers came out and mounted them. The band was playing "Hail Columbia" on the lawn. I felt curious to know what was the occasion of so much parade, and raised the windows to ask a soldier.

The Col. saw me, and after the patriotic strain was ended spoke to a soldier to play "Dixie," which was done, but always spoiled by introducing parts of other pieces, for fear that we, I suppose, should enjoy our rebellious pleasure unalloyed. So as the strains of "Dixie" floated on the air, the Col. and his officers rode down the avenue, their horses curvetting and prancing, as if to keep time to the music.

Those officers were very kindly disposed men. They seemed to feel for our forlorn condition, and had constantly refrained from any expression of triumph at what they thought was a great victory. One young man, the Adjutant, Lieut. Gwynn, was quite a gentleman, and did many little acts of courtesy and kindness. He was a

nephew of Judge McLean[21] of Ohio. He often brought some delicacies for the sick children, which he knew we could not get, oranges, lemons, etc., and many a morning hour he spent walking up and down in the shade with my little Hunter in his arms. I never asked him in the parlour, though I often stopped in the hall to talk to him.

One evening about dark, he was coming in as I crossed the hall. "Can you stop one moment," he said. "I have a letter I would like to show you." The parlour was lighted, and the hall was not. I stood, and did not offer to get a light, or to go where there was one. So he, seeming to understand, went into the Col.'s room and brought one. He then began to read from the letter which was from his uncle, Judge McLean.

He said that there were old friends of his who were living, or had lived in Winchester, Dr. Maguire,[22] Mr. Robert Y. Conrad, Mr. Joseph H. Sherrard and others. "Are any of these families in Winchester now?" he asked. I told him they were all here. "Would you advise me to call on them and present my uncle's letters of introduction? He has sent letters to each of these gentlemen." I hesitated, but finally said, "They would not see you, coming with this army, and with that uniform on. If you had come a year ago, as Judge McLean's nephew, you would have met with a hearty welcome." "Is it possible," said he, "that they can carry their political prejudices so far as to refuse to see me because I am on the Union side?" "Not a brother or a son would be received if he came with enemies," said I.

About sunset the bright cavalcade returned, and after dismounting, seated themselves on the front porch. I went and stood in the

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[21]John McLean. Born, New Jersey, 1785. Died April, 1864. American jurist. Member of Congress 1812-16 and 1816-22. Judge Superior Court, Ohio, 1823. Postmaster-General, 1829. Associate Justice Supreme Court. Dissented in Dred Scott Decision by Justice Taney. (Americana, Vol. 18.)

[22]Hunter Holmes McGuire. Born, Winchester, Va., October 11, 1835. Son of Dr. Hugh Holmes McGuire and Anne Elizabeth Moss. Direct descendant of Lord Thomas Mor McGuire of Fermanaugh, Ireland. Graduated, Winchester Medical College, 1855. Professor in same, 1857. Lecturer in medicine in Richmond and New Orleans. Volunteer in Company F, 2nd Virginia Regiment, April, 1861. Chief Medical Officer under Major-Generals Jackson, Ewell, Early, and Gordon. Originated the plan of establishing reserve hospitals and organizer of the Ambulance Corps, C. S. A. Originated and consistently practice the plan of paroling captured medical officers upon their own recognizance. 1865, accepted chair of medicine in medical college of Virginia at Richmond. Professor Emeritus in 1880. President of American Surgical Association, 1886, and of Southern Surgical and Gynecological Society, 1889. President of American Medical Association, 1892. Author, in conjunction with Col. Christian, of a classical report on Southern war history, 1886. Married Mary Stuart of Staunton, daughter of A. H. H. Stuart. Father of nine children. Died in Richmond, Va., September 19, 1900.

door, as I was consumed with anxiety to know the occasion of their gay expedition in the afternoon. Col. Candeé, after saying good evening, soon remarked that they had had a most delightful time. Mr. Seward[23] and his daughter had come from Washington to see the battlefield, that all the troops had been ordered out to meet them at the depot, and escort them to the scene of their great victory.

The thought of their triumph, and of the glee of the heartless old schemer whose intrigues and falsehoods had done so much for our undoing, was more than I could bear. "Ah!" said I, forgetting prudence, "we can well excuse him for rejoicing as it is the first time he has had occasion to do so, but I must tell you what crossed my mind as you told of his visit to the battlefield. It was a short poem of Lord Byron's wherein he relates how Mr. Seward's great prototype once visited a battlefield:

Then next he paused upon his way
To look upon Leipsic plain,
And so sweet to his eyes was the sulphury glare,
And so soft to his ears was the cry of despair,
That he perched on a mountain of slain
And gazed with delight on its growing height
Not often on earth had he seen such a sight,
Or his work done half so well.

Some of them laughed, but the Col., with a very red face, sat silent for some time. I began to repent what I had done, as I felt that I might have to pay a severe penalty for my rashness, but soon the Col., addressing the Major, said, "Did the General give the order concerning the hospitals today?" And turning to me, "You will probably have to seek other quarters, Madam, for whenever I leave this house as I may do in a few days, it is quite likely it will be occupied as a hospital."

My courage had all oozed out by that time, so I silently withdrew into the hall, and standing by the window tried, tried to realize the probable consequences of what I had done. My troubled look, though, had softened some of them, for I heard a low conversation, and soon the Surgeon came into the hall, and coming to me told me not to be uneasy, that he would speak to the General and try to prevent my house being taken from me.

Two days afterwards, preparations were on foot for a march, and the Col. asking to see me for a moment after breakfast, I went out and found them all waiting to take leave of me before mounting

[23]William H. Seward, Secretary of State under President Lincoln.

their horses. All were politely and smilingly standing, and offered their hands which I was not quite sure I ought to take, but could not be rude enough to refuse.

The Col. thanked me for the civility I had shown him during his stay under my roof, regretting being obliged to leave his pleasant quarters, but they had orders to push on up the valley with the rest of their army. After they had mounted and were touching their caps gallantly as they turned their horses, I spoke to the Col. "I shall be very glad to see you Col. Candeé on your way back if you have time to stop."

That last piece of impudence was cowardly, as he could not, as I thought, reply, but he did, saying, "Madam, Jackson is now pushed to extremities—three columns are now converging to crush him." My heart sunk, and as usual my courage melted away in a fit of weeping. In the light of subsequent events though, my farewell taunt to the Col. seemed prophetic. Mary and her children were now with us. When the enemy had come, and things had settled down somewhat, I had sent for her. Harry went for her to Charlestown after getting a permit from the commanding officer, and also one to allow him to bring up his shotgun which he had left there when he had hastened away on the first entry of the Yankee army. Mary had been very uncomfortable since the occupation of Charlestown by the enemy, and it was better for us all to be together, as we could be a comfort to each other in our adversity.

May had come, and the trees were showing their young leaves, the lawn was a bright, vivid green, and the flowers were all out in the garden, and but for marching troops, and strains of martial music from the regimental bands, we might have felt like ourselves again.

One rainy afternoon, I was looking from my chamber window at the lovely fresh green of the grass and the dripping trees, and thinking how beautiful everything was, and how they seemed to rejoice at the refreshing rain. Smooth as velvet was the turf, and neat and trim the walks and drive. The exuberant Spring had covered up all traces of the mischief done in the month of March, when the enemy first came. The orange blossoms and syringas were bursting out, and sweet violets were lurking in every nook and corner, and all had on their loveliest looks.

It was the last look of beauty that scene ever wore, for as I stood by the window, the large gate opened and troop after troop of cavalry

entered and wound along through the cedars that lined the drive. They did not keep to the drive, but went on over the grass in any direction they saw fit to take. Fifteen hundred horsemen rode into the grounds and dispersed themselves, tying their horses to the trees and pouring out grain for them to eat. As I looked a party tore off the light ornamental wooden railing on top of the stone wall to kindle their fires. A crowd soon collected around the house demanding admittance.

I told the servants to close every door and bolt it, and to answer no knocks or calls, that no one must go to a door but myself. For some time I took no notice of any knock or summons to open the door, but at last the calls became so imperative, that I, fearing the front door would be broken in, went and opened it. I only opened it a very small space, but saw three men holding another up between them, they requested permission to bring in a sick comrade. I suspected a trick and closed the door again. They retired, but soon another party came, more earnest and determined than the other, as their man was hurt, and was their Captain. His horse had fallen down a stone wall with him as he rode to the stables, and had broken his leg. It was no use to refuse permission as I was sure they would take it. So I had to open the door, and they brought him in and laid him on a lounge in the dining room.

From that moment such confusion reigned that it was impossible for me to do anything to stem the tide of those crowding in. The hall, the rooms and even the kitchen was thronged. I tried to get into the kitchen to get some supper for the children, but had to give it up. So Mary and I took our little ones and went up stairs for the night, leaving the invaders possession of the lower floor. I took very good care to see Harry and Allan safe in their own room, lest, if left in contact with the soldiers they might talk themselves into trouble, as I was very sure they would not be able to hold their peace.

The next morning I went down, determined at all hazards to have some breakfast for my family. My heart sunk as I beheld the scene that awaited me down stairs. Mud, mud, mud—was everywhere, over, and on, and in everything. No colours were visible on the carpets, wet great coats hung dripping on every chair and great pools of water under them where they hung. I went to the hall door and looked out at the lawn. I would never have recognized it; a sea of deep mud had taken the place of the lovely green—horses and mules were feeding under the trees, many of which had been

stripped of bark as far up as the animals could reach; wagons were tilted up with lazy men around them laughing and joking. I turned from the sight and went into the dining room where was a scene almost as irritating and wretched.

Stretched on a lounge, pale and ill, lay the man who had been hurt; the lounge was drawn close to the fire, and seated around were several more men who never moved or looked up at my entrance. One had hung his great coat on the back of a large rocking chair before the fire to dry, and another was scraping the mud from his boots over the handsome bright carpet, or what had been so the day before.

I knew it would not do to give them quiet possession, so I took the great coat, and threw it out on the back porch, turned the chair around and seated myself in it by the fire.

The men, upon this, got up one after the other and left the room.

After a moment's silence the man on the sofa spoke and attempted to express his regret at my being so incommoded; saying that after his own admittance he tried to keep the others out, but that he could do nothing with them as they did not belong to his own company.

I asked him if nothing could be done to compel them to leave me my fireside for my family. He made no reply, and I went out to see if there was a chance of getting some breakfast for the starving children.

The kitchen was so full of men that for some time I could not get in. When at last I succeeded I found the stove covered with pots, pans, kettles, griddles, and every conceivable utensil that food could be cooked in, but as I soon saw, there was none on it for us. Old Aunt Winnie had been ignominiously driven from her throne, and her place had been filled with a mocking crowd that irritated her to look at. I at last prevailed on some of them to make room for our cooking, and before I left Aunt Winnie was installed.

In about an hour and a half our breakfast was ready, and the prospect of a comfortable meal did a great deal to make us forget our surroundings, and as I poured out the nice fragrant coffee my heart melted towards the pale man on the sofa, and I offered him a cup which was thankfully received. Mary was so sympathizing with the suffering man that she was induced to speak kindly to him, and so he joined in the chat at table, and seemed to try to make himself as agreeable as possible.

Some of the incidents that had taken place during my struggle for breakfast were related and excited much mirth. It seemed wise to accept whatever offered of gaiety to make us forget even for a moment our distresses.

While we sat at table a tall, large man opened the door and walked in without ceremony. He was arrayed from head to foot in India rubber, a cap of which, with a large cape, almost concealed his face. On seeing us, the cap was removed, and when Capt. Pratt[24] (the man on the sofa) introduced him he advanced with quite an air of ease and held out his hand to shake mine, at the same time bowing low, he begged permission to thank me for the hospitalities of my stone fence, on the north side of which he had slept to keep off the rain. He had a merry, good face, and his fun was so effective as to turn our wrath away from him as a new intruder, and make us rather enjoy him.

He amused us for an hour and when he rose to take leave, Capt. Pratt whispered a few words to him, and in half an hour after he went, the house and kitchen were free from soldiers, and during the day the horses, mules and wagons were all removed from the grounds immediately around the house. But the mischief was done, the wreck only remained of all the beauty I had so delighted in the day before. Our visitor, Capt. Pratt told me, was the Lieutenant Colonel of his regiment, the 7th New York cavalry. He was an Englishman, his name was Johnson,[25] and he had engaged in the war merely for something to do. In other words, he was a mercenary, and an adventurer.

He had during the conversation at the breakfast table informed me of his nationality, and I had asked why he fought against us, with whom he could have no quarrel. He said that all his life he had delighted in something big, and could not remain idle while so "big" a nation was being split asunder. I told him that his motive did not justify him in meddling in a quarrel that was not his own, and especially in assisting the stronger in putting down the weaker.

After some days we became accustomed to the condition of things around us, and began to pick up a few crumbs of comfort in a state of existence that at first seemed unbearable. Pratt was still there, though his regiment had left. The surgeons said he ought not to be moved, and for fear he would be too comfortable, I would not

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[24]Capt. W. P. Pratt, 5th New York Cavalry.
[25]Lieut.-Col. Robert Johnstone, 5th New York Cavalry.

give him a chamber up stairs, but still permitted him to occupy the lounge in the dining room.

He was therefore present at the family gathering around the fireside, and as our talk was unreserved, he acquired some knowledge of our feelings for Yankees in general, though he hoped we did not entertain the like kindly sentiments for him in particular. We gave him to understand, however, that though as a man we might show him kindness, as a Yankee we would feel it our duty to withhold from him our mercy, should an occasion arise when we had the opportunity so to do.

This state of feeling was illustrated one evening in rather an amusing manner. We were all around the fire, my children, Mary Green and her two, and myself; Capt. Pratt occupied a corner with his sofa. He was showing us a pistol, very finely mounted with gold, which he said a friend had sent him. I had taken it in my hand, and was turning it around to examine it, when my little urchin, Donald, three and a half years old, who was leaning on my lap, touched my hand and said, "Take care, Mama, you will shoot Captain Pratt." "Well," said I, "ought I not to shoot him, he is a Yankee?"

Capt. Pratt had petted him, and seemed to like him, and his liking was reciprocated to such a degree that he had never thought of his being a Yankee. He turned his blue eyes on the Captain sadly and reproachfully, with a look that seemed to say, "My idol has been shattered"—gave a deep sigh and said, "Well, shoot him then."

One morning in May, Pratt rode away to join his regiment. He took leave very politely, and hesitatingly offered me a crisp bank note. It had "United States" on it very conspicuously, as I could see at a glance, but I proudly ignored the note and the offer also, and merely shook hands with him. If I had known then how much more efficacious a U. S. bank note was, than a stock of lofty pride and independence to secure comfort and comparative ease of mind, I should have cast aside the latter and accepted the former. But in those early days of our adversity we had only tasted our bitter cup, and not till we were draining its dregs did we forget our pride, and thankfully accept favours at their hands. Besides it seemed to me then like faithlessness to our cause and people to accept their money, as it implied a belief in their ability to hold our country and keep our army out, and in that case only would the money be of use.

The town was now emptied of troops, all having pushed on up the valley after Jackson, but in a few days a regiment from Maine,

very fresh and clean, with perfect neatness displayed in all their appointments, occupied the town.

Comparative quiet reigned, and but for the separation from our friends and family, and the remembrance that those in the army were hourly surrounded by dreadful dangers we might have had some happiness. Our church, Christ's, was occupied by Yankee preachers, so we went to the Kent Street Presbyterian Church, where we could have the comfort of hearing God's word from the lips of a friend, and of knowing that every heart there joined in the prayers for the safety of our army, and the success of our cause, though their lips must be silent on that subject.

Of our army we knew nothing except what we could learn from the papers of our enemies, and they with exulting joy and great flourishing of trumpets published flaming accounts of the advance of their conquering hosts, and of our poor, ill-clad rabble, humbled, flying, disheartened, and in a short time to be wiped off the face of the earth.

McClellan was advancing with a grand army ("the finest army on the planet"), they said. McDowell[26] pressed on through Fredericksburg, while Shields and Banks pushed up the valley. Fremont[27] was coming from the Northwest to join the forces in the upper valley, and nothing awaited the traitors but destruction or submission.

But though sometimes our hearts sickened, they did not altogether fail for we believed in our people, and trusted in God to deliver us.

News of victories for us would sometimes reach us, too, and we would feel glad and proud, but no good news, or anything served for a moment to drive from the faces of the older people whose sons were in the army, the look of anxious care; and constant anticipation of evil gave them a sad and weary expression that was painful to see.

In those anxious weeks and months they grew old, old—and before the struggle ended many had dropped out of sight, and were spared the anguish and humiliation of defeat, and despair at loss of all, children, home and friends.

On the evening of May 22nd, 1862, a guard of soldiers from that triumphant army rode into town at a gallop.

Orders were hurriedly given, and preparations for something important set on foot. I had been in town on business and was hurry-

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[26]Maj.-Gen. Irvin McDowell.
[27]Maj.-Gen. Charles H. Fremont.

ing home when I first saw the commotion. As I came up to Mr. Patrick Smith's[28] house, an officer was dismounting at the gate. I do not know what prompted me to do it, but I stopped and asked him where Gen. Banks was. He looked at me for a moment very angrily and suspiciously, but in a little while said that he was near the town and would be in that night. I never could imagine why he told me unless he thought I was a Union woman. His information was sufficient. I knew from it that they were retreating because they were beaten, and I went on home quietly, and slowly, with an air sad and subdued, but those I passed could see the triumph of my heart in my face and manner. I got home, whispered it to Mary, and quietly sat down to supper without a word of what I had heard to the boys and children.

Soldiers were constantly passing about near the house as if to observe what went on.

I sent all the children to bed early, put out the lights, and fastened the doors in the lower story, then took my seat up stairs by my chamber window to await whatever might come.

About nine o'clock I heard the sound of a horse's feet rapidly galloping along the turnpike road leading from town. I listened, and knew that the horseman had, on reaching our gate, turned in there, for the footsteps were heard softly on the grass or the tanbark drive. Soon from out of the shadow of the trees on the lawn a man galloped and stopped at the front door.

I asked from the window who was there. "A friend," was the answer. "Please open your door," was added in a low tone. I went down and opened it, and by the light I carried saw, sitting on his horse, a dust-covered, smut-begrimed man, who I with difficulty recognized as Maj. Wilkins. "May I beg a night's shelter and something to eat, Madam," said he. "You once told me that if I was in need of a kindness and you were near, to apply to you." I consented, and he came in, leaving his horse at the door with the reins on its neck to go its own way.

When he went in he told me that the Federal army had been for three days flying before the Confederates, that in that time he had

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[28]He married Sarah, daughter of Joshua Lupton, son of John Lupton, who, in 1750, founded the "Walnut Grove" estate. They had five daughters. Mr. Smith, after the marriage of his daughters, Margaret and Lydia, removed in 1861 from "Walnut Grove" to a house in Winchester opposite the Cumberland Valley Railroad Station, where his daughters, Sarah and Mary, died of diphtheria in a short time. Mr. Smith died not long afterwards, and the youngest daughter, Elizabeth, married John W. Brown. (Cartmell, p. 286.)

not slept and had scarcely eaten anything. "I may be taken prisoner here tonight," he added, "but can go no farther. Our retreat is now a rout and I will take care of myself."

He spoke of the conduct of our men, of the gallant stand they made at first; of their splendid advance, till my eyes filled with tears of joy and pride. He described one regiment which he said was newly uniformed in grey trimmed with dark blue. He said there was a wide space that had to be traversed under a terrible fire from their batteries, but that that regiment had preserved an unbroken line in marching across it, though its ranks were every moment thinned—that they came on with even step till their opponents retreated before them and left their battery for them to take.

He supped and I sent him to a room up stairs where he could sleep without disturbance. In less than two hours after he had retired, as I still sat at my window, I saw a line of armed men approach the house, coming from the shadow of the trees. They soon surrounded it, and some came up on the porch and knocked loudly at the door. I went down again, and found several officers standing on the porch and a large number of men fully armed surrounding the house.

The first officer said he had come to arrest a man who had passed through the pickets about nine o'clock, giving the name, and merely saying he was an officer, in reply to the picket's challenge.

My repeated assertion that he was a Federal officer had no effect. With an incredulous smile the officer insisted on having him brought down for inspection. So I went to wake him. Knocking at the door did not rouse him from his deep sleep, so I had to go in and shake him. The poor tired man woke at last, and stared around as if bewildered. I told him that men waited in the hall for him, for by that time the hall was lined with armed men, and he seemed greatly concerned at the information, thinking, as he afterwards told me, that they were Confederates. They were not at all ready to believe, even when they saw him that he was not a rebel, as his coat was off, and he wore only a blue flannel shirt and pantaloons without any military mark or trimming. So they made him go up and get his coat, and certain papers to prove that he was all he ought to be. After his examination he retired to finish his night's rest, but not till the men were withdrawn, and the door again closed.

He told me before he went up stairs that they suspected Col. MacDonald had taken the opportunity to visit his home, and had

come with the hope of taking him prisoner. He laughed and said that the authorities supposed as the Confederate forces were so near the town it would be too great a temptation to a man whose home was so near, to be resisted. Soon all was quiet, and I betook myself to bed.

At dawn the next morning[29] we were awakened by cannon close to the town. I got up and while dressing, Lethea told me Maj. Wilkins had gone. He told me the night before that service in that army was most distasteful to him, that belonging as he did to the regular army, he could not help being disgusted at the mismanagement and mistakes of the civilians who were in high and responsible positions, placed there by political influence, and who could only lead their armies to disgrace and defeat. He said they could at least have held their ground, if the troops had not been overcome by fear.

Through the early morning hours the din of the musketry and cannon increased and came nearer and nearer. Federal troops were moving in all directions, some scudding over the hills toward a point opposite to the place where the battle raged.

Mr. Mason's house had been long occupied as headquarters by the Maine Regiment,[30] and their camp was in the grounds. Those gallant fellows had fled early in the morning, leaving their breakfasts cooking on the stoves, savory dishes that the hungry rebels enjoyed greatly. Harry and Allan ran in to say that they could see our flag coming up from behind the hill to the south, from the top of the house, where they had posted themselves.

I could see from the front door the hill side covered with Federal troops, a long line of blue forms lying down just behind its crest, on the top of which just in their front a battery spouted flame at the lines which were slowly advancing to the top. Suddenly I saw a long even line of grey caps above the crest of the hill, then appeared the grey forms that wore them, with the battle flag floating over their heads! The cannon ceased suddenly, and as the crouching forms that had been lying behind the cannon rose to their feet they were greeted by a volley of musketry from their assailants that scattered them. Some fell where they had stood but the greatest number fled down the hill side to swell the stream of humanity that flowed through every street and by way, through gar-

[29] May 23, 1862.
[30] 5th Connecticut Regiment.

dens and over fences, toward the Martinsburg turnpike, a confused mob of trembling, fainting objects that kept on their mad flight till they were lost in the clouds of dust their hurrying feet had raised. Nothing could be distinguished, nothing but a huge moving mass of blue, rolling along like a cloud in the distance.

At different points the battle continued, and through the streets the hurrying masses still rushed. Occasionally a few would pause to fire at their pursuers, but all were making frantically for the one point of egress that was left open to them. Arms, accoutrements, clothes, everything was thrown away as they sped along, closely followed by their victorious foes, who never paused except to give a word or smile to the friends who were there to greet them.

I put on my bonnet and went in town, and the scenes I there witnessed I could not describe to do them justice. Old men and women, ladies and children, high and low, rich and poor, lined the streets. Some weeping or wringing their hands over the bodies of those who had fallen before their eyes, or those who were being brought in by soldiers from the edge of the town where the battle had been thickest, and others shouting for joy at the entrance of the victorious Stonewall Brigade, and exultation at the discomfiture of the flying enemy. All were embracing the precious privilege of saying what they chose, singing or shouting what they chose.

People in different spheres of life, who perhaps never before had exchanged a word, were shaking hands and weeping together. All seemed as if possessed by one heart and one mind. Baskets of food were brought from the houses and passed hastily among the thronging soldiers, who would snatch a mouthful and go on their way.

I was told that as the columns were hastening by, Mrs. Barton[31] stood at her door with baskets of food, distributing to the hungry men, and while she did so some one touched her and told her that her eldest son, Marshall, had been shot not far from her house. "Bring him to me," she said, and went on distributing her bread to the men. Soon a squad of men came up with the body of her son. He was already dead, shot in the neck. She led the way into her house, and directed them where to lay him. "He was born in that room

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[31]Wife of David W. Barton, Attorney at Law at Winchester. She was Miss Francis L. A. M. Jones. Their children were Anna Maria, Charles Marshall, Jane Cary, Martha W., David Rittenhouse, William Stotler, Fannie Jones, Robert Thomas, Randolph J., and Bolling Walker. Robert Thomas enlisted as a private in the 11th Virginia Cavalry and is mentioned by Maj.-Gen. J. E. B. Stuart in his report of December 23, 1861, as an able member of his staff. (S. I., Vol. 5, p. 494, W. R. R.) For death of David, see page 115 herein.

and there he shall lie," she said. Then all day she sat by him, wiping the blood that oozed from his wound. He was an accomplished young man, had just a year before graduated at the University of Virginia, and married his cousin, Ellen Marshall.[32]

I met Judge Parker, and he asked me if I and some other lady would go and see to the proper caring for the body of an officer of a Louisiana regiment which had just been carried into Kerr's building. I spoke to Betty, Angus' wife, and we went.

As we passed in we saw a poor corpse with the cape of his great coat thrown over where his head had been. As I glanced fearfully at it I caught a glimpse of his hands, dyed deep with blood as if they had been dipped into it. He, we were told, was a Hardy County farmer's son, a member of one of the boy companies that had been formed and drilled at school.

A sad sight met our eyes when we went into the room where the dead man was. I could not at first believe he was dead—so natural were his features and so easy and restful was his posture. He was dressed in a beautiful new uniform, grey and buff; a splendid red silk scarf was around his waist, and his sword was lying by his side. He was very tall and slender with regular features and dark hair—very fine soft hair—his face was noble looking and must have been very handsome. I took one of his hands (such small white hands). It was still warm and it was difficult to believe he was not asleep. No wound could be seen, and not a drop of blood stained his clothing. The poor soldier who watched him, and who wept constantly, showed me a small gun shot wound in his chin hidden by the long jet black beard. It looked not larger than a pea, and only a drop or two of blood stained his beard. But that was his death wound. He was the Major of his regiment, the man said, and was shot while leading his men in pursuit of the fugitives as they poured down that hill side in the morning. It was his regiment[33] that I had seen charge and take the battery, and I remembered having heard my boys say that they had seen an officer of the regiment as he galloped over the crest of the hill, fall backward from his horse. They described the splendour of his equipment, the beauty of his horse which had stood still after its rider had fallen, and I doubted not it was the same.

Betty and I wept over him tears of sincere sorrow, the more so as we thought that perhaps ours and those of the poor soldier would be

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[32]Granddaughter of Chief Justice John Marshall. Her home was at Prospect Hill, Fanquier County.

[33]The 6th Louisiana. (W. R. R. Series I, Vol. 12, Part 1, p. 780.)

all that would fall on his lonely bier. I wiped the pale forehead, and smoothed the hair and the man arranged his dress with some articles we had brought. In the afternoon I brought some white roses and laid them in his cold hand. By his side sat four or five rough looking soldiers, men of his regiment. They, his regiment, had raised money enough among them to buy an elegant metallic coffin for him, and were about to put him into it. That evening he was buried, and a small board placed at his head was inscribed:

ARTHUR MACARTHUR

AGED 27

We planted some violets and lilies of the valley at his head.

The next day[34] General Jackson sent in four thousand prisoners, captured on the retreat. They were collected in different parts of the town, some in the courthouse yard. I had some business near there, and in passing was stopped near the gate by the crowd. The yard was filled with them, and as I stood waiting to pass I heard a voice call out, "Good morning, Mrs. MacDonald," and looking towards the crowd of blue creatures, saw one push forward to the fence. Touching his cap he spoke again, giving me the information that he was one of the Connecticut men that had occupied our ground when the army first came. "Ah, indeed!" said I, "you are then one of the party to whom I am indebted for stealing my chickens." He laughed and said "Yes." A redlegged Zouave commended himself for having offered me some of my own early May cherries which he was stealing. They both wanted something to eat, which I could not give them being too far from home. By noon they were on their march to Richmond, a large army, guarded by a handful of the much-despised Confederates.

We were all full of joy, and felt too triumphant to even think of a change—but the change nevertheless came, was coming even then swift and sure. Edward, Wood and Will all came home in high spirits, and all most confident that we would hold the lower valley. Wood told of the battle of Port Republic where our army had turned back the Federals; he showed me a cut on his left ear made by a passing bullet. His horse had been killed under him there, the pretty blooded Kate that had been the family pet. Wood looked so hopeful and bright, much more so than when he had left the autumn before to join Elzey as aide-de-camp.

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[34]May 24, 1862.

That was the last time I ever saw him, the last time he was ever under his father's roof.

My husband did not come. He wrote saying that he was on duty in Richmond and could not leave then; but if our army held the lower valley he would come in a few weeks. Ed and Will urged me to go if the army did, or even if it did not, as I ought not to stay in Winchester to run the risk of being again cut off. I did not agree to go, for my plans were none, and Ed's were very vague. But he urged, and in his earnestness declared his intention of sending vehicles and seeing that we went. He finished his argument with "I know it is best, and I am going to see these children taken care of; I have as much interest in them as anybody else has." Of course we laughed at that, and he did too. Days passed, and I had not made up my mind, when a sudden change in the aspect of affairs decided the matter for me.

One morning as I went into town I noticed an unusual stir and every one I met looked anxious and troubled. I learned that Jackson was on his retreat and that we would be probably left that day. Returning I met Edward riding from our house to meet me. He said they would all be gone before night, and that he was in search of me to say goodbye. We parted and he was off at a gallop to join his regiment which was then moving.

I went sadly on home with the bitter thought that the army had come and gone and I had not seen my husband. By night all had gone, but an occasional squad of Ashby's cavalry passed by lingering near to make sudden dashes on any rash Federals that might come within their reach. They, the Federals, did not come in force, however, for a week, when a small detachment marched in under Col. White,[35] took possession of the hill close behind our orchard, and began to fortify.

The main body of Federals had gone on after Gen. Jackson without passing through Winchester, though they did not follow him very far, and only at a safe distance.

Some prisoners had been sent in, poor tired, sick men, some of them, who could not keep up with Jackson's retreating army, and were picked up by scouting parties. They placed them in different church yards, and so guarded them that no one could approach or speak to them. In passing, I saw the face of a soldier who had been for some days sick at our house before the army marched, but had

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[35]Probably Col. Carr B. White, 12th Ohio Infantry.

gone when he heard the army was about to march. He was leaning on the fence, very pale and pitiful looking, and I wanted to speak to him, so attempted to go near when a bayonet interposed.

I quietly turned it out of the way and passed by. The man told me he had given out before he had gone many miles, and that he felt very ill, begged for a towel and some soap and a change of clothes. I told him to stay just there, and I would send them, which I did by the boys, as well as a warm cup of tea and some toast.

From the Diary

June 9, 1862.—The army has increased a great deal, several German regiments are here. Blenker's[36] Brigade among them, that famous brigade that fears not God, neither regards man.[37]

Among the Federal officers who have called to pay their respects or show their spite was Capt. Pratt. He was by no means the meek sufferer that I remembered him, but a grim warrior armed with sword and spear and burning with vengeance. To wipe out the ignominy of that rout down the valley, and the disgraceful flight from Winchester, was his and their inflexible purpose. We would be overwhelmed, he declared, and that in a short time. I presumed on his obligations to me to reply as the occasion seemed to demand, and said we did not fear, were perfectly confident of winning our cause.

He laughed sardonically. "I know," said he, "that one Southerner is worth six Northern men in a fight, but we will win." "And," he added, "it will be a terrible day for you when we do." I hated the man for littleness in trying to scare me; but he did it effectually for a while.

One thing though always made me think well of him. He had in his youth seen and loved a pretty, graceful girl, and before their engagement had been fulfilled she had met with an accident that compelled her to lie on her bed for years, and all her life to go on a crutch, but he had married her, cripple as she was, and seemed to love her dearly. He told me that part of his history when he was lying on the sofa with his broken leg.

June 8, 1862.—My garden looks well, and we have an abundance

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[36]Brig.-Gen. Louis Blenker.

[37]Blenker's Division embraced three brigades, the 4th New York Cavalry, 18 pieces artillery, aggregating 8,636 men. The troops were Germans and were commanded by German officers. In July, 1862, the division was abolished and the units assigned to other commands. For correspondence relative to this division, see Index under Blenker, W. R. Records, Series I, Vol. 2, Part III.

of raspberries and some early vegetables which I have managed to get planted and cultivated. I have a good crop of early potatoes, and also some late ones, enough I hope to serve the family for some time. We have many provoking, and some amusing encounters with our neighbors, the Yankees. Senator Mason's house being the next one to ours, and that and its ground very much like ours, the soldiers, who I suppose having heard of the Trent affair, and the Commissioners Mason and Slidell, always connect the two. As that was Mr. Mason's house, they fancy this is Mr. Slidell's, and often stop and ask if it is. Some come mere civilians "to look around," they say, which they do with the utmost composure, sitting on the porch where they post themselves without hesitation, and with an air of proprietorship in perspective.

One day lately, a rather impudent looking elderly man in a shabby suit of clothes and looking like a half Methodist preacher and half sharper, with long hair and lantern jaws, and an unmistakable Connecticut twang, stepped up on my back porch and walked unceremoniously up to the door as if about to come in. I had a rather independent feeling at the time, and stopped him, asking what he wanted. "I am a gentleman," he said, "and I am only looking around." "I was not aware that you were a gentleman," said I, "as they do not usually come to the back door." At that he grew very angry, and said he was looking at those two places, Mr. Mason's and ours, as he had some view to settling in the valley when the rebels were cleaned out. I laughed partly in derision and partly from amusement, then, quoting Mrs. Barton, told him that he was entitled to six feet of Southern land if he needed it, and that we would joyfully give every one of them, but more than that they never would have. He turned pale with anger, and bending his wrathful looks on me, asked savagely if I had any rebel flags. I never had one, but did not choose to satisfy him, so informed him that that was a matter with which he had nothing to do. Just then Mary, who was very much afraid that he could or would do us harm, came behind and pulled my sleeve and begged me to tell him we had no Confederate flag. "How do you know," said I to her, "what I have." So I defied him, knowing perfectly well that he dared not enter the house without authority, and a search by authorized parties I did not dread as I was used to them and prepared for them. So I enjoyed his rage and his discomfiture and saw him walk away.

Blenker's amiable brigade is encamped in our orchard, and we cannot avoid frequent encounters with them. Whenever I send out to gather raspberries there are two or three Dutchmen already. One day last week, Mary was in the garden gathering them with some of the children helping her, when several Dutchmen came in and began to talk to her in rather an excited manner; not a word they said could she understand, and she became frightened and sent for me. When I reached the scene of action about twenty were assembled, and more were still climbing the garden wall. They looked at me defiantly, and pouring forth a volume of Dutch, began to pull up the potatoes. I thought they wanted only enough for their dinners, and stood on the terrace looking at them. But they did not stop after getting enough for dinner, but continued amid roars of laughter and defiant looks at me to pull them till all were lying on the ground. I looked on, intending to have them picked up and put away as they were nearly ripe, but they gathered them all up, and with infuriated looks began to pull up and cast aside the second crop to wither in the sun. They were no larger than peas, and the destruction seemed so wanton that I was provoked beyond enduring. However, I could only content myself by retiring to the house where I could hide my anger and distress for the loss of my crop of potatoes was a real distress. They soon became so audacious that they came constantly about the windows and doors, annoying us in every way. So at last I determined to appeal to the commanding officer to interpose and keep them away.

I was under the impression that Col. Sweeny was in command, for last week when the army came in he was with that brigade. As they marched by our gate I happened to be there, and an officer rode up and spoke, and introduced himself as Col. Sweeny. I stood and talked awhile with him as I had learned by experience that it was much better to be civil to the commanding officer than otherwise, and as the band came up he ordered them to play "Dixie." He enquired if I lived at the house, pointing with his whip towards it as it stood among the trees. When I told him I did he said he expected to encamp near there, and it would give him pleasure to be of use to me. So I determined to make an appeal to him.

June 11, 1862.—I wrote my note to Col. Sweeny,[38] begging him to use his influence to have the Dutchmen kept off our premises, and

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[38]Col. Thomas W. Sweeney, 52nd Illinois Volunteers.

telling him, not that they had destroyed the garden, for that was but the fortune of war, but telling how they annoyed us otherwise.

June 12, 1862.—This afternoon I was called on by an officer, very short in stature, very gorgeously arrayed, and very red in the face. He walked up to me quickly as I appeared in the hall and presented his card, "Col. D'Utassy."[39]

I bowed, and he then held before my eyes a paper, so close that I could see the writing with difficulty, and asked if that was my handwriting, speaking in very broken English. I was frightened at first, as I did not know of what treasonable practice they might judge me guilty, and visions of the old Capital Prison, where the recalcitrant Southern women were imprisoned rose up before my mind's eye, but on looking closely at the paper, recognized it as my note to Col. Sweeny and said "Yes," that it was my handwriting. He stood still for a moment, his face glowing with gathering wrath, and at last gasped out in his anger, "You call my men Dutchmen." His rage and his broken English excited my risibility so that I burst out laughing. His anger then knew no bounds, and almost dancing with excitement, he averred that they were no Dutchmen, adding a great deal that I did not understand. I said nothing till he had finished, and then politely asked "Of what nationality are you, Col. D'Utassy? I could see at a glance that you are no Dutchman. I should have taken you for a Hungarian." This was said at a venture, but it had a wonderfully modifying effect. His face instantly changed; a bland smile took possession of his little grey eyes, smoothed his forehead and puffed out his fat cheeks. "Dat ish me, Hungary is my country." He assured me that his men should trouble me no more and took his departure in a very stately manner with his Adjutant, a tall, good-looking young American, whose countenance all the time we were talking had been full of suppressed laughter, following.

June, 1862.—My flattery of Col. D'Utassy has not saved me from the tender mercies of Blenker's brigade, for every day and hour if I look out I can see them in the plum trees helping themselves to the green plums, or taking whatever else they have a fancy for. A plum tree grows close to one of the chamber windows, and often we are startled by seeing a face peering at us from among the branches.[40]

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[39]Col. Frederick G. D'Utassy, 39th New York Volunteer Infantry, "Garibaldi Guard."

[40]The cherry and apple trees were at that time more like forest trees than like the modern fruit trees.

Col. Sweeny, I understand, has nothing to do with that brigade or with any troops near our place, except those employed on the fortifications which he is building on the hill next to our orchard. It is the very same place where old Capt. Canfield[41] planted his Columbiad to command the approaches to the town when Patterson and Cadwallader,[42] those two valiant militiamen, threatened a descent.

June, 1862.—More forces coming in and fortifying going on on the hill. Our stone fencing is being carried away to aid in the work.

They have begun to tear down Mr. Mason's house. All day axe and hammer are at work demolishing that pleasant, happy home. I saw the roof taken off today—that roof, the shelter of which had never been denied to the homeless, and whose good and gifted owners had never withheld their sympathy from the sad and suffering, or their generous hospitality from any who had a claim on it. Dear and lovely Mrs. Mason, what a friend she had been to me, so kind and gracious, so elegant and accomplished, and so unpretending and simple hearted! Last autumn after the Romney disaster, when my husband was reported killed or captured, how soon after hearing it she was at hand to encourage, hope, or soothe distress. And in the following winter my husband's brother[43] was brought to our house ill, how she stood by his bed side when he was suffering the agonies of death, all that long dreary day, his last on earth; how his hands clung to her dress and would not suffer her to leave till his poor agonized form was still in death.

How bright and happy their home was. The young ladies, her daughters and her young sons with their companions made such a bright and attractive circle. Now they are all wanderers, she and hers, with no place to call their own, and their home a desolation.

June, 1862.—In spite of sorrow and distress, the birds will sing and the grass and flowers will grow. Every day Margaret[44] brings

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[41]Capt. Canfield of the Virginia Militia and commanding a company known as the Home Guards at Winchester.

[42]Maj.-Gen. George Cadwallader.

[43]Col. Edward Charles McDonald, C. S. A., of Hannibal, Mo., the younger brother of Col. Angus McDonald, C. S. A. He was on the staff of Gen. Sterling Price, Commander of the Trans-Mississippi Department. (See note, 61, p. 90.) Flora was his nurse during his illness, assisted by her brother William, who, on account of having been wounded, was at home on leave. Col. McDonald died January 15, 1862. He was buried in Lot No. 283, Mount Hebron Cemetery, which was deeded to him in 1861. His remains were removed to the Stonewall Jackson Cemetery in October, 1931, by the local U. D. C. Chapter (Miss Lucy Kurtz, President), with appropriate ceremonies. His granddaughter, Mrs. Darreld L. Hartley of Kansas City, represented his family.

[44]Daughter of Alethia.

my sweet Bess from her walk in the garden with her little bonnet all dressed with the Persian lilac or other flowers. Today she came in and how sweet her bright eyes looked peeping out from under the blossoms. The children are happy, and though not all well, we are at least peaceful. Nell delights in her little sister, puts on the woman and tries to nurse her, looking much like a cat carrying a kitten. Donald, fat, white and rosy, gets sweeter every day, and Roy with his black eyes and yellow hair is a most attractive little creature, though those black eyes more often look stormy than sunshiny.

A day or two ago I felt a longing for a walk to the top of our hill just where the orchard climbs it. There the air is always stirring and always fresh. About sundown I went out and began to climb the hill; the air at every step grew sweeter with the fragrance of the fields and wild flowers. I had just gone up far enough to have a view of the Blue Ridge with the tops of the hills just touched with the parting sun's ray. The Alleghanies in th edistant landscape, and the hills at the west all black and purple against the sunset sky. The old town spread out below looking so peaceful and lovely. I stood and looked long at the scene, and had for a moment forgotten everything disagreeable in the contemplation of the varied landscape, and listening to the many sounds from the town, made soft by the distance, and those of the twittering birds, seeking their night's resting place, and enjoying the sweet summer scents that filled the air. But my quiet was soon rather rudely interrupted, for I heard the trampling of horse's feet behind me, and turning beheld an officer in full uniform who I thought would pass on. But his errand was to me, as he peremptorily announced that no one should come to that place. I told him that I was merely taking a walk on our own ground, and had no idea of encroaching on any one's rights. In a passion he loudly cried out that no rebel woman or any one else should spy out what they were doing. I turned from him, but stood still till he rode away, then quietly went home. It was the first time I had felt that I could be restrained from going as I pleased to any part of our own grounds, but they did not look upon it as ours. In their eyes we had forfeited every right but those of prisoners.

June, 1862.—We hear no news of our army except rumours. Some say Jackson is in the valley. Others that he is not. McClellan is steadily advancing towards Richmond and is, as he says in his dispatches, "pushing the enemy to the wall." He may find the wall

himself before his enemy does. We have not much though to encourage us, as they are so powerful and have all the resources of what once was the nation at their command. Many fears are felt for the result of the struggle before Richmond, and our people seem more despondent than they have ever been.

Maj. Whittlesey,[45] a Federal officer, a son-in-law of Col. Fauntleroy, is here. He has remained during all the changes, sometimes a prisoner on parole of the Confederates, and again with his own army around him. He is a kind man and loves our people, but of course does his duty to the government in whose service he is. In a conversation with me and some other ladies a day or two ago, he said he did not see how it was possible for Richmond to stand when McClellan made his final attack; that as far as he could see there was no hope of a successful issue for the Confederates, and that when Richmond was in their hands the Confederacy was over.

I felt greatly discouraged at this and went home thoroughly miserable. No one seemed to hope much. It was so dreadful a picture which he had drawn to us of our weakness and their strength that we almost gave up hoping.

June, 1862.—A day or two ago a Yankee cavalry man came to the house and asked to see me. I went down and he asked me if I would promise not to betray him if he made a communication to me. I told him I would not if it did not affect me or mine in any way.

He said he had made up his mind to leave the Federal service, and wished to know where our troops could be found if he made his escape. I said I knew nothing, and could tell him nothing. He then said that the service was odious to him, that he had been willing to fight for the Union, but that now he saw their object was to free the negroes and he would fight no longer. He said that Gen. Jackson, in his opinion, was not in the valley, that the Federals did not know where he was, but that an able general like him would do the one thing that would totally discomfit the Federal army of the Peninsula. That he would quickly cross the mountains and flank McClellan.[46]

June 20.—We have just heard of the death of Ashby, fallen at the head of his brigade while leading a charge at Cross Keys. Ashby,

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[45]Major Joseph Page Whittlesey, U. S. A. Married Catherine Knox Fauntleroy, daughter of Col. Thomas T. Fauntleroy, 1st Regiment, U. S. Cavalry, 1861, who resigned in 1861 and became Brigadier-General, C. S. A., but resigned shortly afterwards and did not re-enter the war. (Cartmell, p. 350.)

[46]See note 97, p. 111, for probable identity of this man.

the gallant soldier, that the enemy so dreaded. How often have I seen him dash in town with a few men when the enemy were advancing, and carry off prisoners while our army was slowly retreating. He generally picked off some of the vanguard.

Once, some ladies told me, he was under their window talking to them when the Federals were coming up the same street. He waited, standing by his horse with the bridle in his hand till they came within half a square, then sprang on his horse and dashed out of town to join his men who had gone before. The Federals stood very much in awe of him and greatly desired to capture him.

One day as I walked down the street with Virginia Sherrard, a covered wagon was driven up and stopped at the Provost Marshall's office. Two soldiers sitting in front of the wagon tauntingly asked us who we supposed was in the wagon. We did not reply, and they shouted after us that it was the —— rebel Ashby, and pointing to a led horse, said that was Ashby's horse. We found out afterwards that it was one of their own dead cavalry officers who was in the wagon, and his horse they led.

Some amusing incidents were related after the return of the Federals when they had recovered after Banks' discomfiture.

When that hero first took possession, an old pieman had established himself in business on Loudon Street in a little shop. He could be generally seen standing at his shop door with his sleeves rolled up and clothes covered with flour, enjoying the military shows that were constantly going on, or obsequiously inviting in customers. He suddenly disappeared as Jackson entered the town, as suddenly as if he had melted into thin air, and nothing was seen of him during the occupancy of the Confederates but empty counters, and flour covered shop, the door of which stood open as he had left it. But simultaneously with the first sound of the Yankee drums in the streets, appeared the old pieman, in his accustomed place at the door with sleeves rolled up and face smiling serenely as usual.

On the approach of Jackson the negroes, who had, many of them left their homes and were living in the town, began a flight that was only equalled in speed and madness by the Yankees themselves. A terror-stricken mob pushed out of town in the rear and in advance of the flying bluecoats and many were overtaken and turned back by our men, who had to assure them that they would not all be killed, and that their babies especially would not be thrown to the dogs to be devoured. They had been told by the Yankees that Jackson's

men would have no mercy on them but that they would be put to the most cruel death.

A week after our army had come, some one told me that a negro man of ours, Manuel, who had left the place when Jackson evacuated Winchester in March, and had since been acting as teamster for the Federals, was lying ill and starving at the back of a cottage on Piccadilly. I went to the place and found all the windows and doors fastened down so that it was impossible to get in; but after securing the services of a black boy and going around through one or two back gardens, I succeeded in entering the house by a window. There lay the poor creature, emaciated almost to a skeleton, and greatly frightened at our entering the house. When he saw me he burst into tears, and amid his sobs told me that he was not concerned now for himself, but for Catherine and her babies. I asked where Catherine was, and he said she had been frightened at the accounts they had heard of the cruelty of Jackson's men, and had fled to save her children, leaving him to his fate. I was deeply distressed as I was in some measure to blame for his misfortunes, for when Jackson was leaving, I was advised to send Manuel away with the army for fear of his going to the Federals. Mr. Brown had agreed to take him as a teamster, and I had told him that I would take care of Catherine and her children. I had a great regard for her, as she had been so long my children's nurse, and had only left me when her first child was born for a home of her own. When I told him, he assented to all I said, but when the teams were ready to set out Manuel could not be found. I went to see Catherine but she know nothing of him, thought he was going with Jackson, and was grieving greatly.

The poor fellow seemed very repentant, said he never would have left me if he had been permitted to stay at home, but that he knew if he went into our lines he would never see Catherine again. He had hidden in a field under a haystack, and remained there till the Yankees came in, when stiff with sleeping in the wet hay, and with a violent fever he had made his way home to Catherine.

I got Edward to take the carriage and have him brought home, and comforted him by telling him that I would send and try to find Catherine, which I did. Some one found her making her way painfully along the road from Harpers Ferry, with her baby in her arms and little Manuel following her, the picture of famine and grief. Some gentleman took her in his buggy and brought her to our gate, and when I saw her gaunt figure approaching the house with her poor baby on her arm and the other little one clinging to her ragged

skirt, I could not believe the starved, forlorn creature could be my trim-looking, neat nurse, who looked so prosperous when she left me. She said she had had only three hard crackers in the three days past, and that she had turned back because she saw women drop by the roadside with their babies to die. The Federals had induced them to fly, but could not succor them in their distress.[47]

June 21, 1862.—We have heard that an attack is very shortly to be made on our lines at Richmond and we are trembling at the thought of the possible result. It is heart-sickening to think of the carnage which will be the result, which ever side wins. We have plenty of spirit and bravery, but they have the men and means.

June 25, 1862.—Fighting on the lines before Richmond has been going on, but no large bodies of men as yet have been engaged, at least as far as we can hear.

June 30, 1862.—Fighting, dreadful fighting before Richmond, but nothing certain as to results. Every one is sad and anxious. We have our secret prayer meetings where we can pray for the success of our arms and the safety of those dear to us. The battle is over, but who are the victors, or who among the dead we know not.

July 4, 1862.—We have heard the result. We were victorious. McClellan driven back, driven away! The whole town is rejoicing, if we dared we would illuminate. The Sherrards are coming to tea tonight, and I am to have a small Confederate flag on the tea table to celebrate our 4th of July.

We learn that the Federals were driven in the greatest confusion till they reached the James river, and got under cover of their gunboats. Some wag said that their joy was so great, when they saw the gunboats that officers and men embraced each other, and that one officer cried out as he clasped another in his arms, "Every man ought to have a gunboat in his family."

The defeat was due to Jackson's stealthily crossing the mountains, and suddenly appearing in McClellan's rear just when they were doing their best to beat the enemies in their front. Gen. Johnston, we hear, was wounded the third day and General Robert E. Lee is in command.

July 5, 1862.—We did celebrate the Fourth, and had a happy merry time. The little flag waved over the table, but little we

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[47] The next time the Federals occupied Winchester and later evacuated it, Manuel stole the family carriage and departed with their army, taking Catherine and the children with him. (Mrs. F. McD. Williams.)

dreamed that at that very moment the folds of the stars and bars wrapped the corpse of our dear Wood, who had perished in that battle. In one moment he was taken out of life. A grape shot struck him, and his cousin who was near him, the accomplished young Will Bronaugh,[48] and young Frank Sherrard.[49] All were brought into Richmond together.

Many, many others we know, but we cannot think of others for our own loss. The whole town is in mourning, but still we are triumphant; the hateful, boasting enemy are driven away.

The last time Wood was at home, except when he stopped as Jackson's army passed through, he was in the room where Ida Mason,[50] the girls and myself were rolling bandages for the hospital. He looked on for some time as we worked, and said very sadly that if he were to be struck in battle he wished to be killed immediately, as he did not wish to live if mutilated. He had his wish, for his agony lasted but a moment, and those who saw him say that a calm, happy smile was on his face, and that every white feature looked peace.

July 10, 1862.—No troops in possession now. Ours are too busy; there is work for them, dreadful work. We only know that they are pursuing, and that the enemy retreats before them. Every day disappears our stone fence. They are carrying it away for their fortifications. The days are all sad and the nights so lonely. A whippoorwill has come near and is singing his melancholy song in a tree. It is the loneliest of all sounds to me now, but in happy days I liked it.

A night or two ago, my little darling Bess was restless in her crib. I heard her up stairs fretting, and went up and saw her sitting up in her crib with one little hand holding to the bar, and the moon shining full on her. I brought her down and sat in the porch with

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[48]William N. Bronaugh, son of Dr. Joseph L. Bronaugh of Loudoun County, Virginia, and his wife Nannie Naylor, sister of the first wife of Col. Angus W. McDonald, A.M., of the University of Virginia, and graduate of Princeton Law School. Had just begun to practice before joining the Confederate Army. Killed at the battle of the Chicahominy June 25, 1862. He was Major commanding the 2nd Arkansas Volunteers (S. I., Vol. 53).

Maj.-Gen. A. P. Hill, July 16, 1862, says: "With his death ceased the Battalion as far as concerned its usefulness on the field." See also Special Order No. 124 of A. A. G., John Withers, 2nd Infantry Battalion, Arkansas Volunteers (S. I., Vol. 53). See S. I., Vol. 11, for military career.

[49]Son of Robert Sherrard of Bloomery Gap, Va., First Lieutenant Company K, 13th Virginia Infantry attached to Fourth Brigade, commanded by Col. James A. Walker. (W. R. R., S. I., Vol. 2, p. 611.)

[50]Daughter of Senator James M. Mason. After the war, she, with another unmarried daughter, Emily, moved to Alexandria and opened a school for girls. (Mrs. F. McD. W.)

her in my arms, and she fixed her sweet eyes on the moon as it was "walking in brightness" and did not close them till I took her up stairs again and shut out the light.

July 25, 1862.—A regiment of infantry and one of artillery is here. One is encamped in Mr. Wood's grounds,[51] and the other on our orchard hill where are their fortifications. A Capt. Hampton[52] commands the artillery and Col. White the infantry. Every day there are more depredations, and less left us to furnish food. Besides that the injuries done to the property are great and will take thousands of dollars to repair.

July 28, 1862.—Today a messenger came from Mrs. Dailey[53] saying she was in great trouble, and asking me to come to her. She had left her home, Cumberland, Maryland, on a short visit and while absent had learned that her husband had been obliged to leave the town and the state, as there was great excitement against him on account of his attachment to Southern principles. She had therefore not been able to return, but had to make her way as fast as she could, leaving behind her furniture, bedding and everything she possessed but a few clothes they had taken for their visit.

They had secured a small unfinished frame house in a field belonging to Mr. Wood and had furnished it with such rough furniture as was available, pine table, stools, beds, etc., besides a few cooking utensils. Dr. Dailey, having established them in their rustic home, had gone with Jackson as surgeon to a regiment, and with such surroundings Mrs. Dailey went through the household duties with quiet contentment, and so happy to have her children with her, and her husband in a place where he could earn money for their support, she enjoyed the little pleasure left her, and did not at all complain of her rough life.

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[51]Glen Burnie, the estate of James Wood, the founder of Winchester, lived here in 1743. The first session of the Frederick County Court was held in his house. The first house was of logs, and the present house was erected by James Wood, Clerk of the County Court, in 1755, the brick being brought from England in a sailing ship. The house was on the west side of the Northwestern Turnpike, or Martinsburg Road, opposite the town spring and Hawthorn, the estate of Col. Angus W. McDonald and originally a part of the Glen Burnie estate. (Cartmell, p. 288.)

[52]R. B. Hampton, Battery F, Pennsylvania Light Artillery.

[53]Wife of Robert Dailey. She was a Miss Taylor. His father was Robert Dailey of Romney and his mother Comfort Wood of Winchester. Their children were Benjamin, James, Judge Robert C., Wood, Dr. Griffin, Howell and Thomas. Surgeon Robert W. Dailey joined the 23rd Virginia Infantry, C. S. A. In report of Col. William B. Taliaferro October 4, 1861, from Green Brier River, Va., he was commended for gallantry under fire. (W. R. R. 1, Vol. 5, p. 330.)

When I went over I found her very much distressed and excited. All her furniture had been carried off except her bed and the chair she sat on. Not a cooking utensil or a drinking vessel left. I told her to send a message to the commanding officer. She said she had done so, but without effect. "Let us go then and see him," said I. "If he is a gentleman or a man either he will make the soldiers give them up."

We went, and when we arrived at the camp were told that the Captain was in his tent, and would see us directly. As we had to wait, we availed ourselves of chairs that were near, and which having a familiar look we felt at liberty to occupy. Soon the Captain made his appearance, and bowing politely, asked what he could do for us.

We told him what the soldiers had carried away, and he expressed some surprise that we should think they had been taken there, saying that he was confident none of the articles were there.

"At any rate," said he, "if you will be good enough to point them out, it will give me pleasure to restore them." At this invitation I pointed to the chairs we had been sitting on. "Here are two of the chairs, and there is another on which the Captain's coat is hanging to dry," said I. "That table set for the Captain's breakfast is Mrs. Dailey's front door; those cups are hers, that coffee pot," and after I had enumerated all the articles in sight he looked at Mrs. Dailey and asked if they were hers.

She said they were, and he, looking much annoyed, told her he would send them over to her. He then bowed and bade us good morning and was about to retire to his tent, but I thought if we trusted to promises we would in all probability be disappointed. So touching Mrs. Dailey I said, "With your permission Captain Hampton, we will remain until they are sent away, as you may not be able to identify them all." He looked vexed, but we resolutely seated ourselves again and waited. He stood for a while as if undecided, then called two soldiers, ordered them to gather together all the articles designated, made them heap them all up on the door, chairs, pots, pans, pillows, beds, cups, saucers and spoons, and then told them to carry it where we wished. We waited till the door had set off, and four more soldiers loaded with heavier things had gone after them, and then we turned to thank the Captain. The whole scene was so ludicrous that we could not suppress a smile even in the presence of the great man, but when we observed in his face an answering one we laughed outright, he joined heartily. Taking a card from his case he handed it to me and said that he was sorry his men

had annoyed us, and that it would give him pleasure to be of use to us as long as he remained near us.

He asked if I lived in the house in the grove, pointing to Hawthorn, and asked if he might call, which he did in a few days. He was a Virginian I learned from his conversation and consequently more bitter than a native born Yankee would have been. He said he knew my husband by reputation but had never met him.

A few days ago I was walking from church with a friend and noticed two officers riding along the street, one of them much embarrassed with the movements of his horse, which seemed to be entirely in a sidelong direction, and with such mincing steps as to take a very long time to get over a very small piece of ground. The efforts of the rider to get him along were so great, and that together with his embarrassment at being the target for so many eyes, that his face had reddened to almost a purple hue; and though too stately to beat and ill-treat his horse, his blazing eyes showed his rage, and the effort it cost him to look unmoved. The churches were just out, and the streets full of ladies, and that made the obstinacy of the horse more unbearable. I looked up to see what was going on when I saw so many people staring at the spectacle, and encountered the eyes of Col. D'Utassy. He saw me and touched his cap, trying to look benign, but his fury was not appeased. The Adjutant toiled painfully after his Colonel, obliged to keep the came pace and step that his superior did. I did not feel at all sorry, for the officers were in the habit of displaying their gorgeousness in the streets when the ladies were there to see.

No knights of old were ever more gorgeously arrayed than D'Utassy and his Adjutant, and they had a fine opportunity to display themselves that day, and they could not but he aware that the glances cast at them and the smiles bestowed were of derision and not the admiration they expected to elicit.

September 26, 1862.—Two months since I wrote a line, and Oh! the sorrow they have left me. They have taken away my flower. My sweet blue-eyed baby has left me forever. I saw her fading out but never dreamed that she was dying. Though for many nights I have sat with her in my arms soothing her restlessness, the day time would come and bring smiles and happy looks, and I had not a thought of danger.

After a time the smiles were all gone, and the little face was sad and grave.

Just as if her soul had tasted
Drops of death's mysterious wave.

Her head drooped and her little round limbs grew thin, and her eyes followed me wherever I went. Then I held her night and day and I clung to her as if I could not give her up.

One evening as the sun was going down I held her in my arms, and as she breathed out her little life her eyes were fixed in my face with the shadow of death over them. The children stood around sobbing. The little breast heaved and panted, one long sigh and all was still; her eyes still fixed in my face. Ah that fearful shadow! How I saw it flit over that lovely countenance, withering all its bloom and leaving its own ashen grey to remain forever.

I felt as if my heart was lead, I still held her but could see or feel nothing but that it was only her lovely clay that I held, and that I must let go my hold.

Soon Betty came in, and leaning over looked into the sweet open eyes. "Oh Bess!" she said, "what visions of glory do your eyes behold now?" Almost instantly my thoughts were lifted up from the pale form in my arms to the bright home to which she had gone, and as I looked involuntarily at the evening sky I could almost see her glorified form floating away in the brightness to her Father's throne.

How often since then have I thanked Betty for her timely words, for I have never thought of her in the dust, but always as I believe she is in the home of her Father, and always beholding His face. Mary dressed her in her pretty baby garments and laid around her sweet flowers, "roses pale and lilies fair," and I sat by and looked at her till the little white coffin came. I slept by her side, and dear, good Mrs. Conrad came to comfort me. She read "And the small and the great are there."

Her words I can never forget, "God will preserve your precious handful of dust, and will restore in His own good time, and in perfect beauty. You may live to thank Him for taking your precious little babe from the sorrow and evil to come."

Friends were kind, but few could come to me, as I was outside

the pickets. Judge Parker and Mr. Williams[54] kindly took the arrangement of everything on themselves. Mrs. Conrad and I carried her on our laps to the cemetery, and there Mr. Williams tenderly took her from us. I gazed after her till she had gone down to her rest, and the "doors were shut about her."

Sweet voices had sung over her, "as the sweet flowers that scent the morn." Lute and Lal Burwell,[55] Miss Nett Lee and others, and all seemed so touched and sorrowful. My house and my heart were desolate for the sweetest joys of life were gone from me.

For days after she left me I felt as if my heart was dead. Nothing could interest me and it was vain to try to occupy myself with any thing. All seemed unreal, as if it was slipping rapidly away. The world was a dream, and a troubled, sorrowful one. Eternity appeared so near that earth and its concerns were being absorbed in its light.

On Tuesday night, August 26th, 1862, after she was buried, I was lying in bed with a feeling only of indifference to everything, a perfect deadness of soul and spirit. If I had a wish it was the world, with its fearful trials and sorrows, its mockeries and its vanishing joys, could come to an end. Suddenly the house was shaken to its foundations, the glass was shivered from the windows and fell like rain all over me as I lay in bed; a noise, terriffic as of crashing worlds, followed, prolonged for some fearful moments. My first thought was that the world was really in its last convulsion. I could not move, but lay fixed and paralyzed. Then a cry, and my room door was burst open. "The town is on fire!"" screamed Betty, rushing in. I got up and running across the hall to where the win-

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[54]Mr. Phillip Williams, born Shenandoah County, Virginia, 1824. Attorney-at-law, partner of David W. Barton in Winchester. Sympathized with the South but did not join the Confederate Army. Arrested in 1864 as a hostage for Federal soldiers captured by Confederates. Confined in Atheneum prison at Wheeling, W. Va., along with Robert Y. Conrad, Rev. A. H. H. Boyd, and other aged citizens. Col. Angus W. McDonald was a fellow prisoner with them. Mr. Williams was celebrated for his defense of ex-Confederate soldiers who were sued after the war for damages by citizens of West Virginia for acts committed by them as Confederate soldiers. Married, first, Anne Murray Hite, 1826; second, Mary Louise Lily Dunbar, 1834. He died in 1868. (Cartmell, p. 500.)

[55]The Misses Burwell were nieces-in-law of Mrs. Annette Lee, wife of Hugh Holmes Lee. She was a daughter of Mrs. Greenhough of Maryland and, after the war, kept a boarding house in Baltimore. (Mrs. F. McD. W.) Mr. Lee was a Captain in the "Continentals," one of the three military companies active in Winchester just before the war. Their uniform simulated the old buff and blue Colonial coat, with yellow buckskin knee breeches. Their home was on the east side of North Cameron Street. (Dr. C. V. Eddy.) He was a descendant of Edmund Jennings Lee and had lived in Winchester some years prior to 1850. (Cartmell.)

dows looked towards the town, and then saw the whole eastern sky lighted by the blaze of burning buildings, a long line of which was in one huge conflagration. We learned the next day that the enemy had evacuated during the night,[56] and had fired the depot, and the buildings where were government stores and army supplies, many other buildings having taken fire, a large hotel among them. Their great magazine had been blown up, which had caused the fearful noise.

On the 3rd of September our troops came in. They secured many prisoners who had been unable to escape from the town. A battle had taken place a short distance off, and many killed on both sides.[57]

My boys in looking over the field for whatever they could find of arms or any thing else left behind in the haste of the fugitives, came across the mutilated remains of the poor creature who had been sent back to see if the fuse was burning. One foot was found in our garden. Our army is nearly all marching north. On their entrance we first learned of the victories and steady march of Lee from the Peninsula, the flight of McClellan, the battles of Cedar Mountain and Second Manassas, the rout of the vaunting Pope and the crossing of our men into Maryland.

My husband came home and stayed ten days—has gone back to Richmond. He was deeply distressed at the baby's death, and troubled at the sickness of the other children. Hunter has been very ill, was taken with a convulsion. He is a poor little shadow, his father scarcely knew him. The place has been made so unhealthy by the nearness of the camps that there is a great deal of sickness in the family.

There has been a terrible battle in Maryland.[58] A hundred and fifty thousand Yankees engaged. We have lost eight thousand in killed and wounded. The wounded are being brought in town. I saw such fearful sights in town today that I turned sick; long rows

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[56]The evacuation took place one week later than Mrs. McDonald gives it, viz., on September 2, 1862, under orders from Maj.-Gen. Halleck. Fort Garabaldi on the hill in the rear of Hawthorn was evacuated on September 2, by Brig.-Gen. Julius White under orders from Maj.-Gen. Halleck. The four 32-pound siege guns were wrecked beyond possibility of further use and "all ammunition which could be conveyed by rail was removed, leaving about one-third in the main works, which was fired and the works almost entirely destroyed by the explosion. The well was choked." (From testimony of Col. D'Utassy, 39th New York Volunteers in court-martial trial of Brig.-Gen. Julius White, S. I., Part II, Vol. 12, p. 766, W. R. R.)

[57]Second Battle of Manassas, ending August 30, 1862.

[58]The battle of Antietam (Sharpsburg).

of wounded men sitting on the curbstones waiting for some shelter to be offered them, the wagons still unloading more. Ah! their pitiful faces, so haggard with suffering. Some with torn and bloody clothes, and others with scarcely anything to keep their wounds from the hot sun, their shirts having been torn partly off in dressing the wounds.

I saw a pale face looking out from a pile of straw in a wagon, and went up and asked if he had a place to go to. He said "No," and I told the driver to take him to our house, which he did, with another who was in the same wagon. They were Capt. Clarke[59] of the New Orleans and Lieut. Richardson[60] of his company.

September 21, 1862.—Sunday and communion at our own church—again we were allowed to join in that sweet service, and in our own church, to thank our Heavenly Father for the comfort He had sent us in the deliverance from our enemies, and the presence of those we love even for a little while.

Just at this hour four weeks ago we laid my darling in her grave; and just at this hour I used to stand with her in my arms at the door, waiting for her nurse to come from her Sunday walk. How her eyes would beam and her little voice chirp with joy when she would see her coming through the trees. Morning, noon and night I think of her; every object reminds me of her, and at every turn as I go about the house I am thinking I shall meet her smiling face. And Oh! the struggle against distrust and unbelief. I try to think of her as clothed with that body that shall be, as God has said he would do it, and not as a disembodied inpalpable spirit. There is no comfort in the thought of that tomb. And I know that He can restore my precious handful of dust as beautiful and substantial as before, only adorned with a diviner beauty. He has promised and He will do it. As He has called out of the dust this rose with all its beauty and fragrance, so can He clothe with beauty those that are His. "Awake, arise! Ye that dwell in dust, awake and sing, for the dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out her dead."

September 22, 1862.—No news from the army. The report is that the enemy is at Martinsburg. Wounded men coming in town all day. I gave breakfast to some, one a black-eyed Alabamian.

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[59]Of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans. No doubt William B. Clark. This organization still exists. It lost 34 men at the battle of Antietam.

[60]J. B. Richardson, First Lieutenant, Washington Artillery. Afterwards promoted to Captain. Served to the end of the war.

He had no shoes, but old Aunt Winnie gave him a pair that Tuss had secured when his friends took flight.

Went this evening to my baby's grave. She lies close to her Uncle Edward. We laid him there last winter.

He had fought from the first in Price's[61] army, then came to Richmond on military business; had come to Winchester to spend his Christmas with his brother, and within a week from his arrival died of pneumonia. He had when a boy left Winchester to go to West Point; after he resigned and left there he spent most of his youth and early manhood in an expedition to New Mexico, was with Kendall in his Santa Fe Expedition.[62] Spent some years among the Indians in the Territories, and returned to Winchester to be married. After twenty years or more, he returned to his birthplace to die. His wife, my poor sister,[63] remained in ignorance of his fate for months.

I used to hold my little beauty by his bedside for him to play with her. How little I thought that so soon they would be lying side by side in that cemetery.

Not far from where they lie in what was the Roman Catholic graveyard lies my husband's grandfather and grandmother, both Catholics; Highlanders and Jacobites. They had escaped from Scotland after the rebellion of 1745 was crushed.[64]

September 23, 1862.—The bands are playing in the streets their lively airs. It seems such a mockery, so much suffering and those mirthful strains.[65]

Reports say that our army occupies Arlington Heights, and that Gen. Lee has crossed into Maryland again. It is scarcely possible but nothing can be learned certainly. Will the winter come again and find this dreadful war still raging? Our poor men will suffer more than they have yet done, for there is less to be had of that which they need for their comfort in their hard, hard life. "But the Lord is King, be the earth never so unquiet," and He can bring

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[61]Maj.-Gen. Sterling Price, C. S. A.

[62]His name does not appear among those of the prisoners who were released by Mexico in 1842 as result of intervention by President Monroe. The party which Kendall joined at Austin on April 1, 1841, consisted of about 320 men largely from Texas. A much smaller number than this were captured and a still smaller number released. He may have been among those who escaped capture.

[63]Susan, third daughter of Dr. Humphrey Peake, and his wife, Anne Linton Lane.

[64]This is somewhat in error. See Appendix G.

[65]"Four thousand Yankee prisoners, returning from Antietam, recognized Mother and all took up the cry, 'Goodbye, Mrs. McDonald'." (Mrs. F. McD. W.)

us peace in His own good time, and in His own way. We must learn to trust Him, and believe that He will do all things well.

Mr. Buck[66] came today. Told us of Capt. Hampton's sojourn in Front Royal. He wished to have the town burned. He telegraphed to the War Department that the Colonel commanding the Post had refused to do it. He spoke of Gus. Tyler,[67] said he had been in all the battles before Richmond, and along from the Rapidan to the Potomac. His shoes gave out on his arrival at Potomac, and some one gave him a pair. They being too hard and stiff to march in, he went on barefooted, preferring that to remaining behind.

Mr. Thomas[68] of Maryland called with messages from the girls. They are at Charlottesville and will soon be at home.

Mary has taken Mrs. Hopkins'[69] house in town, and gone there with her children. She will take officers and boarders as Mr. Green's pay, as a private would be of little avail to supply their wants.

No glass to be had to supply the broken panes, so I will have to use old oil cans to shut out the cold. Whole windows were shaken out by the explosion.

September 27, 1862.—Three days and so many interruptions that I have written nothing. Thursday Sue and Flora arrived, and ever since there has been a constant coming and going and seeing company.

Had a letter from Mrs. Pleasants of Richmond, formerly Sally McCarty of Washington. She wrote on Maj. Wilkins' behalf, as he was an old friend of hers. He was taken in Pope's army and put

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[66]Thomas Fayette Buck. His home was "Clover Hill," near Front Royal in Warren County, Virginia.

[67]Gustavus Tyler. April, 1861, enlisted at Front Royal with the "Warren Rifles," which afterwards became Company B. of the 17th Virginia Infantry. He fought throughout the war. Was one of the survivors of Pickett's charge at Gettysburg and in the trenches at Richmond in 1865. After the war he joined his brother, James Monroe, at St. Louis, but later engaged in the fur trade at Fort Benton, Mont. Died at Fort Fetterman, Wyoming, 1887.

[68]Captain George Thomas, 1st Maryland Infantry Battalion, C. S. A. His brother, Sergt. J. William Thomas, was in Company A. of this Battalion. (S. I., Vol. 2, p. 412, W. R. R.)

[69]The house was on Piccadilly Street between Main (now North Loudoun) and Braddock Streets. (K. McD.) It belonged to Lieut. William E. Hopkins, U. S. A., eldest son of John Hopkins, Jr., of "Pagebrook," and his wife, Abby Byrd Nelson Page, of "Westover." He married Miss Kimball of Philadelphia. Seven of his children were born in this house, the sixth and seventh in 1868 and 1869, respectively, and the eighth in California, where he died a Rear Admiral. The third son of John Hopkins, Jr., was Dr. Henry St. George Lyons Hopkins, a member of Gen. R. E. Lee's staff. He acquired the nickname of "Commodore" by reason of great success as a blockade runner, bringing medical supplies from Washington, D. C. ("The Hopkins Family of Virginia," by W. L. Hopkins, Richmond.)

in irons, as all his officers were. She had received a note from him saying that he had known me in the Valley, as well as Mrs. Parker, and he thought if we could be induced to write a line to the authorities in his favor, to say that he had behaved well to the people of Winchester while there with Banks, perhaps his confinement would not be so rigorous.[70] I wrote and soon after heard that he had been released on parole.

They say that we are to be left again to the enemy. They have recrossed the Potomac at Leesburg. Some say indeed that they are at Harpers Ferry. My officers are doing well. Lieut. Richardson can go about the house, and Capt. Clarke can get out of bed. Lieut. Richardson is only twenty-one, is remarkably handsome. The girls begged me to invite him down stairs, as they were anxious to see for themselves if the report I gave of his good looks was true. I went and told him we would be glad to see him down stairs.

He and Capt. Clarke began to laugh, and the Captain explained that Lieut. Richardson had no coat, no linen, and only one boot. I told him I might be able to supply the deficiency, and after a search in the drawers and shelves in the room of the older boys, I found a black swallow-tail coat from Bond Street, London, which I recommended, a pair of doe skin pantaloons and some shirts.

These I sent him, and after a while a message came that on account of the wound in his neck he could not wear a cravat or collar, and would I be so very kind as to lend him some kind of handkerchief or scarf to tie around his neck. I sent him a scarlet China crape scarf, about three yards long. This he disposed around his neck, and when I met him on the stairs I laughed at his ludicrous attire. Swallow-tails have not been seen since April, '61, even in evening attire. Nothing but grey is worn, and nothing else would be respectable. He was not at all abashed on appearing in the presence of the young ladies. Some others besides Sue and Flora were here.

He was sitting on the porch bench with the setting sun shining

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[70]Inquiry of the War Department has failed to develop any facts in support of this statement that Pope's officers were put in irons. It must have been derived from some news item in Confederate papers. See War Reb. Rec. Vol. 4, Series II, pp. 522-3-5, 836, 857, 938-39. On p. 552 *et seq.*, are letters from Adj.-Gen. S. Cooper to Brig.-Gen. L. Thomas, C. S. A., dated September 24 and 25, 1862, advising orders for close confinement of officers of Pope's army are withdrawn and that such officers will be paroled subject to exchange. On p. 830 is a letter from President Davis to Gen. R. E. Lee on the subject of retaliation in connection with Pope's General Order No. 11 and also with regard to General Order No. 54 of the Confederate Government, copy of which appears. On page 175 Mrs. McDonald refers again to this incident.

in his face, lighting up his brown hair, the scarlet scarf making his eyes a deeper blue and his face a more brilliant fairness, and he seemed utterly unconscious of what a beautiful picture he made.

"Why did you not tell me how handsome he is," said Flora that night. "I would have tried to look prettier myself." "I did," I told her. "Yes you did but I never believed any one could be so good looking." We were talking of the different states, and of those of the South we liked best, when some one asked him which state he was from. He looked very much vexed and unwilling to tell. At last he said, "I was born in Maine and I am sorry to live to tell it. My parents moved to New Orleans when I was a child."

Of course we pitied him for his misfortune in having been born in a Northern state.

The girls have had come amusing adventures. While boarding in Lynchburg with a party of refugees, they began to perceive that the people were not as kindly disposed to refugees as they were in other places, and even displayed their disapproval when the wanderers ventured to occupy their pews in church.

One Sunday in the Rev. Mr. Kimble's church a party of these girls had seated themselves, when the pastor rose and said that the congregation were incommoded by having their seats occupied by strangers, and that for the future the refugees would find seats in the gallery. On this they all rose and went to the gallery.

After they were seated the pastor gave out the hymn. His selection proved a very unfortunate one, being "Rise my soul and stretch thy wings," when the two last lines of the first stanza were read—

"Haste my soul; Oh! haste away
To seats prepared above."

There was a titter in the gallery, and the faces of pastor and congregation reddened perceptibly. The next Sunday a church warden met the refugees at the door and invited them into the pews, but the girls told them they preferred "The seats prepared above."

September 28, 1862.—Went to church and heard Mr. Scott of King and Queen county preach. At night to Mrs. Tooley's[71] to our Sunday night prayer meeting. Mr. Meredith[72] preached a short

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[71]Mrs. Mary Jackson Tooley, widow of Col. Tooley, who was a tanner. House probably at 126 North Cameron (Market) Street where she was living about 1890. (C. Vernon Eddy.)

[72]Rev. W. C. Meredith. He came to Christ Church in Winchester in 1860 and except for four years as chaplain in the Confederate Army he was Rector there until 1875. His pulpit during the war was unfilled except by chaplains of the Confederate States Army who happened to be in Winchester.

sermon. Mr. Scott also spoke. I heard for the first time that Mr. Meredith had been serving as a private ever since he left Winchester with Jackson. He is now Chaplain. Nothing of interest except more news of the falling back of the army.

September 29, 1862.—Assurances that we are to be left to the tender mercies of the Yankees again. The merry sound of voices in the parlor recalls the old happy time when we were at peace, and when none of our circle was silent forever. I can never forget the tones of Wood's rich, sweet voice singing as he generally was when in the house, or walking about the yard. Sitting alone, I can almost think I hear him singing among the trees, and expect to see him lolling on a bench with his books, or playing with the children on the grass, when at home during his vacation. I had never understood him well till he became a man. When a boy he was wayward, as all boys are, had his sharp angles. Only when he was grown did I understand him fully, and know what a noble affectionate character he was, and what a good, warm heart he had. The boy's roughness had all gone and given place to a manly grace, and a tender gallantry that became him so well.

That last summer when he was at home from the University none of the family were here but he and me and the children. I enjoyed so much the sweet summer nights sitting on the porch with him, talking in the dim starlight of all the beautiful things we had read or seen in poetry or in nature. I repeated one night an old fragment of a poem I had seen somewhere long ago, not remembering where, or by whom it was written.

We parted in silence, we parted by night
On the banks of that lovely river,
Where the fragrant limes their boughs unite
We met, and we parted forever!
The nightbird sang, and the stars above
Told many a touching story
Of friends long gone to the kingdom of love
Where the soul wears its mantle of glory.

We parted in silence—Our cheeks were wet
With the tears that were past controlling
And we vowed we would never, no never forget,
And those vows at the time were consoling.

But the lips that echoed that vow of mine
Are cold as that lovely river,
And the eye, the beautiful spirit's shrine,
Has shrouded its fires forever!

And now on the midnight sky I look
And my heart grows full to weeping.
Each star is to me a sealed book,
Some tale of the loved one keeping.
We parted in silence—We parted in tears
On the banks of that lovely river,
But the colour and bloom of those bygone years
Shall hang on its waters forever!

He admired it very much and seemed much moved by it. I remarked that it was possible its beauty consisted more of the melody of the verse, the peculiar rhythm of the measure, than in the poetry itself. He said no, that it was poetry, beautiful and touching, and asked me to repeat it again. How little I thought that the verses that had no associations for me then, would be from that time freighted with memories of him. I never think of them, or look upon "the midnight sky" without seeing his image as he then was before my mind.

He was so sad when he went away from home the last time. He looked back at the house often as he went till he was out of sight. I could not help recalling how dejected he was, and how silent he sat as I made the preparations for his departure. His wistful glance around at everything as he was leaving. He often went to see his sisters at Charlottesville while the army was in that neighborhood, and the last evening he spent with them he proposed singing some hymns and began himself to sing—

"My days are gliding swiftly by."

Anne[73] followed him down to the gate. He said good bye, and looked long and earnestly in her face; went some distance and returned to where she stood in the moonlight, and kissed her again. In three days from that time he was lying a corpse on the battlefield.

The many voices in the parlour, the laughter and chat of the young people make me remember all I have lost. I miss the sweet

[73]Born Romney, Va., 1830. Wife of James W. Green.

blue eyes that sparkled with joy to see me; the outstretched arms and lovely smile. The white baby face hid in the coffin and the smell of those fading roses I can never forget. That odour seems always to linger near. A bitter grief it was to my husband to lose at the same time his young soldier and his pretty baby girl, who, he had said, was to be his old age's darling.

General Lee is near town, and they say his army has been divided. There has been a great battle but we have heard nothing certain. Capt. Murray[74] and Lieut. Thomas of the Maryland Line are here. They say there is no likelihood of the army leaving us again.

October 1, 1862.—No news from any quarter. We cannot learn definitely where our army is. Some days ago there was a cavalry skirmish near town, and Edward and Holmes McGuire[75] were reported killed or captured. We were nearly distracted at hearing it, but about nine o'clock Edward rode up safe and sound. He had been cut off from the others in a charge, and found himself confronted by three Yankees who all rushed at him. He fired his revolver at them till the balls were spent, striking two of them, and throwing the pistol in the face of the third, turned and galloped off.

October 2, 1862.—Negotiations between the two governments for peace talked of, for peace or an armistice. It is difficult to believe that. It is much easier to credit a second rumour that Lincoln has proclaimed that if the "rebels" do not lay down their arms by the 1st of January, slavery will be abolished in all the states.

Night. The low moon is shining brightly, casting long black shadows on the ground. The whippoorwill has come again, and is making the night sadder with his melancholy call. I sit at the window late, late when every body else is asleep, to think of the past, and try to live over again the pleasant days that are gone.

The Maryland line has its camp near us, and we see them every day. Some of them accomplished young men of the best families of Maryland. They are all cheerful and merry in the midst of their hardships.

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[74]Capt. Murray, 1st Maryland Infantry Battalion.

[75]Hugh Holmes McGuire, born Winchester, 1841. 1861, student at Washington College and enlisted as private in Rockbridge Artillery. Private secretary to Gen. T. J. Jackson. Later Captain Company E, 11th Virginia Cavalry. Wounded at battles of the Wilderness and mortally wounded at battle of Amelia Springs, April 5, 1865, and died May 8, 1865. January, 1865, married Miss Sallie Gallagher of Waynesboro, Va. A daughter, Mary Holmes, was born after his death. She married Edward Cabell of Waynesboro. ("The McGuire Family of Virginia," W. G. Stanard.)

October 12, 1862.—Sunday. Heard Mr. Robert Baker preach in our own church.[76] Had Mr. Iglehart and Mr. Thomas to dine. The owner of Lethea has been here several times to persuade me to give her up. He wants to sell her to prevent her leaving with the Yankees. She has already been tried and found faithful, for she never offered to leave me when they were here before and it would be cruel to reward her with such treatment. It is downright perfidy to deceive the poor creature into consenting to go. He does not tell her there is a negro trader coming for her, though I am sure she suspects it. I have refused to give her up, but am not sure that I have the right to do it, or that if she is lost we will not have to pay the owner for her. If I had the money to buy her, or if Mr. MacDonald was here she should not go. I cannot endure the thought of her grief; to be torn from her husband and perhaps from her children. Her image will be always associated with that of my lovely baby. She held her in her arms when she was first born; she fed and cared for her, and my darling loved her. Her bright face was always brighter when she saw her. It is like giving up the last of her. To me it seems as if all the flowers of life are withered, and nothing left but the bare, bitter, thorny stems.

October 13, 1862.—A little soldier from the Maryland camp came this evening—a mere boy, but with his black eyes full of fire, eagerness to join the flag. He had just come from Paris, France, where his family are living, to join the Maryland line. He said his father wished him to come; did not think it honourable to remain in a foreign land while Maryland struggled for her freedom. His mother was not so anxious. He spoke gaily and enthusiastically of the life in the camp, and the battles he expected to take part in; and I did not like to be a prophet of evil, and tell him about the dark side of war that I had seen. So he talked on about Maryland, and I asked him what he would do if, when the Confederacy was established, Maryland was left in the hands of his enemies.

"They cannot keep her," he said. "No peace will be made that leaves her with the North."

October 14, 1862.—More solicitations to give up Lethea. Her tears and grief make me wretched. They say our army cannot remain here for want of supplies. News of the defeat of our army at Corinth. Our forces under Van Dorn.

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[76]Rev. Robert M. Baker, Episcopal minister, married, 1862, Louisa F. Davidson. He died in 1883 while Rector of a church in Georgetown, D. C., leaving his widow and eight children.

Heard today that Gen. Stuart had gone all around McClellan's army, gone into Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, and brought away two thousand horses, and a large quantity of specie.

The English papers are full of expressions of admiration at the courage and genius of the Southern people. But they do not recognize us. Though tonight there is a report that commissioners have arrived in Washington to arrange a plan of intervention.

It is said also that Lincoln's proclamation has had the effect at the North of creating such alarm among those who are not abolitionists, as to cause serious apprehension of disturbance among themselves. There seems no doubt now that the Yankee army is disgusted with the war, now that the real object of it has been made manifest, and many go so far as to say that they will fight no longer if the fight is for the freedom of the negroes. Some of their soldiers have said that in my presence. McClellan has found it necessary to issue an order to the effect that no discussion of politics will be allowed in the army.

October 15, 1862.—Another painful scene with Lethea's owner. Poor Lethea must go. It is dreadful to see her tears and distress. I went up stairs into a room where she was busy tacking down a carpet. Her tears were falling on her hands as they held the hammer. That I could see though her head was bent down so that I could not see her face. I could not tell her she had to go, dreading to witness her sorrow, but turned away, and waited for some other time.

October 19, 1862.—Poor Lethea has gone. When she saw there was no hope, she submitted humbly and quietly. She came to my bedside in the early dawn to say "good bye." She wept and wrung her hands. Margaret was with her, but her other child was not to go. She did not wake Hunter but looked sorrowfully at him. "Poor little fellow," she said. To think of her pitying him in the midst of all her woe!

October 20, 1862.—Hunter wanders about the house calling for "Margy! Where are you Margy?" and in the early morning when he wakes, he lies and listens for Lethea's footsteps. This morning I heard him. "Did you call me Edy? Where are you Edy?" I would not have believed that the sorrow of a poor servant and her departure would have made me so sad. I thought of that beautiful and sad lament of Jeremiah. "Weep not for him that dieth, neither

bemoan him; but weep for him that goeth away, for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."

Intelligence has come of a great victory over the Federals[77] by Bragg[78] in Kentucky, and the capture of 26,000 prisoners. Buell[79] commanded their army. Some say the chances of peace are greater because of dissensions among the Federals themselves. The Lincoln government's throwing off its disguise seems to have a bad effect.

October 21, 1862.—The autumn winds are whirling away the leaves from the trees, the sunshine looks cold and sad. Only a feeble chirp of a poor insect is heard now, of all the summer voices. Since last autumn what a harvest Death has reaped! Where is the home that is not shadowed by grief, or the heart that has not received a blow? The difficulties of life are increasing manyfold. The inconveniences and troubles of the past seem now all so trifling.

Besides increased anxiety and responsibility, with the burden to bear alone, there are unaccustomed tasks to be performed. Such tasks as formerly fell to the lot of the servants; but they are gone, and we have to make the best of a very unpleasant state of affairs. I have though so much to be thankful for; so much to bless my daily life, in the presence of my children. One great difficulty is to preserve patience amid so many provocations, and not be irritated at the mischief it is their nature to do.[80] Such an imp of mischief is Roy that it is a difficult task to preserve an unruffled front with him; especially as he heeds no rebuffs, but his black eyes look up through his yellow curls with so much fun as well as impudence in them that he is irrepressible. And who could say a hasty word to Donald with those mildly reproving blue eyes looking wonderingly at you, and the lisp of that sweet mouth. There is a dignity in his face, if he is but three years old. My little Bess had his blue eyes and sweet mouth.

Went this afternoon to see Mrs. Dailey. Found the Doctor there. Poor Tom Dailey[81] is at Mr. Wood's and is near his end; near the

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[77]Battle of Perryville, Ky., June 8, 1862.

[78]Maj.-Gen. Braxton Bragg, C. S. A.

[79]Maj.-Gen. Don Carlos Buell, U. S. A.

[80]During the lull between the Banks and Milroy occupations there was no established government by the Confederates to that the noncombatants did pretty much as they pleased. We had gotten hold of army muskets which we used in practicing marksmanship. One of us would get a safe place a few yards from the target and the other boys would shoot at it. We became pretty expert at about 200 yards. Mother called our attention to the abundance of mushrooms growing on the abandoned camping grounds. They were a source of great enjoyment. (K. McD.)

[81]Brother of Dr. Robert Dailey.

end of a useless and ill spent life. Mr. Thomas and Mr. Iglehart spent the evening with us. From late accounts we have reason to believe that the battle of Boonesborough* was not a success for us. Wounded men have been pouring into the town all day and for some days past, and are moving on to Staunton. Today it is said that the Yankees have crossed the Potomac in pursuit of our army, but have been driven back with great loss, many having been drowned in attempting to recross the river. The engagement took place near Shepherdstown.

We have heard that Gen. Lee and Gen. Jackson have both been wounded.

I dread to hear of Edward and Will. Where are they in all this dreadful confusion? Set out to go to prayer meeting at Mrs. Williams' tonight; got as far as the Episcopal Church and saw three wounded men lying in the churchyard. One had very recently had his arm amputated. They had had no food all day, but spoke cheerfully and did not seem to think their case a very hard one. I could not see them lying there hungry and so forlorn, so turned back, and went home with Harry and Allan and sent them some supper. They were all Virginians.

October 25, 1862.—No news from our army, and no further indication of a falling back. Report says that a change of public opinion is rapidly progressing at the North. A defeat always creates a change of opinion. Gold steadily rises, and treasury notes decline as steadily.

November 1, 1862.—Saturday. Went last Thursday to Warren and enjoyed the drive so much. The more so from having been shut up so long at home. I began to feel a lightness of spirit, and exhileration as we approached the mountains, that I had not felt for a long, long time.

First came the pale blue, faintly defined against the sky. Nearer and nearer as we came, they reared their rough, shaggy sides just before us; great mountains upon mountains piled till they seemed to shut us in on all sides. The foliage of every brilliant colour, variegated with the dark evergreens, and now and then a farm with its brown fields and pleasant looking homes was a lovely picture. Soon we came to the grim hills where there were no farms or peaceful homes, with gardens and orchards and fields dotted with sheep. Steep precipices, deep gorges, where the sunlight seldom comes, high

*Antietam.

peaks covered with thick foliage nearly to their rock summits. No sign of human foot having ever trod those lovely steeps and hollows. No sound reached us but that of a mountain stream dashing down among the rocks, or the scream of the wild birds sailing above our heads. The quiet and rest was so delightful to me that I felt as if I would be willing to leave the sweet home, much as I loved it (so changed it was, and so troubled was life within it) and live there in the peace and rest that I could find among those shades and nowhere else.

I remember a sojourn in the Alleghanies once in my early married life, and it is a part of my experience that I never could forget. I went on horseback with my husband, Angus, and Anne to a mountain where he owned some land and was then surveying it. We took up our quarters at a country house, a poor one as far as external appearance went, but abounding in all the most delightful and precious things of life. Cool delicious air, fragrant with the breath of the pines and hemlocks, and the fresh earth that plow had never touched, and within, the warmest welcome I ever remember to have received, for the host was a tall old mountaineer whose heart my husband had won when employed as Commonwealth's Attorney, he prosecuted a man who had killed the son of the old man—Mr. Dixon. His manner of conducting the case, and the speeches he made so won the old man that he was ever after his willing slave, he and his six other sons, all nearly seven feet high.

When we sat down to our meals we were waited on by the host, his wife, and some of his sons; they never sat down with us. And oh, the delicate, rich food! Cold milk, thick with cream, from a dairy on the side of the mountain, fresh venison steaks, the whitest bread, and tenderest broiled chicken revelling in the sweetest butter. No king ever fared better than that; and then every day the rides through the mountains, the views from first one point and then another; the deep glens we visited, the dark hemlock groves we peered into, but could not penetrate except with our eyes. The heights we climbed to see spread out before us billows of mountain tops below us and far away from us, green lanes through the thick trees, and above all we had the joy of youth and love to make every scene lovely.

One day in those mountains I can never forget. We got off our horses at midday by a trout stream in which we, the ladies, were to fish, and on the banks of which we were to dine. The bank of the

stream was very steep and leaning over it and looking down we could see down in the deep water, six or eight feet deep and clear as crystal, the brightly speckled trout darting about, the red, green, gold and blue spots glittering in the sun as it shone down over our heads. On the sides of the stream the pink laurel bloomed in such profusion that the reflection in the clear water made it a vivid pink, and all up the high mountain sides, and all around us the flowers hung; the lovely pink bell-like flowers with the delicate specks of black inside, and the glossy, deep green leaves.

We fished for trout and when the gentlemen joined us we dined, and that dinner, nothing on this earth of food was ever so sweet. The midday sun was not hot as it shone directly down on us, and the leaves waved up and down over our heads in the gentle air, and we all enjoyed so intensely, that after a time we had nothing to say.

Presently the gentlemen dozed on the soft grass, and Anne and I went off some distance down the stream where was a waterfall of about five feet high. We took off our dresses, put on wrappers and went in and sat on the rocks under the fall. It poured its clear cold water over us and we were young and strong and had never a rheumatism or any ill consequence. We rode back in the shadow of the mountains and sat down to our trout for supper; sat out late after listening to the sighing of the night wind through the tall trees, and the lovely notes of some nightbird. Went to bed and slept sweetly. That was a day of days.

Well, on this November day we kept on our winding way along the shelving road till we came out on the bank of the Shenandoah. I looked long at the smooth peaceful water, at the shadows of the trees and clouds reflected on its shining surface.

When a child I spent a few years in the neighborhood of the Shenandoah, and nothing ever so fascinated me as it did, either afar when its glassy bosom mirrored the blue sky with its garments of white clouds, the fringe of thick trees or its brink, and the large wild birds sailing serenely over it, or when near enough to look down into the clear green water. I used to spend hours gazing on it and fancying, as I often did when suffering from a childish trouble or disappointment, or from that heart-sickness that only children feel, that weariness and disgust for the sordid things of life; that down there in those blue depths was a world of sweet repose, a blissful, fanciful world peopled with beings different from, and more delightful, than any that I knew.

A little story of an Indian maiden and her brother, Hawkseye, had I suppose, given the fancy, for I remember well that for days after I read of her plunge into the still waters of the lake of Canandagua I wept and grieved at her fate; and that of her brother, turning sadly away from her watery grave, and the bones of his fathers to pursue his lonely journey towards the setting sun, whither his people had already gone. Two years after we left the neighborhood I met some children in traveling who belonged to a family living in the town of Canandagua and near the lake. I remember the deep interest with which I regarded the favored children who had dwelt by that enchanted lake, and my asking one of them if she had ever seen the place where the maiden had sprung from the rock into the lake, and if she had known Hawkseye.

Coming home Tuesday evening we met all of Longstreet's[82] division, marching along in the chilly twilight. I felt so sad to think there were no pleasant firesides for them, but that on they must go through the weary night, or lie down to rest on the cold earth. Many of them were very poorly clad, even barefooted. We had to stop on the roadside for the column to pass. Some one ran out of the dusky line to the side of the carriage. "How do you do, Aunt Cornelia." It was Gus. Tyler, the little hero of so many battles. He looked well and was comfortably clad. Dear Charley[83] also came yesterday. He has been exchanged, and has been appointed Inspector of Cavalry.

He was in Fort Warren with Mason and Slidell and the Maryland

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[82]Maj.-Gen. James Longstreet.

[83]Brig.-Gen. Charles H. Tyler, graduated U. S. Military Academy, 1848. Served in West with 2nd Dragoons. 1857-59, in Mormon Expedition. January, 1861, Captain. June, 1861, resignation tendered but declined. June 6, dismissed. June 25, appointed Captain of Infantry, P. A. C. S. from Virginia. Started to Virginia but arrested at Cincinnati, Ohio, and confined Fort Lafayette on October 14, 1861. December 17, exchanged. No record of further service until appointed Colonel to date from May 6, 1863, and ordered to report to Gen. Longstreet for service in East Tennessee. With Longstreet at Chickamauga. December, 1863, ordered to report to Gen. Kirby Smith at Shreveport, La. Captured on West side of Mississippi River while acting as Brigadier-General and confined at No. 21 Rampart Street, New Orleans. July 22, exchanged. December, 1864, Brigadier-General in command Tyler's Brigade, Shelby's Division, on Gen. Price's Missouri Expedition. December 15, 1864, wrote report of that service. Surrendered May 26, 1865, at Baton Rouge. In 1858 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Dr. Joseph P. Wright, Assistant Surgeon-General, U. S. A. Their only child was Johnson Wright Tyler. Died at his home, "Cross Keys," in Rockingham County, Va., March 17, 1872.

Legislature[84] says he had a casemate for his apartment shared by one of the Marylanders, who was a delightful companion. Indeed he says that of such a quality was the society in the prison that he never spent a more agreeable time, in spite of his feeling himself a captive. They were most of them elegant, cultivated and agreeable men, and their mess table was like a charming dinner party.

All of our army have left but Jackson's corps; have just heard it. They have been passing through town for two days. Mr. MacDonald has written me to prepare to leave Winchester and go to the neighborhood of Richmond. I cannot see how it is to be done, and I hesitate to leave my home till I know there is another provided. Besides there is no one to manage the details of such a journey for me, and where are the conveyances to come from? It is not an easy matter to move about the world with seven children in the best of times, and the most quiet, but now it seems next to impossible. If I do not go though, I am certain to be separated from him all the winter.

November 6, 1862.—Last night Charley came again; had been to Front Royal; said the enemy were near there, perhaps had possession of the town already. Our army is still falling back, there are a very few here now. Northern papers say General Burnside expects to occupy Winchester during the coming week. I scarcely have time now to think of them, or of anything but caring for my household which is more difficult to do every day as servants are not to be had, supplies are scarce, and Confederate money of little value.

November 13, 1862.—Nothing written since the 6th, Sunday, we were in great distress caused by the report that the enemy was advancing. Farewells were said, haversacks were packed, and all ready for the order to march, but it did not come. Night passed, and the dawn of the next morning saw the army marching back to its old camps. The intention now is to take up winter quarters here. Gen. Jackson has his headquarters in town, and the "Stonewall" is not far off.

Poor Tom Dailey was buried today. A sad old house that is of Mr. Wood's with the family graveyard not a hundred yards from

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[84]The members of the Legislature who had met early in the summer of 1861 to consider an ordinance of secession were arrested by Gen. B. F. Butler and imprisoned in Fort Warren. Other citizens of Maryland were arrested as political prisoners during the summer and fall of that year. All were released by Gen. John A. Dix on orders of the Secretary of War, November 26, 1862. (W. R. R. S. II, Vol. 1, p. 748.)

the yard gate. A straight walk leads from a door in the back of the house to that solemn grove of pines that wave their branches over the generations of the family sleeping beneath. Last night as I sat at a window in the room next to the coffin, I looked out at the shadowy forms of the trees in the starlight, and as the wind swayed the heavy branches up and down, they seemed to be beckoning for the one that was coming. It will not be long before they are all laid there, for the three that are left of the family are old and feeble. How dreary it must be for them to sit and wait.

November 16, 1862.—Went to the Kent Street church today and heard a beautiful sermon from Mr. Graham.[85] General Jackson was there. He sat quite near where I was. He had on a splendid new uniform, and looked like a soldier. He looked, too, so quiet and modest, and so concerned that every eye was fixed on him.

His manner was very devout, and he attended closely to every word said.

No one would have thought one year ago that his fame would be spread the wide world over as one of the greatest of Captains. He may well be fearless, as he is ready to meet his God; his lamp is burning, and he waits for the bridegroom.

Stories of intervention again. The papers say that Lord Lyons[86] is to visit Richmond in ten days.

Went to prayer meeting at Mrs. Hugh Lee's. Had a pleasant chat before service began.[87]

Heard that Mrs. Peyton Clarke[88] had lost her little Lulu. I feel so bad for her. She was her constant sweet little companion. I should have lost mine if God had taken my Nelly instead of the baby.

November 18, 1862.—Rain all day and every thing looking dreary and disconsolate. Why is the November rain the dreariest of all? It comes when it can refresh nothing; it seems like the grief of old age when there is no hope of renewed freshness and life from

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[85]Rev. James B. Graham, Presbyterian minister.

[86]British Ambassador to the United States.

[87]See pages 115 and 156. These prayer meetings were evidently not altogether devoted to religious exercises. Items of war news were often exchanged. Mrs. Greenhaugh, of Maryland, and her daughter, Mrs. Lee, were in surreptitious communication with each other at every opportunity. The hospital steward and his wife, mentioned on page 156 as having been quartered on Mrs. Lee, were no doubt spies, to report on what transpired at the house.

[88]Her husband was the Principal of the Winchester Academy and uncle of the wife of Doctor Robert Baldwin II.

it, and the tears are so useless. I try to drive away the cheerless feeling by thinking how much I still have to bless and give me life and energy, and I think of my children needing so much care and toil, and take heart for what is to come. No letter from Mr. MacDonald yet. It is wearying to expect every day and every day be disappointed.

Whenever I come into my room at night my eyes always first rest on the spot where sat the cradle with my beauty in it. I lent it to Mrs. Dailey after she went, and whenever I go there and see it with her baby in it, I try to cheat myself with the idea that it still holds my treasure; that her tiny, delicate face is there nestled in the soft pillows. I sit often in the twilight and think I hold her in my arms. I kiss the sweet lips, and smooth the pretty head.

"You may thank Him for taking her when He did," Mrs. Conrad said. I thought of that when I looked at old Mrs. Dailey's face when she stood by her son's corpse. Would my darling's forehead ever have had such lines? Would her eyes ever have looked so dim and weary? Her work was finished and she went to rest "while yet 'twas early day." I would not bring her back if I could to resume the burden her Saviour removed that day when she fled from my arms as the sun was setting.

November 22, 1862.—Days pass and the promise of a daily record not kept. Cares and heavy tasks all day, and when night comes such weariness that I can only go to bed without touching pen or paper.

Today went in town to make some purchases. Lost my pocketbook with all my money in it. Have worried about it a great deal. Sue and Flora came today. Sue to stay some time.

November 23, 1862.—Sunday. Have felt so disturbed all day about my purse that I could scarcely give attention to Mr. Graham's sermon. His description of the second coming of our Lord was glorious, but it was so because the words employed were almost the same sublime and expressive ones the Bible itself uses; the splendid imagery all its own. I am thankful that I can see in its beautiful and simple language, each day a new and better meaning. His glory and greatness shine brighter in His book than even in the works of His hands, because it tells, not only of His power and wisdom, but of His love, and His pity and pardon.

November 28, 1862.—At the dentist's all the morning. Not in the best of humour because of the toothache.

Saturday, I forgot to mention Gen. Hill's[89] division passed through town. They were very destitute, many without shoes, and all without overcoats or gloves, although the weather is freezing. Their poor hands looked so red and cold holding their muskets in the biting wind. Such delicate, small hands and feet some of them had. One South Carolina regiment I especially noticed, had hands and feet that looked as if they belonged to women, and so cold and red and dirty they were. That last must have been the hardest to bear, the dirt, for gentlemen, as most of them were. They did not, however, look dejected, but went on their way right joyously.

November 25, 1862.—We heard today that the enemy's gunboats had appeared before Fredericksburg, and demanded its surrender of Gen. Lee. This he refused, whereupon notice was given that the town would be shelled in one hour. The women and children had left at last accounts, but we have not heard yet if the shelling was begun.

Donald was brought in to me this evening with a frightful gash cut in his head, three inches each way, forming a triangular-shaped wound. He had fallen down a terrace in the garden, and cut it on a large broken bottle. He behaved so well, was not crying at all, though the blood poured all over him and his lips were pale and blue, and he trembled a little. That was the only sign of suffering he showed. Dr. Maguire pressed it together, washed and sewed it up, and he never complained, but bore it manfully.

I stopped at Mrs. Dandridge's to get Willie[90] to go home with me as it was late. Found Mrs. Dandridge very sad and lonely. Her husband is away. It is a great change for her, the once admired and distinguished daughter of the President of the United States[91] who, as the wife of Maj. Bliss, the President's aide, graced all the gay scenes at the Capital. Not only then but always she was, and is distinguished for her grace and elegance, as well as her amiability. She now sits lonely, and her little son is her only companion and protector.

Tears gathered in her eyes as we talked there in the twilight, but she never alluded to her own sorrows.

Tonight Mr. Thomas and Mr. Leacy came. Mr. Leacy said he thought they would be ordered from here very soon. My heart sinks

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[89]Maj.-Gen. A. P. Hill.

[90]Son of Mrs. Dandridge, about 14 years old. He was arrested in 1864 along with Dr. Boyd and others and held as a hostage. (Mrs. F. McD. W.)

[91]President Zachary Taylor.

at the idea of having the enemy again this winter and seeing all hope cut off of seeing my husband again before Spring, if then. A fear haunts me that I never will see him again—nothing can be counted on now; we cannot look forward with certainty to a single day.

November 26, 1862.—From home all day at the dentist's and at Mrs. Conrad's, found her better than I had hoped she would be. Heard that the military authorities had seized a large quantity of tobacco in the hands of persons in town who were holding it in the expectation of trading with the enemy on their next entrance. Some had it in store, and others hidden in their houses. It is hard to imagine how people who seem to have all their hearts in the cause of the Confederacy, could betray it so shamefully. But perhaps that is the only way they can procure necessaries for their families, and they scarcely realize that the possession of the articles so much desired by the enemy would ensure their coming again to enslave and oppress the people of the town. They burnt all the tobacco out in the suburbs.

November 27, 1862.—Spent the day at Mary's. Had a pleasant time with the girls. Poor things! They are merry though there is little now to contribute to their enjoyment. Read some letters from Marshall[92] from Vicksburg. He is on Pemberton's[93] staff. He writes a great deal that is very interesting and exciting of his adventures, and believes the town will hold out. The uncertainties of life now seem to have aroused him to the thought of the things that belong to his peace. Oh! That they would arouse us all to greater diligence and faithfulness. My husband, too! I feel constantly as if some great change was at hand; a change that shall alter our whole future. I feel a great anxiety for the welfare of the family, but with it a realization of the insignificance of all things earthly.

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[92]Marshall McDonald, enlisted April, 1861, as Lieutenant, Corps of Engineers, Virginia Troops, accompanied corps of cadets, sent to Camp Lee near Richmond to act as drillmasters. April 27, ordered to accompany Col. Thomas J. Jackson to Harpers Ferry. Later Inspector General on his staff. October 9, 1861, Second Lieutenant, Corps of Artillery, C. S. A. Commended for bravery in action, on approach of enemy at Fort Jackson and Fort St. Phillip, and again for able assistance in removing guns upon evacuation of New Orleans. October 9, 1862, Captain. November 5, 1862, assigned to duty at Vicksburg, Miss. On staff of Gen. Pemberton, acting as Chief Engineer during the siege. July 4, 1863, carried flag of truce at the surrender. Paroled and recuperated at Virginia Military Institute. Re-entered service, performing Engineer duty in Army of Northern Virginia and in Department of North Carolina. Surrendered at Newton, N. C., April 19, 1865, and paroled as Captain of Company E, Corps of Engineers. (Letter U. S. Adjutant-General, September 17, 1831, also W. R. R. S. 1, Vol. 6.)

[93]Maj.-Gen. John C. Pemberton.

I saw today in one of the children's books a picture of the "round world" enveloped in its garment of great waters, surrounded by clouds and darkness on all sides but that reached by the sun's rays, and I thought of that outer darkness that the rays of no sun could ever dispel. Those outer regions where no light comes, and where the glory of the Lamb can never be the light thereof.

Took a long walk this evening, returning found Sue, Flora and the Tidballs. They are full of their fun and seem to extract all the enjoyment they can out of the present state of affairs.

November 28, 1862.—Today a snow storm and an alarm about the Yankees. Saw the Maryland Line march out to fight them. They returned before dark. There is now almost a certainty that they will leave us again.

The cedar trees in the grounds look so lovely covered with snow, lovely in the day-time, but at night by the clear moon, so sad that I shut the windows and will not look. The snow seems now like the winding sheet of the two who were here a year ago.

November 29, 1862.—Went to church[94] today and heard Dr. Boyd preach. His subject was "Christian Steadfastness." That which makes a man adhere to the right in defiance of danger or opposition. The determination it gives to obey God and leave results to Him, knowing He is faithful who promised.

I was so shocked to hear this evening at prayer meeting of the death of Virginia Gilkinson.[95] We were talking of her illness when

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[94]The Loudon Street Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. A. H. H. Boyd was pastor. The church was known as the New School, organized by Dr. Boyd in 1839. He was a member of the board of trustees. He became the pastor in 1842 and served until his death in 1865. In 1844 he conducted the services at the dedication of the Mount Hebron Cemetery. In May, 1865, at the suggestion of Mrs. Phillip Williams, Dr. and Mrs. Boyd and Mrs. Williams initiated the movement to establish the Ladies' Memorial Association which resulted in the creation of the Stonewall Jackson Cemetery adjacent to Mount Hebron, to which all the Confederate dead that could be found were removed. Dr. Boyd owned the house on "Ambler Hill" in which Gen. Daniel Morgan lived in 1796. The house was afterwards occupied by Judge Joseph H. Sherrard. Dr. Boyd also at one time owned the colonial residence on the Glengarry estate, established and named by Angus McDonald, the Immigrant. It was located about two miles north of Winchester on the Martinsburg turnpike. Dr. Boyd purchased it from the Cooke family, from whom John Esten Cooke sprung. He sold it to James Lewis. See note, p. 224, regarding his imprisonment as a hostage in the Antheneum prison at Wheeling, in 1864.

[95]Wife of James Smith Gilkeson. In his youth his home was at "Pleasant Green," near Kernstown. After his marriage to Miss Virginia Lee Cabell, they made their home in Winchester. Their daughter, Virginia, married Alex M. Baker, flour mill operator of that city.

some one came in and said she had just died. Had a letter from my husband, a long one but not a cheering one.

November 30, 1862.—Went to walk this evening. Met Sue and Mr. Thomas on their way to dress parade. Joined them and went too. It was a melancholy spectacle, such a parody on a dress parade. The poor fellows looked so cold, and their ranks so thin, that I could not help thinking that in case of an onset by the Yankees, our defenders could be easily put to flight. Major Herbert[96] met us and walked with us, and we had some pleasant talk. I could scarcely help laughing to see some of them cooking their suppers. They were boiling their beef in a coffee boiler, and afterwards no doubt used it to boil their coffee. They were making up their dough in one corner of their oil cloth blanket, and baking it by holding it in the fire on the end of a stick. They are a nice set of young men, and some of them have beautiful voices. When the girls are with me they often come to serenade them, singing out in the cold moonlight their pretty love songs.

We are paying one dollar a pound for salt, two dollars for brown sugar, and a dollar and a quarter a yard for very poor calico, and glad of the privilege of buying it.

December 1, 1862.—Went to Virginia Gilkinson's funeral. Felt very sad when I remembered what a gay girl she was so short a time ago. She leaves a little infant three weeks old.

A great alarm at the reported approach of the enemy. Our defenders, the Maryland Line, are preparing to depart. They all came to bid us good bye. Mr. Iglehart, as he left, asked me to keep his Bible for him. I saw the poor fellows march off sadly enough. Our fartherest pickets have been in town all day. This evening two videttes rode in to say that all soldiers must leave. I saw the last cavalry picket ride off sadly enough, for I knew that with the morning might come our enemies. I have always had a dread of their entering the town at night. and breaking into the houses.

December 3, 1862.—Last night our poor town was left to its fate and all expected the enemy this morning. Nine o'clock, and a flag

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[96]Lieut.-Col. James R. Herbert, 1st Maryland Infantry Battalion. (Rept. May 24, 1863, S. I, Vol. 25, W. R. R.)

of truce from Gen. Geary,[97] saying that if he was not molested the town would be taken peaceable possession of; if otherwise, it would be shelled. The troops were all gone, and the Mayor, Mr. Reed, sent word that the town would surrender.

On came the host of Yankees filing through by one street, first cavalry, then infantry. They sent around to all the hospitals to parole the sick and wounded, rode up to their deserted fortifications from whence they shelled the woods where our men were supposed to linger. Then filed out of town by the Martinsburg turnpike and were gone. So harmless now are the Yankees considered to be, that when Geary approached the town a deputation of boys met him, self-constituted, Allan among the number, and escorted him in. While the shells were whizzing over the house the little boys were playing in the yard. As soon as Donald perceived what was going on, he made a run for the house, and bursting into the dining room where I sat, said "Just let me in here," and seating himself by the fire, in a few moments his blue eyes looked as placid as ever, and in half an hour he was securely asleep in the corner, and oblivious of all the commotion around.

Went in town and saw one of our cavalry men returning from following the retiring enemy, a prisoner walking by his horse, he holding a cocked pistol to his head. In a few moments another came by with a Yankee woman mounted on his horse behind him. He had captured her while trying to keep up with the retreat. She was fashionably dressed and looked a person of some consequence;

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[97]Gen. John W. Geary of the Twelfth Army Corps, starting from Bolivar Heights on December 1, marching via Charles Town and Berryville through Winchester and returning by the Martinsburg Road. For full report see page 31, Series I, Vol. 21, War of Rebellion Records. It contains much information as to the condition of the country and the Confederate forces just retired therefrom, from which the following is quoted, p. 34. After referring to the great reversion of sentiment in favor of the Union, he states: "Our reception by the women and children was satisfactorily demonstrative. The outpouring of Union feeling was assisted with flags and other Union emblems. Most of the men being absent, a partial indication of the feeling prevailing was furnished by some 400 or 500 youths, whose acclamations of pleasure, beyond doubt unfeigned, were freely given." In S. I., Vol. 21, beginning on page 320, will be found a diary for October and November, 1862, of Joseph E. Snyder, a captured scout sent to Maj.-Gen. Franz Sigel from prison in Richmond. He refers to the people of Winchester as "the chivalry." He was a very close observer, and but for the lateness of the delivery his report would have been of great value to the Federals. Just how he got through the lines and why he was not hung as a spy, remains a mystery. In Vol. 25, S. 1, p. 430, he is referred to by Gen. B. F. Kelley in transmitting a message from Col. Webster, at Rowlesburg, W. Va., May 5, 1863, as Capt. Snyder, a reliable scout, well known to him. He is not mentioned otherwise than above in the War of Rebellion Records. He may have been the mysterious cavalryman to whom Mrs. McDonald refers on p. 78.

and the contrast between her genteel apparel and the very dingy outfit of her captor, together with her pendant limbs as he trotted solemnly past all the principal residences had something in it ludicrous indeed. Next came a body of the returning Marylanders from the opposite direction. Everybody was out of doors, handkerchiefs waving, voices cheering, and full of exultation. I did not return home till nearly dark, was with Mary, Sue and Flora.

December 4, 1862.—The Psalm for today begins, "The Heavens declare the Glory of God and the firmament showeth his handiwork." So does everything, the beautiful soft snow as much as any other thing. It looks so lovely from this window, the dark cedars with their heavy green branches covered with the white wreaths, and on its smooth white surface every branch and twig is marked distinct and clear in the moonlight. Always I am thinking of the soldiers sleeping out in the winter nights without shelter or anything to keep out the cold. I have seen them sleeping out in the yard by the side of their cannon in the chill autumn nights and now, nearly two years since, and they are no better off. One was frozen to death here last winter on his post. How different it all is now from the old happy time that seems so far away now that it is like a dream. The sleighbells tinkling, and the happy voices ringing out on the cold, still air. All is past now and gone, I feel, forever. It is a sad time to have fallen upon; even if my own sorrows seem to lighten I cannot feel happier when I see and know of so much misery. Scarcely a household that I know but has a vacant place, and a fireside but where there are breaking hearts and want. Actual want sits gloomily in homes where all before was peace and plenty.

We have heard of a great battle at Fredericksburg; that Burnside[98] was taken prisoner, and his army defeated, a large part being captured. That was perhaps the reason for the sudden departure of the Yankees yesterday. At least that furnishes some evidence of the truth of the report.

It is a weary, weary life, the hope, the fear, and sometimes the despair that crushes the heart, all that, and the hard work, the unusual tasks, the anxiety about food for the morrow. All this seems to be wearing me out. But our God is a strong rock and house of defense, and I feel comfort in the thought that all happens by His permission.

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[98]Maj.-Gen. A. E. Burnside.

When I look at the happy faces of the children I can almost forget grief and care, for they do not grieve long and though they feel, sorrow sits lightly on them, as it should. If my little darling had lived she would now be running about, and how much brightness would that sweet little face have shed around. The twilight always brings her back, and it seems as if the shadow of death was over our house.

"When will the mournful night be gone?"

December 8, 1862.—Four days and no diary. No quiet all day, and no repose of body or spirit; nothing but weariness unutterable when night comes; but my promise must not be forgotten, my daily record must be made as nearly as possible.

Will came tonight and brought intelligence of Edward's capture. He was in Hampshire county and was taken there and carried to Windlea[99] and there placed in the cellar of his father's house and guarded by negroes. Tonight two gentlemen called to see the girls. Major Howard[100] and Captain Williamson[101] of the staff of Gen. Jones.[102] Apprehensions of the Yankees again. Have been reading today Cummings' lectures on the prophecy of Daniel. Heretofore I have read the Prophecy without much thought, and even with a sort of unbelief. Now I can see the meaning partly, and I can perceive that the Unseen is the reality. Daniel was a man faithful, true and upright, but how exalted his character must have been when

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[99]The home of Col. Angus W. McDonald from 1853 to 1857 at New Creek, Va., station on the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, present name, Keyser, W. Va. The stone house still stands and is known locally as the "Old Singleton House." The first post office at this point was called Paddytown and was established in 1811. The name is said to have been derived from Paddy Mountain near by, which, in turn, is said to have been named for Patrick Black, a pioneer who lived in the mountain gap, through which a trail to the West ran. (Virginia Historical Society.) The house is said to have been built by Patrick McCarty about 1811. Col. McDonald purchased it from him prior to 1853, with a large tract of coal and timber land, a sawmill and a grist mill. The prisoner was sent to Camp Chase and confined for some months. He was next sent with a boatload of prisoners to Vicksburg to be exchanged, but when near that point the order was recalled and the boat turned back. The sentries were doubled. Some of the prisoners developed smallpox and the boat approached the shore to land them. Edward at once conceived the plan for escape with two comrades. One feigned sudden and violent insanity and the other two volunteered to carry him to shore. The ruse succeeded and all escaped. After many hardships, traversing the canebrakes and swamps, he rejoined his command.

[100]Maj. George Howard of the Maryland Line.

[101]W. G. Williamson enlisted Second Lieutenant Engineers, P. A. C. S. Assisted Capt. Henderson in destroying many bridges on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, including the iron one over the Monongahela River. (Rept. May 26, 1863, S. I., Vol. 25, Part 1, p. 122, W. R. R.)

[102]Brig.-Gen. William E. Jones, C. S. A.

the Ancient of Days whom he saw on His throne, who saw into the depths of his heart, could call him "greatly beloved."

December 12, 1862.—Work all day. In the evening Key Buchanan[104] came, his boyish face looks pale and altered. He came to ask permission to play on the piano as he feared he would forget all his music. I cannot bear to look at his childish figure, and fair forehead for always comes up to my mind the dreadful battle scenes, with the bloodless boys' faces turned up to the sky, and the lonely wayside graves. I did not know when I saw Maj. Howard that it was with him that Wood rode when he went to the battle that day, the last time, that it was to him as he went on by his side that he confided his foreboding that his life would be given up in that battle; and him that he begged that when he fell he would have his body removed from the turmoil and taken out of reach of horses' or trampling men's feet.

December 15, 1862.—Saturday morning I went in town and found the streets full of moving troops. No one knows the meaning of it. Some thought the enemy were approaching, others that the troops were going to Fredericksburg, where our army is waiting for the enemy. We heard yesterday of the bombardment of the old city, and of the attempt of the Federal forces to cross the Rappahanock. Report said that when the attempt was made yesterday that several bridges were swept off with their living loads, and that thousands were drowned;[105] that we were each day successful and the enemy's loss very heavy.

Fearful stories of suffering in the town have reached us today. Families flying in the midnight darkness and bitter cold, after being all day in their cellars to avoid the shells. Women and many children were killed in their flight through the streets, and thousands houseless, shelterless and starving are wandering in the woods, there to abide the frost and cold of the winter days and nights. The old, the sick and the young children, all alike, driven out from their homes. May God look with mercy on them, for there is no other arm to save, or eye to pity. Stories are told of fearful fighting in the streets and many on both sides killed.

Like Jeremiah I must weep for the slain of the daughters of my people. We cannot tell who are among the killed that we know, or whose names will appear in the ghastly list. I am so sickened with

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[104]His home was in Martinsburg, Va. (Mrs. F. McD. W.)
[105]Pontoon bridges were used for crossing.

horror and harrowed by the tales of suffering that I could willingly say "good night" to the world and all in it. It is hard to believe it the same in which I have lived and enjoyed so many happy years. The evil days have indeed come. Christmas is but ten days off, the blessed time that used to be so joyous. It shall have something bright and cheery in it for the children. They shall hang up their stockings, poor little things, even if I have to manufacture the things to put in them.

December 16, 1862.—Another son of Mr. Barton has slept his last sleep since those dreadful battles at Fredericksburg began. Poor David, cut down in his first youth, and from such a loving household. He died alone and far away from all who loved him. Many noble and brave hearts beat their last that day. Many bright heads are laid low, and many hearts are mourning now over the news of that bloody fray at Fredericksburg. There is a report that Gen. A. P. Hill is a prisoner, and Gen. Stuart killed. Henry Buck[106] came today, and is I believe on picket duty near this place. We see no papers and can hear nothing reliable.

December 17, 1862.—Our weekly prayer meeting had been appointed to be held at Mr. Barton's, and when we all assembled it was as if the corpse of the dear boy was there in the midst of us. Every eye wept, and every voice was hushed. Mr. Barton himself prayed, and though his voice trembled and often ceased altogether from stifled sobbing, he uttered words of comfort and hope that no one could have given voice to, but one who in the deep waters found that his God was with him. "The morning flowers display their sweets" was sung by sweet girls' voices, for there were no men to add their steady tones. Mr. Barton gave out the words standing by the hearth where all his life his boy used to sit and laugh and chat with his brothers and sisters in the pleasant firelight. How his face and form must have been present to his mind, and how his sad thoughts must have wandered away to the silent traveler who was then on his way to his home.

December 18, 1862.—Read an account today of the battle of Fredericksburg. Twenty-five hundred of our men wounded, and five hundred killed. Some of those very ill-clad, eager faced fellows that I saw pass through the streets. All their bravery, all the sharp

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[106]Second child of Henry Augustus Buck. Born July, 1842. Member Company E, 7th Virginia Cavalry. Married Gertrude Richardson November, 1870. Died 1888. Their children were Henry and Irene. Henry married Alice Blakemore. Irene was drowned in the Galveston Flood. (Miss Julia P. Leache.)

hunger, all the cold and the suffering borne in vain. A bloody death, and an unknown grave at the end of it all. Not all those I saw on that march looked hopeful and eager; some of the most dejected and hopeless looking faces I ever saw were among them. Poor men, perhaps with not much desire for glory, or interest in the issue of the contest, except to have peace.

Perhaps they thought as they plodded on their weary way through mud and snow, of the little faces at home, pinched and pale; the poor home; perhaps some hut on the mountain side; of the want and hunger; of the poor over-tasked wife whose lot was hard in the best of times, now toiling indoors and out, trying to fill the places of both father and mother.

Those are the thoughts that take away the strength from the men's arms, and the hope from their eyes. Those poor, sad ones and the gay and happy hearted, the rich, the intellectual and accomplished all have gone down together and the long trenches have received them and hid them away. Many of the flower of the country fell there. General Cobb[107] and General Gregg[108] among them. So many are the fearful battles that have been fought that we can scarcely remember them all. The catalogue increases fast. Bethel, Manassas, Belmont, Lexington, Springfield, Elkhorn, Donelson, Corinth, Fair Oaks, the dreadful battle of a week before; Richmond, Kernstown, Winchester, Crosskeys, where Ashby gave up his life; Port Republic, Cedar Run, the 2nd Manassas, Sharpsburg, where we lost ten thousand men—Where will it all end? Can nothing stop the dreadful havoc?

December 23, 1862.—Every day an alarm that the Yankees are coming. Yesterday it was said that they were a few miles from town. Shops were shut up in a hurry, straggling Confederates sought safety in flight, and the commotion was general. I was at Mary's spending the day. I first thought of flying home to my nest, for fear the spoiler would enter in my absence, but concluded to wait and see what should "turn up." The day wore away and no Yankees. But this morning as I was dressing I heard a clatter as of cavalry on the march, and looking out beheld the blue coats, five hundred strong.

They posted pickets at our gate and rode on through the town. All was soon as quiet as ever. Went in town in the evening and on

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[107]Brig.-Gen. Thomas R. R. Cobb, C. S. A.

[108]Brig.-Gen. Maxey Gregg, C. S. A.

the way met some girls with angry brows and pouting lips. They were chagrined at the advent of the enemy, so they said, but I knew well that they did not take that to heart as much as they did the scampering of their beaux.

My two boys have set out for their Christmas visit to their Uncle Fayette which they expect to enjoy greatly. Poor little fellows, they have been for weeks cutting and hauling a supply of wood for our use during the winter. There was no other way to get it, and fortunately we had old Kit left of all our horses. I hated to see them go out to such rough hard work, but they liked it, and have already brought in ten cords.

December 24, 1862.—In the kitchen all day making cakes for the children's Christmas, labour by no means light with only a young servant to assist, but as Aunt Winnie was there to direct and retrieve errors, all went on right smoothly.

In the afternoon I saw from the door a cavalry regiment ride in and take possession of Mr. Wood's yard and beautiful grounds, attracted no doubt by the grass which is still green in many places. I was pitying them from my heart as Mr. Wood and his sisters are such old people and have always been accustomed to quiet and comfort; but my pity for them was suddenly displaced by anxiety for myself, for I beheld two cavalry men on their way through the yard stop and take the Christmas turkey that had been dressed and hung on a low branch of a tree for cooking on the morrow.

He had walked with it a few steps before I realized what had taken place, and with the consciousness of the loss came the remembrance of the straits to which I was reduced before that turkey could be obtained; how I had spent six dollars, and sent a man miles on horseback to get it rather than have nothing good and pleasant for our Christmas dinner. With the recollection of all that, came the inspiration to try and recover it, so I flew after him, and in a commanding tone demanded the restoration of my property.

The man laughed derisively and told me I had no right to it, being "secesh" as he expressed it, and that it was confiscated to the United States. "Very well," said I, "go on to the camp with it, and I will go with you to the commanding officer." He gave it up then and I returned triumphantly to the kitchen with it. Just as I got back I looked and saw a regiment of infantry, "foot people," as old Aunt Winnie calls them, filing into our orchard. In five minutes the garden fence had disappeared and the boarding from the carriage

house and other buildings was being torn off. Some were carrying off the wood that my poor little boys had cut and hauled. It made me almost weep to see the labour of their poor little hands appropriated by those thieves. How thankful I was that they were far away. I permitted them to go to their Uncle Fayette's some days ago to spend the Christmas with his boys. They went off so happily, both riding on Kit, with ammunition enough for a good long meet of shooting.

While I was trying to arrest the work of destruction, someone told me the robbers were in the kitchen, carrying off the things. In I went, and found it full of men. One took up a tray of cakes, and as I turned to rescue them, Mary, the servant, pulled my sleeve to show something else they were carrying off, and when I turned to him another seized something else till I was nearly wild. At last Mary said, "Miss Cornelia he's got your rusks." (Those rusks that I had made myself and worked till my wrists ached, the first I ever made.)

A man had opened the stove and taken out the pan of nice light brown rusks, and was running out with them. A fit of heroism seized me and I darted after him, and just as he reached the porch steps, I caught him by the collar of his great coat, and held him tight till the hot pan burnt his hands and he was forced to drop it. An officer* was riding by, and beholding the scene stopped and asked the meaning of it. Explaining, I lost my gravity, and so did he, and there we laughed long and loud over it. It was so perfectly ridiculous that I forgot for the time all the havoc that was going on. The officer went away, and soon a guard came and quiet was restored, at least near the house, but all night long the work of demolition of buildings went on.

A surgeon came and asked me to give him supper and a place to rest for a while as he was sick and weary. I dared not refuse, so consented. He went in and seated himself in a rocking chair in the dining room. I had to go in town on some business, but told him I would return by tea time, and would then let him have supper. He seemed satisfied, and settled himself comfortably to rest. Nelly, Donald, Roy and little Hunter all huddled in a corner fartherest from, and opposite to him, looking at him with no kindly eyes, as I was amused to remark.

I went away, and on my return found him gone; asked the chil-

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*The officer was Col. Hayes, afterwards President of the United States.

dren why he went, if they had said or done anything to offend him. They said "No," but one observed that "Nelly had tucked her frock up close around her." I asked her if she had done it to show her dislike to him, and though she said nothing, I knew how scornfully the little lady could look and act if she cared to do it, and I felt much afraid that he had been offended. Flora and Sally Conrad had come during my absence, and seeing him in the dining room did not come farther than the hall, but turned and went away. All remained quiet that night, however, and we slept and dreamed of the pleasant things of tomorrow.

December 25, 1862.—The day has been too restless to enjoy, or even to realize that it was Christmas. All day reports of the advance of the Confederates, and our consequent excitement. Just as we were sitting down to dinner, we heard repeated reports of cannon. We hurried from the table and found the troops all hastily marching off. They expected a fight, I was told by one, as the Confederates were near town. We could eat no more dinner, the girls and myself, so it was carefully put away till we could enjoy it.

In the evening I went over to Mr. Woods' to see how the old people were bearing their burden, and to take them something nice from the dessert we could not eat. Found them all very quiet, but sad enough. The poor old gentleman's head looks whiter, and his forehead more wrinkled than before they came to intrude on his sweet, quiet home. As I returned home I saw the troops marching back again, like the King of France. The guard was withdrawn at night, which was rather singular, but all is quiet, and so "I will lay me down to sleep and take my rest, for it is Thou, Lord, who makest me to dwell in safety."

December 26, 1862.—All day distress and misery. As soon as I was up, and before I was dressed, some officers came to search the house. They found poor Harry's gun which, with his toy pistol, they took of course.

That was scarcely over and we were about to sit down to breakfast, when the house was surrounded by men who, with their fists began to break in the windows, and also threatened to come in and break up the furniture if breakfast was not immediately given them. I rushed to the front of the house, and shut and locked the hall door, but on opening the study door found that they had entered there by breaking in the windows, and were carrying off the few stores I had which had been put there instead of the usual place for safe-keeping.

I locked that door, shutting them off from the rest of the house, leaving the things there to their mercy, and returned to the other part of the house where were assembled at least a hundred desperate and furious men. We fastened down the windows and tried, Sue and I, to keep them from coming in at the door. In the midst of it all a deputation of surgeons arrived and there was a pause in the havoc for a while. They came to inform me that they should that day take the house for a hospital, and would give me a few hours to find quarters elsewhere.

I stood in the door, and they around it, with fierce, resentful faces. Not a look of kindliness or pity did I see on a face in the group. All around were the soldiers, impudent and aggressive, and not one word was said by any one of them, who no doubt thought themselves gentlemen as they wore shoulder straps, to remonstrate with the men for their behaviour, or to interfere in behalf of a helpless woman and a young girl.

I asked them as calmly as I could why they must take my house. They replied that it was a good "location" and that they would have the best places for their men who were sick, they would not allow them to occupy places that had before been used as hospitals while rebel women and children slept under comfortable roofs, and in clean beds. I was looking helplessly around to see if I could see any gleam of kindness in any of their countenances, and my eyes rested on one of the party who I recognized as the surgeon who had asked me for supper and rest the evening they came, and had left so suddenly and unexpectedly. I turned to him, and thinking to soften him by an explanation, asked him why he had left, and telling him that I was ready and perfectly willing to oblige him. Very angrily he said he "would stay nowhere to be insulted." "By whom were you insulted?" I asked. "By your little children, Madam. They spoke of Yankees in my presence, by which term they meant contempt for me." He had reported that to headquarters and then came the order.

No one made an effort to disperse the hordes who threatened the house at every door and window. Some had effected an entrance into the pantry, and during the parley with the surgeons were jumping out of the window, one with a cut glass decanter full of wine, prints of butter and everything that could be carried off, including the remains of the Christmas dinner.

As the surgeons departed a rush was made for the dining room where Sue and I were with the little children. A hundred heads

looking over each other seemed to be clustered about the door. I told Sue if she would try to keep them out, I would, as a desperate venture, go in town and see the commanding officer. I went, and met Mr. Williams near there, and he went with me to see Cluseret.

At first he was indisposed to listen to me, but Mr. Williams kindly helped me to lay the case before him. He was very polite, listened to the end, and taking his cap requested me to lead the way to the scene of the commotion. When he arrived at the house, he looked around at all the havoc and destruction, knitted his black brows, and told a man to disperse the crowd, and send a guard. That was done and we were once more left in peace. When I left, Sue told me, the crowd had continued to push in, and that for some time she, with Kenneth's assistance, small as he is, was able to keep them out by standing in the door and holding to the sides of it. Even they were not brutal enough to push her away, but presently she saw a powerful man with a pipe in his mouth pushing his way through the crowd, and elbowing his way up to her, and with oaths and curses declaring his determination to enter in spite of her. Then she cried aloud, "Is there not one man in that crowd that will keep that Dutchman away from me?" One tall fellow seized him from behind, another, and then another, and between them they turned him around and put him out on the porch. The rest then quieted down a little, and she maintained her position till I arrived with Cluseret.*[109] Tonight, thank our Father, we have a shelter left.

December 28, 1862.—Sunday. Have had a guard of Yankees for two days, and have enjoyed the peace and quiet. Went to church to hear Mr. Graham. His text was "He came unto his own, and his own received him not."

Donald is sick, and I am left with him. The children are all out with Sue, and I sit beside him in the darkening room. Images of the

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*Cluseret was a Frenchman, a barber, I was told. In 1870 he was one of the leaders of the Commune in Paris.

[109]Brig.-Gen. Gustav P. Cluseret, commanding First Brigade of Milroy's Division. The following is taken from Gen. Milroy's letter dated New Creek, November 20, 1862, to Gen. Jacob D. Cox. (See p. 779, S. I. Vol. 21, W. R. R.) "Gen. Cluseret is forty years of age; was general of a French military school, in which he afterwards taught for several years; served fourteen years in the French army, ten in Algiers, and through the Crimean War; received the star of the Legion (of Honor) for distinguished services in the French Revolution of 1848, and a badge of honor for distinguished services at Sebastopol; served through the campaign of Fremont and Sigel as Colonel, and was made a Brigadier-General for his gallantry at Cross Keys. Being an ardent admirer of our government, and having come to fight for its existence, and being a gentleman of fine intellect and splendid military knowledge, I think his opinion worthy of consideration."

past come crowding, as the shadows fall around. There used to sit Wood for his favorite place was the nursery playing with the children, they climbing over him, and he singing them songs. And here I used to sit with my beauty rocking her to sleep—my pretty bird that has flown. Only for a moment do the sweet pictures remain for the bitter present comes and blots them all out. My thoughts are not free to wander long away from the cares, fears, worries and distresses of this sad time. But God is near to sustain and comfort.

Before I went to the Yankee Colonel to beg the privilege of living under my own roof with my poor children, I snatched a hurried moment to ask His protection and assistance, and felt sure as I went on my errand that He would help me and He did.

January 1, 1863.—Another New Year's day, the anniversary of so many happy ones that seem now so far away, as if they belonged to another life. The time when we had peace and plenty, friends and neighbors were near us, and what we had was our own. No exiles from home, and no insolent enemies looking taunts at us when they do not utter them. Lawley, the Correspondent of the London Times, is here. He writes "It is hard to expect that a state which like Virginia has borne the burden and heat of the war, which has laid bare her bosom to the smites, and submitted to sacrifices scarcely paralleled on earth, should look with patience on the lukewarm zeal of other rich and powerful states, and accept their lip-service as equal to her heart's blood. In the annals of the Old Dominion there will be no loftier pages than that which tells of how month after month the war which established the independence of the South was fought on her willing soil; How Lee and Jackson and Stuart, and a hundred others were among her chosen sons; and how upon every battlefield rivers of the best blood of Virginia has been freely shed, rather than abandon the title to independence which finds its expression in her fierce motto, 'Sic semper tyrannis'."

This was said in remarking upon the conduct of those border states, Kentucky among them, which delayed taking any decisive action till they were bound hand and foot, and could only applaud while Virginia stood and fought the battles for them all. I am proud that all my people are Virginians; father, mother, husband and children, were all born on her soil; and I feel as if for love of her, and to defend her honour I would give all I have; I think even my six boys if they were old enough to go to the war. Any thing

rather than see her subject to an impudent upstart race who have heretofore been content to follow her lead.

January 1, 1863.—My boys got home today, were detained all day outside the pickets for fear of rebel muskets concealed somewhere about them. They enjoyed their trip, for to be out of Winchester was to be free once more. As they were going, both riding on one horse, they flanked the pickets and got out of town triumphantly, but twelve miles out of town they encountered the Vanguard of the Yankee army.

They were stopped till the Commander could come up and were searched, and all their powder, caps, etc., which they had provided for shooting game in the country was taken away from them, as well as a beautiful powder flask Maj. Howard had given Harry, and their father's game bag which they had been so proud to have possession of.

Milroy[110] arrived today with flying colours and a flourish of trumpets. He will take his departure as Dr. Baldwin predicted Banks would, with flying coat tails. From their papers we learn that "the whole nation is filled with grief and shame at the disaster before Fredericksburg. Shouts of execration against them come up from one side, wails of despair from another, cries of vengeance against treacherous Europe, and a voice above all, as of one trying to pour oil on the troubled waters—crying cheerily "The Union is not lost yet." It is a comfort that they are obliged to confess that it is nearly lost, a comfort to us. But how does all this contrast with their savage cry, "Crush the Rebellion," draw the cords, tighten the folds of the Anaconda (their imagery) till the rebellion is strangled. They can now say in the words of the Hero of yore—"We have met the enemy, and we are theirs." They seem to be at odds among themselves like others of their character, so honest people may get

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[110]R. H. Milroy. Born Indiana, 1816. Graduate Norwich University, Vermont. Captain Indiana Volunteers Mexican War, 1848. Lawyer in Indiana, 1850. Captain, Colonel and Brigadier-General in Civil War. Commanded central column at Battle of Cross Keys. November, 1862, Major-General Volunteers. Court-martialed for surrendering Winchester but exonerated by order of President Lincoln. (W. R. R. Series I, Vol. 37, Part II, p. 187.) Various subsequent commands. In charge of Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad between Nashville and Chattanooga, 1862, with headquarters at Tullahoma. In 1865, his conduct being again questioned, he resigned. 1869-74, Superintendent of Indian Affairs and Indian Agent until 1885. Died March 29, 1890. (Vol. IV, p. 218, Natl. Cyc. Am. Biog.)

their own. Seward the wily, has resigned,[111] for reasons best known to himself; perhaps from mortification at being obliged at England's bidding to disgorge the prey he stole from the Trent. Never was a transaction more full of meanness and duplicity than that whole affair from beginning to end.

In the first place when Wilkes sent his dispatches to inform his government that he had stopped the British ship, and taken the Commissioners of the "rebel Government" from it, he was graciously rewarded with the unqualified approval of the President and Cabinet. The whole nation rung with his praises, and he was promptly rewarded with promotion. The prisoners, Mason and Slidell, were committed to Fort Warren, and all was nicely settled, but when England began to shew her teeth, a general growl went up from the whole Yankee nation, and though Seward was willing to apologize, nothing would satisfy the offended pride of the Mistress of the Seas but the delivery into her hands of the Commissioners, and an humble apology from the prompters of the outrage. Seward's letter to the British Government consenting to accede to the demands of England was the most transparent piece of hypocrisy I ever read. He meant it I suppose to be diplomatic, but it was very much the reverse.[112]

He began by not only justifying the act, on account of its expediency, but because, as he tried to make out, it was not unjustifiable under the circumstances, in short that it was what they had a perfect right to do, but towards the close of three columns of a newspaper which the document filled, he expressed his pleasure at being able to accommodate England in the matter, and confessed that he had done what he ought not to have done, and promised not to do so any more. Poor Wilkes was reprimanded at England's bidding, and his exaltation ended in his being disgraced. His act was disavowed, and he deprived of his command for the time, for that was part of England's demand.

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[111]This refers to the action of a caucus of Republican Senators which on December 19, 1862, sent a committee to the President demanding that he dismiss Secretary Seward. The chief cause of the dissatisfaction was the alleged influence which Seward wielded over President Lincoln. Welles expresses the view that Stanton, Chase, and perhaps other members of the cabinet were responsible for it. After several days were consumed in conferences, Seward's and Chase's resignations, which each had presented, were rejected by the President. (Vol. 1, pp. 194-205, "Diary of Gideon Welles.")

[112]For Secretary Welles' comments on this event and the correspondence between the United States and British governments, see Index to his Diary.

The representative of Washington has now an opportunity of displaying his Washingtonian attributes; but poor creature, if he was not in a place where he has such dangerous power, his perplexities and bewilderment would be ludicrous.

He is between Scylla and Charybdis dreading the monster on one side to which his allies, the Abolitionists, would lead him, and yet afraid of the rocks on the other side on which he must split if he forsake them. Ah! how many desolate homes have been made so by his crimes and folly, and to what a condition of anarchy and confusion has he brought a great country.

Vicksburg is again to be assailed by the fleet. Great threats are made, and loud boastings as usual, but our hearts will not be like melting wax as long as we hear of Morgan's raids in the West; and of Stuart gaily cantering around the Federal army twelve miles from Alexandria, and last, though not least, of Wheeler with his cavalry capturing the enemy's gunboats on the Tennessee river.[114] A report today that Jackson is on his way to this place.

January 8, 1863.—Nothing of interest for some days. Sue and Flora have determined to leave the enemy's lines and go to Charlottesville. Today I went with them to get a pass from Cluseret, the General commanding the post. He was not in but an adjutant gave it to us quite readily; too much so I thought. I asked if there would be no difficulty, reminding him that Harry had had such a pass to go to Front Royal on business for me, but was nevertheless stopped and turned back.

He assured me there would be no trouble but I still feared a little, and warned the girls as we walked back, to take nothing in the shape of letters to any one.

January 9, 1863.—This morning the girls were off at daylight in high spirits, and full faith in the potency of their pass. They were in a comfortable carriage driven by a trustworthy white man who we knew would take good care of them. They had gone but six miles when suddenly a troop of cavalry dashed out from a lurking place and surrounded the carriage, stopped and turned it back. An officer dismounted and entered the carriage. When the door was shut and they had set off on the way back to town, he asked the girls if they had any thing contraband, and begged if such was the case that they would confide it to him and he would conceal it. He also

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[114]Gen. Nathan Bedford Forrest. For an account of this event, which took place near Johnsonville, Tenn., see Wyeth's "Life of Forrest."

admonished them that if any thing was found, they would be sent out of the state and imprisoned. They were frightened as was natural under the circumstances though they were guiltless. After a little hesitation Flora produced a pistol about six inches long, and a military cap she had made for a friend. The man smiled when he saw the pistol, but grew serious as he regarded the cap. He asked if these were all, and again earnestly entreated them to give them any letters they might have. They assured him they had none, and very soon they and their escort stopped before Milroy's headquarters.[115] They were taken to an upper room and their persons searched[116] by a negro woman. Their trunks were taken into Gen. Milroy's office where they were opened, and their contents passed in review before Gen. Milroy and his staff, the room being full of officers and men.

Finding nothing, the girls were called in before the General, and told that as they had nothing contraband in their baggage they were at liberty to depart. They all seemed ashamed of the transaction, of having laid a plot to entrap two helpless girls. Gen. Milroy explained to them that he had heard they were to take mail out, and that was the reason he had them stopped.

One of them asked if that was his reason for giving them the pass. He said No, but that no one under the circumstances would have hesitated to avail himself of such an opportunity to take letters or other things out of the lines.

"We would have hesitated a long time," said one of them, "before we would have done so, for we have been taught that it is dishonourable to give our word and break it, and we considered when we accepted your pass that we had given our word not to violate it."

He expressed his regret for what had happened, and offered them a pass to go out whenever they desired to do so, as well as an escort. They thanked him but declined his offer.

When they were about to leave Flora went up to Gen. Milroy, and holding out her hand said, "Please Gen. Milroy, give me my pistol." He looked at her for a while, and remarked that it was not a suitable

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[115]The headquarters were over Bushnell's Drug Store on Main Street (now No. 11 North Loudoun, 1931), the residence of George D. Bushnell's niece and nephew. They say that when the house was being repapered some years ago, the scraping off of the paper revealed on the plastered walls hundreds of names of soldiers with their addresses. (Dr. C. Vernon Eddy.)

[116]We were not searched. There was mutual recognition and instant understanding and the women explained, "Dė Gin'l want me to see if you has any mails, but law, Misses, Ise wuss skeered dan you is." "Well, Auntie, you will have to take our word for that," was the reply, and the incident closed. (Mrs. F. McD. W.)

plaything for a young lady but (with a smile) that as it was not very dangerous she might have it. She then preferred her request for the military cap she had made. He seemed about to refuse, but she told him it would do him no good, and that if he kept it she would make another. So he quietly surrendered it.

I have spent the day sewing. In the evening went to see Mary and the girls, and hear the account of the capture. Went to Mrs. Dandridge's for Willie to escort me home as it was nearly dark. Heard that Cluseret had resigned. Perhaps it had something to do with the girls' pass. He had given it, or rather his adjutant. He was, it is said, a French barber. He may have been, but he has very good manners.

January 10, 1863.—Hard at work all day mending clothes for the children. Had an invitation in the morning to spend the day at Mrs. Conrad's, Mary and the girls to be there. Had a bad headache, and in the afternoon was lying on the lounge before the fire, feeling very comfortable in contrast with the storm of rain and sleet on the ice, when a knock at the door of the room, and a vulgar looking man presented himself, and informed me that he had orders to take my house for a hospital, or at least a part of it. I felt almost too helpless and wretched to resist, but as nothing was left to do but resist, as we had only the roof over our heads left us, I resolved to defend it, as I could not consent to share it with sick men, and the alternative was to leave it. I went to get my bonnet and wrapping to go to headquarters and found as I looked out that there was already a wagon full of sick men drawn up before the front door, and a large cooking stove unloading to be put up in the dining room under the fine black marble mantlepiece.[117]

Through the sleet and rain therefore, I made my way to Milroy's headquarters, so full of distress that I neither saw nor noticed any one as I passed through the streets. Excitement and apprehension had so wrought on my mind as I went, that without knowing how I got there I found myself in Milroy's presence, with the room full of men, his staff and others. He looked surprised at the apparition, and sternly asked me what I wanted. I told him the business on which I had come, at the same time painting to him my helpless condition,

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[117]There were two of these dark marble mantelpieces flecked with grains of lighter color. These were said to have been brought by the builder of the house from Italy. The present owner of the house, Dr. Stuart, states that when he took charge the only mantels found were wood. It is probably a correct assumption that these mantelpieces were removed by Federal forces to adorn a residence in the North.

telling him that I came to him for protection, as he had the power, and I was sure could not want the will to protect a woman and children who were as defenseless as we were. With an ironical laugh, echoed by some around him, he asked where our natural protectors were. I told him they were in the Confederate army. "Yes," he said, "they leave you unprotected and expect us to take care of you." "We would not need your care, if we were allowed to take care of ourselves," said I. "It is only from the army you command that we want protection." He then asked if my husband was not Angus MacDonald, and if he had not several sons in the Confederate army. I told him yes, and in a loud tone he said, "There is not a greater rebel in the South." "That may be," said I, "but he is fighting for what he considers the right, Gen. Milroy."[118] After a pause he said, "There is a gentleman in my command who is a relative of your husband I believe. We have been in Hampshire County where he once lived, and have heard all about him. There is not a greater rebel in the South." A tall red faced man had risen as he spoke and I not replying to the last part of his remarks asked, looking at the man, "Where is Capt. MacDonald[119] from?" Milroy had spoken his name, so I knew his title. "From Indiana," was the answer. "Oh no!" I said, "he can be no relative of ours, for we never had any in Indiana, besides my husband had only one brother, and they were children of Maj. MacDonald[120] of the U. S. army who lost his life in active service during the war of 1812. He was the only son of his father who fled from Scotland after the rebellion of 1745, the last effort in the cause of the Pretender. So you see, Gen. Milroy," I said turning to him, "rebellion, if it is rebellion, is in the blood of the race." "Ah," said he with an interested look, "my ancestors came from Scotland, too, at the same time, and for the same reason." "Then," said I, "have you no sympathy for us, our ancestors having suffered in the same cause?"

He turned away without replying, and said to Capt. MacDonald, "Go with her and see what can be done." I set out with the gallant Captain holding an umbrella over me, and was so elated at my success that I never felt the effect of the multitude of eyes looking

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[118]In the earlier days of the war. Gen. Milroy had been much around New Creek where Col. McDonald's regiment had been active. (K. McD.)

[119]Isaiah B. McDonald. Born Virginia, April, 1861. Second Lieutenant 17th Indiana Infantry. April, 1862, Captain Commissary of Subsistence Volunteers. Resigned June, 1864. (Heitman, p. 662.)

[120]Angus McDonald II, born Winchester, Va., December 30, 1769. He had three brothers.

through the windows as I passed, and looking wonder, too, at the unwonted spectacle of so stout-hearted a rebel as I, walking with a Yankee in a fine uniform. When we reached home the wagon was still there, and the cooking stove in the hall waiting to be put up. They were soon all cleared out and we were once more at peace. Capt. MacDonald imparted to me on the way that his name was Isaiah, which piece of information confirmed me in my belief that he was no relative of ours; for who ever heard of a fierce Highlander named Isaiah?

While I was in Milroy's room Capt. MacDonald asked me if those were not my daughters who were captured with a mail. I had heard that they had let it be understood everywhere that the girls were taken with a contraband mail, so turning looking full at Gen. Milroy I said, "It is true they were overtaken and turned back after having had a pass given them to go out of the lines, but they had no mail, as Gen. Milroy can tell you." "No, no," he said hastily, "there was nothing found."

They had allowed it to be so understood to cover up their own dishonourable behavior to the girls. So now the hard, hard struggle is over, and the night is come, and I am still under my own roof, thanks to my Heavenly Father whose goodness has never failed me.

January 11, 1863.—Could not go to church for fear of intruders while absent. Sent the older boys, and spent the time quietly with the little ones. Read St. Paul's epistle to the Galatians. Was struck by what he said about St. Peter's indecision of character, in eating with the uncircumcised Greeks until the visit of James and John from Jerusalem, and then withdrawing himself from their company. Could it be that the fault of character for which our Lord rebuked him, clung to him for all that he was the chosen one on whom his church was to be founded, and for whom such love was manifested by his Master, and on whom those loving eyes rested when he asked, "Lovest thou me?"

I do not know why I have failed to record the great victories at Vicksburg and Murfreesboro. Vicksburg has held out gallantly; Marshall was there, and we may well tremble to hear who are slain. The Yankees claim the victory at Murfreesboro, but the truth has not as yet come out. Banks failed to cooperate with Sherman in taking Vicksburg in the rear, and the gunboats played an insignificant part.

January 12, 1863.—Spent part of the day in town; heard that Cluseret had been arrested for sending in his resignation; and because he was disgusted at the part he had to take in persecution of women and children. To use Harry's not very elegant expression, "Bully for Cluseret!"

Lincoln's proclamation flames at all the street corners. They say the population interested are jubilant, but I have seen no indication of such a state of feeling among them. I observe an unwonted display of white petticoats brought into view by holding up the outer skirts, but that signifies that somebody's sheets have been abstracted to manufacture the luxurious garments, nothing more. It is said, however, that there is to be a grand procession in honour of their freedom.

January 13, 1863.—More particulars of Murfreesboro; and it proves not such a victory as we had supposed. In consequence of Bragg's[121] communication being cut off either before or after the battle in which the railroad was destroyed, he was compelled to fall back, and thus lose the advantage gained, besides giving the Yankees the opportunity of claiming a victory, and exalting Rozenkrantz into a Hero. The triumph at Vicksburg has been complete. The enemy has been entirely driven away.

The papers are full of accounts of vessels fitting out in England to open the blockade, of peace propositions coming from the North, and various other rumours that serve to keep our spirits up, and our hopes alive. Cluseret resigned because his pass was not respected in the case of the girls, and that he was required to do unmanly things. It would be well if he had so wholesome a dread of doing immoral things, for his character is not the fairest, according to the report of a lady in whose house he had a suite of rooms. I heard he said that no one could be a United States soldier without being a rascal.

Went to town this morning with Mrs. Dailey. Was so grateful for the sympathy shown me in my persecutions and troubles. Dr. Boyd was particularly kind, as also Judge Parker and Dr. Holliday.[122]

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[121]After the close of the battle of Murfreesboro on January 1, 1863, Gen. Bragg retired southward and made his headquarters for the winter at Tullahoma, Tenn. His retirement was not on account of any interruption of railroad communications from the South.

[122]Dr. Fred Holliday. His wife was Miss Hannah McCormick. (F. McD. W.) Dr. Holliday and Dr. Baldwin were each too old to enter the army and were the only doctors left in Winchester. They were not permitted to practice outside of the town. (Morton.)

The latter tried to console me by telling me that I would live in history.

January 14, 1863.—A gloomy day, clouds above and mud beneath. Heard that there were letters for me at Newtown. I think tomorrow I will try to get out there to see. Perhaps a note to Capt. MacDonald may get me the pass.

January 15, 1863.—Failed in getting a pass. Could only be allowed to go out of town with an escort of cavalry, the *éclat* of which was not to my taste.

This night last year my husband's poor brother died. It all rushed back to my mind as I went in the room tonight, and stood for a moment by the bed from which the poor weary soul fled to its rest, after that terrible day of suffering. Mrs. Mason had stood by him all those weary hours, and held his head on her arm, or supported the pillows where in his agony he would throw himself. No human care of sympathy could avail him, his agonized frame sought ease in vain, till at nightfall he tossed himself over for the last time (and the hundredth that day), and moved no more. One gasp, and the features settled with the shadow of death over them. How well I remember that night! The windows open, and the curtains flapping in the winter night wind, how I mourned for the desolate widow and orphans far away, and how I could not bear the grief and melancholy and fled from it into my own room where was such a sweet picture of happiness and baby innocence.

There bloomed my rose, and stretched out her arms to me to take her, while the other little ones were preparing for bed, unconscious in their careless mirth of the dread shadow out of which I had come to hear them say their prayers and see them safe in bed. They are all around me now; but when they gather at the fireside in the evening my precious little one is there, too, in my heart, and before my eyes often, for she comes in between me and their faces, and often her face fills the page of the book I am reading. The winter is so sad and dreary, that it would seem unnatural if she were here to partake of its dreariness and privation. But when the flowers come again, the lilacs that Margaret used to fasten in her bonnet, and the birds are singing, and the lawn green with the tender young grass, I shall be watching for glimpses of the little wicker carriage with my treasure in it moving about among the trees as I sit at work by the window, and never remembering how I laid her away from my

sight, with the brown hair parted from her forehead, and the long lashes drooping over the half open blue eyes.

January 20, 1863.—It is a great effort to bring myself to write to overcome the listlessness and want of interest in things that sometimes tempts me to give up the task I have undertaken. Our victories at Vicksburg and Murfreesboro are confirmed. A few Northern papers seem to be violent against the Lincoln Administration, and it is said go so far as to demand that Lincoln and his cabinet shall be hung. The draft has aroused their ire, it has just begun to hurt them, this war, and they want it stopped. The Government is accused of fraud and dishonesty as well as crimes of every description. *The Fort Wayne* (Indiana) *Sentinel* is especially bitter against the administration. I had one this morning, procured by an accident. The thought of peace seems to be entertained by them very seriously. Governor Seymour[123] seems to promise well. If all the Western Governors act as he says he will do, the power of Lincoln's administration will soon be broken.

Today the walls of Mr. Mason's house were pulled down; they fell with a crash; the roof had gone long ago. The house has disappeared now, and the place which knew it will know it no more. I suppose if I were not in this house it would share the same fate. Every outbuilding is gone, the carriage house was pulled down over the carriage, and crushed it of course. Nothing is left of them all but heaps of logs which the Yankees carry away for firewood; and I, I can scarcely tell it, help them to burn it, for they have taken all our wood and we can get no other supply, but they graciously permit us to share with them, and my boys and the Yankee soldiers stand side by side cutting up the logs and boards of the houses; and I sit by the fire, and though I know that the crackling walnut logs are from my own hen and turkey houses, I must say I enjoy the cheerful blaze. They have taken the stones of Mr. Mason's house as well as many of our stone fences to build their fortifications. Snowing all day and could not take my walk.

January 21, 1863.—Sue and Flora came. Snow and rain all day. Saw the Baltimore Sun, now a violent administration paper. It gave an account of a raid of Van Dorn[124] to Holly Springs, Mississippi, where a large amount of war materials and provisions were destroyed, the Commandant of the Post, Provost Marshal and a number of

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[123]Horatio Seymour, Governor of New York.
[124]Maj.-Gen. Earl Van Dorn, C. S. A.

prisoners taken. Van Dorn is highly spoken of. The Yankees put him on a level with the ubiquitous Morgan and the renowned Stuart.

The Yankees seem to be really bent on peace. I hope it may come, but do not want it at the expense of our honour or independence. We have the game on our own terms; we have only as Bishop Meade said in his dying message to his people, "to stand firm and think of our Dead." Great accounts of the exploits of our navy come to us over the water. The Alabama has made a name for herself, and a name to be dreaded, and several more of her style are coming. One iron screw steamer is ready for sea, armed with the most approved guns, and manned by a crew of picked men.

The account said that Maury[125] is in command of her. Officers of the Confederate navy are showing themselves in Liverpool ready to take command of the new vessels. They sport the naval uniform of the Confederate States of America.

The Yankee Government seems to be alarmed as to Louis Napoleon's intentions in Mexico. They seem to think he is about to help himself to a slice, or all of Texas. They need not be apprehensive about Texas. Whatever Napoleon may do, I hope he will make those cunning and unscrupulous spirits at Washington tremble for their own safety. They know well that they will have to answer to the people they have duped for plunging them into two wars at the same time. The reins are being tightened over us every day. We can buy only the barest necessaries of life, and only they from people who have taken the oath. They would not be allowed otherwise, to sell. I bought a quarter of beef, a great and unwonted luxury, from an old woman from the country. Her husband would not take the oath so she did it, and brought in her marketing. She says it was the only way they could get the means of living. I had to have it carried up stairs and deposited in one of the chambers to keep from having it stolen.

We would be badly off indeed if by a lucky chance I had not had a field of wheat sown while my husband was in Europe. When ready it was taken to Legg's Mill, and has been there ever since, and not called for. I thought the Yankees had taken it, but Legg sent me word that it awaited my order. There are ten barrels I am thankful to say, enough for a year's supply; but I will have to exchange some of it for other things.

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[125]Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury, C. S. N.

February 2, 1863.—Nothing written since January the 21st, No news except that Burnside has been displaced in favour of Hooker.[126] No movement yet towards Fredericksburg. The capture of Arkansas Post seems to afford some cause of gratulation.

Vicksburg is again threatened. I hope it may be to as little purpose as heretofore. Our condition is not enviable, the rein is as tight as it can well be over all but the coloured population. We can buy nothing from the sutlers and shopkeepers without taking the oath. I have succeeded in buying a cord of wood from a countryman, and to keep the Yankees from taking it my boys have had to carry it, stick by stick, to the garret, three stories, and there saw it up for use.

There is a great exodus of negroes; every day some government wagons depart laden with them and their effects; on their way to the land of Promise; where that happy country may be we know not, though some say it is Central America that they are turning their eyes to.

Their great Patron and fellow citizen, Abraham Lincoln, has, however, told them in the frankest manner imaginable that the governments of those states were not very willing to receive them; and that it was also true that many of them would die before being there very long. Another small inconvenience he touched on was, that "the political condition of those states was not very well settled, and that commotions were frequent in which the rights of the weak were disregarded, and their gains often appropriated by those who at the time were most powerful." Still the far seeing and self sacrificing Sons of Ham were to rush upon all these uncertainties for the sake of the welfare of their posterity, as in the country they must ever be the inferior race.

February 3, 1863.—Tried in vain to get a pass for Harry to go out of the lines to Warren, where he could communicate with his father. Today he set out to "make a flank movement" as he said, and get outside the pickets by strategy. His confidence in the success of his scheme was perfect and he seemed delighted at the prospect of the adventure; but I was not so sanguine as to his success, for I knew that to "flank" the pickets was a serious and dangerous affair; and more so in this instance, as they are within call of each other all around the town in three lines.

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[126]Maj.-Gen. Joseph Hooker.

But he went, and I am fearful of danger and of the cold for him, for he did not even take the great coat as that would have looked like preparing for a journey. He walked out of town with a whip in his hand as if he was looking for the cow. He carried his trap ball, throwing it as he went, as was his habit, boy like. The weather is very severe and he goes all the way on foot, twenty-five miles. Not a great distance if traveled by a straight road, but he must take a circuitous route to avoid enemies who are all over the country. He must go through fields and over fences, and perhaps hide in holes and bushes. So I am fearful, but there was great necessity for his going as we had no money, and not much of anything to eat. I have great confidence in his energy and ability, and I know he never shrinks from any task he undertakes because of its difficulty. But I trust him to our Heavenly Father to guide and keep him from harm.

February 9, 1863.—One week ago our gunboats ran out of Charleston and destroyed the Federal fleet. All the blockaders took to flight! We have good reason to be proud of our achievements, and it is farcical to hear the Yankees talk of crushing a great nation with a navy before which their old vessels fly or go down, and an army against which they dare not come unless they out number it fourfold.

Milroy is screwing the engine tighter every day. One day he will not let us buy anything; another he forbids more than two female rebels to talk together on the street. He now employs spies to enter houses and report what the women talk about or if the children play with Confederate flags, or shout for Jeff Davis.

I sit every day and see this lovely place converted into a wagon yard. The smooth green turf has disappeared, and roads go over and across in every direction. Under the dining room windows runs one, and mules and horses continually pass, driven by men cursing and swearing, uttering oaths that make my blood curdle. I used to love to sit at those windows at sunset and watch the yellow glow fade away from the green fields, and from the round top of the "Round Hill" as it is called, and listen to the peaceful sounds of our own cows lowing as they came through the pasture, the calves calling for them; and oh! how sweet the air was, how fresh and pure; a very delight it was to breathe it. Now I turn away in disgust from the view, and the odious, odious smells would drive me away if the sights did not, and the sounds more dreadful than all.

Under the parlour windows goes another road. Those windows used to look out on a sweet shrubbery of syringas, mock orange, white

lilacs and purple; white and yellow jessamine; red roses and white, sweet brier and eglantine; everything old fashioned and lovely that I delight in. Beyond the shrubbery is a deep hollow, where there are rocks steep and high, and deep green grass and tall maples that used to burn in the autumn sunlight, and shine with the bright glow of summer sunsets. Now as I said, a road goes through it under the window. The shrubs are there but their bare stems and branches, the pretty dell is there with the rocks and trees all bare and melancholy enough, but that is nothing compared to the sights and sounds that go by all the long day through, wagons, artillery horses, large droves of them three times a day to get water, soldiers and camp women, gay officers on foot and on horseback, and most sickening sight of all, Yankee "Ladies" in dainty riding habits, hats and plumes, pace by as if the ground they passed over was their own; and chatting with their beaux, glance around at us if they chance to see us as if we were intruders on their domain. I confess I feel wicked then, resentful and revengeful. I would be glad at those times, if our artillery could, from some near point, sweep them all away.

Today I saw one of the prettiest trees cut down for a camp woman to wash her clothes with, and when washed they were strung out in a line just before the front hall door, blue shirts and red ones, ragged women's clothes and all kinds of rags flap in the wind for me to see as I pass; and I have not the spirit to resent it, or the pride to be offended at the degradation. Think of how a year ago, I resented having a flag to wave over my front door. All my indignation would have been aroused if they had dared to hang their clothes in my sight.

My heart is too heavy now for any such resentments. My boy has not come back, and I am full of fears.

February 19, 1863.—Daily, hourly there is something to annoy. Soldiers stalk in and out of the house, at their pleasure, for in the front room that was my husband's, a meek eyed old quarter master has his abode; an inoffensive old creature that I permitted to come in the hope of keeping away the offensive ones; but the strain, the excitement and irritation is so great that if I hear a footstep on the porch my heart palpitates violently and I tremble all over in apprehension of intrusion, or of something being done to offend or irritate; or worse, that messengers are come to force me to leave my house.

We hear rumours of peace from over the ocean where our expectant eyes have been turned for so many weary months, during



"OUT YOU DAMNED REBEL, BE SEATED LADIES"

THE "MILROY VALENTINE."

A copy of the original which was made in 1863. There is a copy in the Handley Library at Winchester and another in the Confederate Museum at Richmond. Both copies are signed, C. McDonald. The original was not signed.

which we have battled and endured and suffered so much. Our people have made for themselves a great name, no people ever made a more glorious record. All the world sees with astonishment their successful struggle against a boastful, powerful, and unscrupulous foe. Alas! though the rumours are of peace, preparations for deadly strife are still going on; the enemy are gathering strength for a grand attack on Charleston and Savannah, and from there we hear of the determination of the people to resist to the utmost.

Charleston deserves great honour. It was there that the first notes were heard calling the people to resist oppression; there the banner was first unfurled and the battle cry raised that aroused the nation to fierce contention for right and liberty; from her soil the armed men sprung like those from the serpent's teeth of old, and they have made their enemies cringe and grow pale with rage and fright.

Last Saturday I was in company with some girls, cousins and friends, at Cousin Mick Tidball's.[127] One of them proposed to send Milroy a valentine. He had been rude to Mrs. Baldwin,[128] ordering her from his room, and at the same time asking two coloured, and gorgeously dressed ladies to be seated. They entreated me to paint them one to send him. So I made a grey headed officer in uniform seated in a chair, and inviting two negro women to take seats, while with a frown he was repelling a handsome young lady (not Mrs. Baldwin) dressed in stripes of red and white, with grey muff and tippet. I heard he received it, and he might have done so, for he ordered a search and prosecution immediately.

February 20, 1863.—More rumours of the approach of the Confederates; it can be scarcely true, for they would not uselessly expose themselves to the risk of battle, and the town to be shelled merely for the sake of a short sojourn here, for it could be nothing else if they came. We find it so hard to live. So hard to get anything to eat. The soldiers would willingly exchange meat, sugar and coffee with us for fresh bread or flour, but are not allowed. The prohibition, however, does not prevent me from getting Aunt Winnie to bake bread and give it to them surreptitiously as they pass on their way to the spring and receiving from them in return things which we can get in no other way.

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[127]Mrs. Thomas A. Tidball. She was Miss Millicent McGuire, cousin of Col. Angus W. McDonald. The Tidballs lived at Hawthorn from 1813 to 1856, the year of his death. They had eight daughters and two sons. (Mrs. F. McD. W.)

[128]Wife of Dr. Robert Baldwin.

Sometimes I sit in the dining room reading till midnight, and a low knock on the door. I get up and admit a Yankee soldier with a black camp kettle and a bundle in his hands. I take him to the pantry, lock the door on the inside and inspect the contents of the kettle and bundle. The kettle has coffee and sugar in it with a paper between to keep them apart. The bundle has a piece of fat bacon, but it is very welcome to us who have nothing but bread. I fill his kettle with flour and let him out to go his way back to the camp, while I lock myself in and hide the things. If they suspected him they would punish him as he is acting without permission. Many times I have done that and still must do it for it is the only chance to get anything to eat.

A few days ago we heard that there was a man who had permission to sell molasses to the people. I went in town directly with Kenneth carrying a small jug. A great crowd was at the door and inside. So I had to wait my turn to get in, standing outside with a crowd of men and women, many ladies, all in the mud and rain waiting for their jugs to be filled, but I waited and got some molasses for my little ones.

Oh if our army could only come to bring in relief! We are oppressed on every side, even the little school girls are dispersed if more than two stop to talk on the street on their way home. Negroes can assemble in any numbers, and if they choose can jostle and crowd ladies off the pavement into the gutter as may suit their convenience. They are the only people who have any rights or liberty, and of the latter they have an undue share. In every instance they are preferred to the whites. If they had their just rights they would be on a cotton plantation in "thirty days," as Abraham would say in his business style when he fixes a period for our subjugation.

February 21, 1863.—I scarcely dare to hope that peace is coming; that the dawn is approaching after our night of sorrow. That the sun is about to break through the dark clouds that have hung over us for two long years. When the happy time comes, and our sun once more shines it will be on a desolate waste, vacant hearths, and broken hearts. It will be as when after a tempest the sun looks brightly out

on a scene of havoc and destruction, and none the less brightly because of it. Who can help asking why it must have been?

If we do come out of these trials and our nation is established in security and peace, will we go back to the old corrupt way, will we be money-loving, courting power, and striving for the things which in all ages have been the ruin of nations, till God shall again lay his hand upon us and we be again plunged into war and misery? God grant that we may have virtuous rulers, those that oppress not the helpless, that "shake their hands from holding bribes," that "keep innocency and take heed to the thing that is right."

Spent the day with Mrs. Dandridge. Had a quiet pleasant time. Heard that great preparations were making for an attack on Vicksburg.

February 22, 1863.—Sue, Flora and the Tidballs and Hollidays spent the day here. They all seemed merry and happy. They sang and played over all their old songs, both merry and sad, and it seemed a little like old times. We have quite a snow storm, and I have been sick all day. News of a certain prospect of breaking the blockade, and a recognition of the Confederacy. The Alabama has made a name to be dreaded. I saw a piece in the Baltimore American headed "Tracks of the Alabama." Four burning vessels, names all given. Another column gives an account of her reception at Jamaica. A dinner was given her officials by the authorities, and toasts and compliments freely offered. Her whole history was sketched, how she was built by the subscription of 290 merchants of Liverpool and presented to President Davis, and how that circumstance accounted for her being sometimes called the 290. The papers say that there is a pause in the attack on Charleston and Savannah, but do not give the why or wherefore.

February 24, 1863.—The snow is a foot deep and everything would look lovely if the scene was not marred by the groups of blue-coats passing to and fro.

February 26, 1863.—Have just learned that more of the beautiful cedars have been cut down. Those lovely trees that adorn the place

so much. It does seem like sacrilege to destroy them for such base purposes as they put them to.[129]

February 26, 1863.—Sitting wearily and sadly this morning, the door opened and on looking up I saw my Harry, his face bright with joy and excitement. He had performed his dangerous mission and returned without being seen or suspected. In going he had to wade the Shenandoah, and then to keep from freezing ran for seven miles with his clothes on him frozen. I never was so warm in my life, said he.

He did not stop till he was safe at "Clover Hill." Returning he walked twenty-six miles through deep snow, climbing fences, as his only safe way lay through fields and byways. At night he got to the edge of town and found a place of shelter in a black woman's cabin. He then got a piece of bread and lying before the fire slept till eleven o'clock this morning. The negro woman had him completely in her power if she had chosen to betray him; but most of them are loyal and faithful to the white people if they do love their freedom, and who can blame them if they do. Not many boys of fourteen could have planned and accomplished that feat. His care-

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[129]Hawthorn consisted of a farm of about sixty acres with a fine old stone house, stuccoed and sitting in a yard 200 yards wide and 250 yards from the Romney Road to the outhouses and servants' quarters at the back. Off to the west, about 200 yards, was the barn, granary, etc. To the east was the garden, terraced and planted with every good thing that the climate and soil could bring forth, besides all manner of beautiful flowers. We raised, killed and cured our own pork. The farm produced, besides all manner of vegetables, buckwheat, corn and the finest apples, peaches and cherries. The lower garden, across the Romney Road, had the very best asparagus beds I ever saw, besides fine melons in season. Mother never failed to have all the dried fruit and corn (nothing was canned in those days) besides preserves and all sorts of pickles, put up for use during the winter. After December 1 our smokehouse was stocked with hams, shoulders, and everything else that was fit to eat from a hog. We had all the turkeys and chickens we could use. In fact, the only things we had to send away from home for were groceries. Our dairy, over which Aunt Winnie presided, was superb. The town spring was at the front of our yard and a part of the waste was diverted into a cement trough about 3 feet wide and 4 inches deep. In this water the milk and all other dairy products were set. You may imagine what a luxury it was. We had no need of ice. In the winter we were bathed by Catherine every Saturday night (whether we needed it or not) by a big fire, in a washtub. I have forgotten whether or not we all used the same water. In the summer the same thing was done by Catherine down at the spring house. I have described all this, perhaps a little too minutely, but I had a purpose. You will at once perceive the tragic contrast between the happy times we had been through and what followed. Everything was changed. From ease and plenty we sunk in one day to real poverty. The meat we had in the smokehouse we transported to the garret. We had other provisions to keep us going for a little while. The cow was kept in the cellar to keep the Yankees from milking her in the morning before we could beat them to her. She never came out. Her quarters were kept clean and neat and she furnished plenty of nice clean milk. (K. McD.)



"HAWTHORN"

From a Photograph made in 1915. Insert as of 1888.
Now owned and occupied by Doctor Emmert C. Stuart of Pittsburg, who bought it in 1910.
The cedar tree on the left was evidently a shrub in war time and escaped the destroying ax.

fulness and prudence are as remarkable as his intrepidity and endurance.

On his way yesterday he saw seven of our infantry capture eighteen of the enemy's cavalry. They were behind a stone fence, and as the Yankees rode up pointed their guns at them and summoned them to surrender, which they did with arms, horses and all, and without a word. One was a Major. Harry says a party of Yankees went into a store in Front Royal, and while they were robbing it, some boys belonging to the town despoiled every horse of its accoutrements, pistols and every thing, and some rode away the horses.

February 27, 1863.—Exciting rumours of an advance of our army. Spent the day in town, and had an interview with Gen. Milroy. Found him polite (for him) and disposed to grant what I asked, which was permission to buy necessaries for my family. He said his orders were to withhold permission from every one who would not declare himself or herself loyal to the United States government. I told him it was impossible for me to do it, as it would be entirely false; and added that it could not be a matter of importance what women thought or wished on the subject.

He said it was a matter of great importance and rather fiercely observed that if it had not been for the women the men would have long ago given up, he firmly believed, that their pride and obstinacy prevailed over the good sense and sober judgment of the men, who knew they were fighting in vain. I said nothing in answer to his passion, knowing well how our men hated them and knowing also that they would fight to the very last rather than yield to their unjust and unreasonable pretense of authority over us.

After a time he calmed down and began to talk of the right of secession, and the part Virginia had taken in it, saying that she never had a fair opportunity of letting her voice be heard. That the delegates to the Convention that passed the ordinance of secession were all Union men. I could no longer refrain from words, as "the fire had kindled," so I spoke, and told him that there were many men in that convention who were opposed to secession, but that when Lincoln issued his proclamation demanding troops from Virginia wherewith to conquer the cotton states they took another view of the matter, and remembering that the State of Virginia was free to choose her own course, they, or her representatives concluded that her honour required them to take her out of the company of those who could make so base a proposition to her, as to furnish troops to

conquer the Southern states or even to propose to her to stand quietly by and permit their enemies to cross her territory to do it, or allow it to be done while she was capable of an effort to prevent it. He turned red, and moved restlessly in his seat as if he had something to say and did not know how to say it.

At last he handed me a paper which he said was a permit and instructed me to take it into the next room to be signed by the adjutant. When I turned in, a trim-looking pert little man in uniform, turned from a desk at which he was seated looking over some papers, and asked my business. I handed him the paper; he looked at it and then at me very inquisitively and said "Are you loyal?" I could not bring myself to answer that little creature's impertinence which I knew would follow the only answer I had to make, so I turned and walked out of the room without a word to him.

February 28, 1863.—There is a report that the Yankees are in Vicksburg, but as they allow no papers to come to the town or camps, it would seem that they have met with a disaster. It is also reported that our forces have captured the gunboat "Queen of the West" on the Mississippi. Their papers did not exult as much as might have been expected over our worse than blunder in blowing up and destroying the captured gunboat "Indianola" from a fit of pure fright. It is said, and is true, I believe, that the Yankees had put an immense tank on board an old barge, after boring the tank or hogshead which was circular in shape to make it appear as if a Columbiad lurked within, and only waited a mark to send forth its deadly projectile. In fact it was made to represent a Monitor, and the soldiers and sailors on the Indianola, as soon as they saw what they afterwards described as a "turretted monster" slipping by them, and on, by the defenses at and near Vicksburg, they, to prevent her from falling into the hands of the enemy applied the torch and the "Indianola" was a thing of the past.

The "turreted monster" went on through the misty dawn, and as she glided by, all the forts and defenses gave her a volley before the daylight enabled them to discover her real character. The Northern papers could not have refrained from a good deal of ridicule of our folly, had not the Richmond Examiner seized the occasion to make so much fun over it as to disarm them.

March 1, 1863.—This afternoon I was in town and saw a regiment of cavalry that had gone out in the morning on a scouting expedition, return in hot haste with less than a hundred men. Many believed

the Confederates were advancing, and there certainly was fighting at Newtown. Coming home I met my old quarter master at the door who told me he was packing to go. I assisted his panic by telling him how dreadfully defeated the cavalry were; how mud-bespattered they looked, and that they had come in town in such haste that I had thought the Confederates were close behind them. He was terribly agitated, and disappeared in his room, whence proceeded the sounds of hammering and nailing of boxes, etc., for some time. Meantime his wagons were backed up at the front door to receive his goods. I sat down and complacently eat my supper, not at all moved by his fears.

He is a funny old creature; I permitted him to occupy a room in the house because I considered him more inoffensive than the gay cavaliers who often applied for quarters, or sick men of whom I had a very just dread, for I know that if my door was once opened to them a train of ills would follow; so I let him come, and he is as kind as he knows how to be.[130]

He comes in sometimes to pay me a visit in the evening, and I entertain him with stories of Ashby's exploits. How he would dart into a town and seize and carry off unsuspecting gentlemen attached to his army (the Federal) and pack them off to Richmond, to the Libby; and how Ashby's men were given to exploits of the same kind; and while relating my anecdotes I would pause and listen as if I heard unusual sounds. The poor old man would get terribly nervous. I flatter myself he has not enjoyed an undisturbed slumber since he has been under my roof. Sometime ago he asked me if I had any objection to his wife's coming and paying him a visit. I pictured to myself the horrors of having a Western Virginia, Ohio Yankee female in the house; so collected myself and replied that it would give me a great pleasure to oblige him, as I knew it must be a great com-

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[130]Before winter he had been established in a large tent back of our house. It was filled with all kinds of supplies, and we were compelled to look on while the soldiers were given all they wanted to eat and we had to do without. One night while the snow was falling, Allan and I slipped up to the back of the tent, raised up the skirt, and eased out a barrel of crackers. Inside of a few minutes it was safe in our cellar. Mother knew all about it but never objected. Many days after that we had food in the form of crackers prepared in every conceivable way. The Yankee soldiers came to know us after a while and some were inclined to be nice to us. A wagon master by the name of Hom would pass every day, and we would ask him to throw off hay for the cow, which he did by carelessly dropping a little. It soon got so that he would drop off a whole bale, which was immediately hustled into the cellar. (K. McD.)

fort to him to have a visit from his wife, but that it would be too great a risk as no one knew at what moment a dash might be made by the Confederates and the army driven off or captured and that would be so very unpleasant for her.

He was one day last week telling me of the fine opportunity to make money that now offered, of bringing goods from the North to sell to the inhabitants; and asked me how I thought it would "pay" to bring a lot of hoop skirts to Winchester. I told him that though we were lamentably in need of hoops we could not buy without taking the oath, and I thought the ladies would prefer going hoopless to such an alternative.

He tries to be kind, poor old fellow, and knowing our straits invites us secretly to avail ourselves of opportunities to abstract his supplies. He leaves boxes of crackers invitingly open in the hall, and actually proposed to Harry to cut me a supply of wood from his pile in front of my door. It would seem but just to make reprisals, but my poor children seem each day to lose a portion of their respect for the rights of property. They think it no harm to steal or take from those who took all from us, and I often have to interfere and make them carry back things they have appropriated, but we must have wood, so I allow Harry to act on the old man's hint and cut wood for me from the United States woodpile, side by side with a Yankee soldier who does not trouble himself about who gets it.[131]

March 2, 1863.—Reports of another battle and our troops advancing. Cavalry dashed in in great haste this evening. The whipping the 13th Pennsylvania cavalry received last week was too much for them. This evening, I understood they fled without firing a gun. Those were the gallant fellows I saw racing in town covered

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[131]It was this condition of affairs which prompted Col. Angus McDonald, who was at Richmond in April, 1863, to write his son, Marshall, shut up in Vicksburg, a letter which appears on page 333 of "The Glengarry McDonalds of Virginia," from which the following is quoted: "I feel, dear Marshall, that 'all my young barbarians' still at home, within the tyrant's rule and under his heel, will have to be educated and placed in the path to future honorable positions. I cannot expect to live long (God grant that it may be until the end of the war). . . . Think of this hard task and duty and let it nerve you to conquer all the obstacles which lie in the path which must be trodden to accomplish it. . . . Harry, Allan, and Kenneth were employed when I last heard from home in smuggling to their mother and the little ones the necessary provisions for their daily subsistence, Milroy not permitting the necessaries of life to be sold to any citizen who had not taken the "oath of loyalty." This your mother having refused to take, she was not permitted to purchase even flour or meat. The boys, however, flank the pickets at night and bring supplies, *sparsim,* from the country people. I glory in them. They have taken the oath of loyalty to the South administered by me before I left home and they will keep it. . . ."

with mud. Report says Fitzhugh Lee has a large force of cavalry in the valley.

March 7, 1863.—According to the Baltimore American the loyal people in the North are awakening to a sense of duty, and are making a great effort to uphold the government in its efforts to "suppress the rebellion" as well as assisting it to take all the power into its own hands. The last Congress clothed Lincoln with the military power of the whole nation; allowed him to suspend the writ of habeas corpus, and placed all the finances of the country in his hands; obliterated the state lines, and abolished the state militias.

I read today an account of the departure of the paroled prisoners from New Orleans, and was deeply affected with the story of how those long-suffering men and women thronged the levee, "a countless multitude" the papers had it, loaded with gifts of all kinds for the prisoners, and with excited looks and tearful eyes pushed through the crowd to see and touch them. Their long suppressed feelings burst forth when they looked into each other's faces after being so long parted and about to part again maybe forever, for in those faces they saw the same endurance and determination to fight to the end that they themselves felt. Presently a long loud shout for the Confederacy went up from the crowd, and a shower of Confederate flags were flung forth and waved in the very faces of their enemies. Their enthusiasm was beyond control, and their oppressors seemed for the time dumb and confounded either with surprise or sympathy with the tremendous emotion which agitated the immense multitude, but in time an order was given, and the gunboats were brought into convenient position, the artillery was pointed at the sobbing, heaving multitude of men, women and children and "then," they said, "the crowd sullenly gave way." They take great credit to themselves for not firing into them.[132]

One announcement is to the effect that Fort McAllister[133] has been

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[132]This occurred on February 21, 1863. The prisoners to be exchanged were about 1400. The Steamers Laurel Hill and Empire Parish were to take them by flag of truce into the Confederate lines. The ironclad Star of the West lay alongside. The number who registered for exchange upon orders given was greater than was expected and transportation for 1000 was provided, but only 300 were taken because of fear that all would return to the Confederate service. An order was given to "Disperse the People," and it was done with bayonets and driving artillery among them. (For full description see p. 137 "Journal of Julia LeGrand," N. O. 1862-3, published Richmond, Va., 1911.)

[133]Fort McAllister fell on December 12, 1864, as the result of the capture by Gen. Sherman of the city of Savannah, the fort being carried by assault by troops operating on land under Gen. Hazen, commanding a division of the 15th Corps of Sherman's army. It was held by 250 men under Maj. Anderson and Capts. Clinch and White.

captured; another is that it "will be." One piece of intelligence is that we have blown up the Nashville. She ran aground and we were compelled to do it.

March 10, 1863.—The Nashville has really been destroyed, but not by us; the enemy fired her with shells while aground. As a compensation, however, we have captured another gunboat and they now think we may do them serious mischief.

March 12, 1863.—They are working hard to get Vicksburg, cutting canals, cutting levees, turning rivers, and they say, sacrificing men by the thousand. There are reports of a great battle and victory for us at Vicksburg, but they allow no such news to pass through the line to us. We do hear, however, that there have been illuminations and great rejoicings in Southern towns over something. The Federals themselves saw Fredericksburg illuminated.

The papers are very severe on the Peace Democrats. The speeches of John Van Buren and Wright are much lauded, as being purely patriotic by the "Copperheads." They, the "Copperheads," are as much esteemed as the "rebels." They say that the vigorous prosecution of the war ought to engage the attention of the whole people to the exclusion of every other thought "till the wicked rebellion is crushed." Mr. Everett, too, is lending his influence and energies to stir up their hatred to the South.

Will his reward be the same as that meted out to their former idol, poor old Scott, who they contemptuously put aside to make way for their bombastic "Young Napoleon," as they call McClellan, and at last now accuse of treason? Pronounced by no less a critic than the Duke of Wellington to be "The first Captain of the age," and honoured by all the world as such, he finds himself cast aside and made infamous by the unprincipled people to whose base purpose he lent himself, and to please whom he betrayed his own state and people. They would willingly send him to his grave covered with infamy instead of glory. It is a pity he did not die ten years ago, or just after the Mexican War.

March 14, 1863.—A direct and prolonged attack on Fort McAllister, and failing in the attempt they all withdraw and declare the place impregnable, that it is simply impossible to reduce it. At the same time they disavow any desire or intention to take the fort, but only wished to test their iron clads. The performance was pronounced a splendid triumph, as they all got off uninjured. They are easily satisfied with their own exploits if they escape annihilation or

any occasion or contact with us, they think they achieved a grand success.

If they built their great iron clads merely to see into what dangerous places they could throw them and get them out again uninjured they have succeeded to admiration. The Richmond Examiner remarks that such is the contempt entertained in the Confederacy for their naval abilities, that they have entrusted all their naval operations to Wheeler's Cavalry,[134] which cavalry did actually capture some gunboats on one of the Western rivers. If they fail in their attempt on Charleston, I shall believe we are to conquer by the help of God.

March 17, 1863.—Today Nelly pointed out to me a new regiment of soldiers filing into our grounds with a train of wagons. Soon they had all marched in and were making their way to the orchard. I had a misgiving that something unpleasant was at hand, so was in measure prepared. Before many minutes two surgeons called, and asked to be furnished with rooms. I told him there were no rooms that they could have.

In quite an authoritative tone, one of them requested me to show him the bedrooms. I declined to do it, and he deliberately walked to the staircase and put his foot on the lower step as if to ascend. I requested him to show me his written authority for searching my rooms. As he could not do it I requested him to forbear till I could see the commanding officer. I lost no time in going to town to Milroy's headquarters, and to my surprise on going up stairs saw in the adjutant's room the selfsame man waiting to see Gen. Milroy. I had been told that the General was at dinner, so thinking my best plan to get a hearing before my enemy did was to waylay him on the landing. I did so, planting myself at the head of the stairs, and waiting unweariedly till the General had finished all his courses. I was at last rewarded by the sound of his voice approaching, and as he came bounding up the stairs in a manner neither befitting his position or his grey hairs (for he came up three steps at a time), I seized him "by the button" as it were. At any rate I seized his ear and his attention, and as soon as I told my tale, and showed him my persecutor in the next room, he told me to go in peace, or to that effect, and invited the gentleman to find quarters elsewhere.

A Federal officer was struck in the street by a snowball today, as he was passing a group of boys, among whom was Harry. As Harry

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[134]Forrest's Cavalry.

had one in his hand the officer concluded he had thrown it, and walking up to him peremptorily ordered him to throw it down. This Harry refused to do at his order, and he was immediately arrested, hurried off to the Provost Marshall's and thence to the guard house. He had been in there long enough for his wrath to cool, a little, and to begin to feel very homesick and downhearted, when the officer put his head in the door to ask him if he would do what he told him another time. "No," shouted Harry, "I will not for you had no right to make me put it down." Maj. Quinn[135] came about bed time and effected his release.

I have to be constantly on the watch for fear of my boys doing something to provoke the persecution of the Yankees. Not long since I heard an explosion in the yard loud enough to create some alarm, and on hurrying out saw a squad of soldiers approaching the scene of action, thinking it was an alarm. The noise proceeded from a battery the boys had erected on the top of the cistern and had supplied it with guns they had manufactured out of musket barrels cut into lengths of eight or nine inches, and bored for a touch hole, then mounted on carriages of their own make. I had noticed them very busily engaged about the yard for some time but never dreamed what they were after.

April 3, 1863.—Nothing written since March 17th, and a letter from my husband reminded me of the delinquency. It was sent through Mr. Buck and directed to Harry, the first since November. How hard it is to be shut out from hearing even of those we love. No intelligence from any quarter is reliable. The Yankees give very confused accounts of affairs at Vicksburg, but every day something transpires to let us know that their affairs are not altogether brilliant. One or two of their vessels have been destroyed.

They say they are ready for another attack on Charleston and this time they are sure to succeed as Capt. Ericcson has invented an obstruction remover to go before their gunboats. I wonder what excuse they will give to their dupes when that fails.

Notwithstanding the cry about "Copperheads" and the efforts of Union Leaguers, etc., there seems to be a peace party steadily in-

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[135]Maj. Timothy Quinn, commanded First New York Cavalry, First Brigade, First Division, July 31, 1863. He was a big pockmarked Irishman and spoke with a decided brogue. He had a way of appearing on the scene when we were in trouble and several times helped us out. I think his interest in us arose from his hopeless attachment to sister Flora. He visited Louisville with his wife in 1880 or 1881. (K. McD.)

creasing in the North that is making itself heard. Rumours come that the Western States are resisting the draft, and some towns are said to be fortifying. No lead, powder or caps are permitted to be sold in Indiana or Ohio. So much for liberty and free government. The Yankee papers report that the negro forces under the wretch Montgomery have captured Jacksonville, Florida.

On Saturday last a letter was published in the Baltimore American from a Mrs. Pairo to a friend in the North. The letter had been intercepted and the writer was sentenced by the valiant Gen. Schenk[136] to be taken from home, husband and children and sent South. She accordingly made her appearance yesterday with her daughter under a strong guard. Mary says she is a person of great refinement and intelligence and certainly her letter indicates so much.

April 3, 1863.—Came home from town tired and worn out and went through the task of washing all the children and getting their clothes ready for Sunday. After that I was refreshed by a letter from my dear sister, Lizzy, and a roll of money from my husband, both brought by some unknown hand. Heard that the enemy had been again beaten back from Charleston.

Today Gen. Milroy had a sword presented him. A grand review of dirty Yankees took place and I am told the cheers from the soldiers were faint and few. Some of them are to be pitied, they are forced into the army, so they say, and hate the service. They, the privates, are generally disposed to be kind. I often ask those I daily see to buy me things I cannot get myself because of the oath, and they do it readily and seem glad to oblige me. Mary has got rid of her Yankees, but not before one of them behaved very badly. We have all liked Maj. Quinn. He is very kind, but is a rough Irishman.

April 4, 1863.—Easter Sunday, and the Yankees held their service in our own dear church—that church hallowed by so many precious memories of undisturbed worship, and communion with our Father and Saviour, when His sacred praises were so solemnly chanted, the sweet voices of choir and congregation with the deep roll of the organ. There are other memories, too, hallowing the sacred place, of those who used to meet us there and will do so no more forever. I can see Frank Jones' tall form moving up the aisle with his pretty young wife and little child, and others also who with

[136]Maj.-Gen. Robert Schenck in command of Middle Department, 8th Army Corps, with headquarters at Baltimore.

him were among the first to lay down their good and useful lives. We can vividly realize the description given in the Bible of the desolation of war.

"How doth the city sit solitary that was full of people!" "The ways of Zion do mourn because none come to her solemn feasts." "Jerusalem remembered in the days of her affliction all the pleasant things she had in the days of old when her people fell into the hands of the enemy." It seems to me the description of our own desolation as the prophet pours out his sad soul in a wail for the voice of gladness and the voice of mirth, "for the voice of the bridegroom and of the bride that are no longer heard." The fruits not gathered, the fields wasted, the old men and young children hunger-stricken; but the saddest of all is the moan he utters for "The precious sons of Zion," how they are esteemed but as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the Potter. Alas! now as then our precious sons, the pride and flower of our land must be daily given to the devouring sword, and the wasting pestilence. Their flesh to be meat for the fowls of the air. But the prophet also say "Woe unto thee that spoilest and thou wast not spoiled."

April 5, 1863.—Last night a terrible snow storm, and today drifts as high as my head; bitter cold and general discomfort; but I am thankful for a quiet day at home with my Bible.

With what different feelings I look forward to the spring from those with which I anticipated its approach last year. Though war was around us, and death dealt out its horrors, though the enemy had possession of our home and was doing his best to make it a desolation, still no shadow of death had fallen on our household. I planned and worked and hoped without wearying, and lived as if there were no life but this, so absorbed was I in the business of life and its remaining pleasures. Though thoughts of another life would come, they did not remain, for my heart was here, in the midst of my circle of rosy children, providing for their comfort, and defending them from all ills as far as I could, and when not oppressed with care, enjoying their mirth and cleverness. I could not realize that at any time the summons might come. "Arise! dèpart ye, for this is not your rest."[137] Though it came not for me it came for my youngest and sweetest flower, and she arose and followed to that world of which I did not take time to think. But now my plans are more for

[137]During all the while the military affairs were occupying everybody's attention. Mother never relaxed her duties to us. Whenever possible we were put to our lessons. There were no such things as schools. (K. McD.)



THE LLOYD LOGAN RESIDENCE, WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA.

First used by General R. H. Milroy as his residence and headquarters in April, 1863.
Thereafter it was headouarters for all resident Federal commanders. Now The Elks Club.

a residence there than here; and I trust my greatest care is to have ready my wedding garment against the time when "He comes that shall come and will not tarry." That world now seems the reality and this the shadow; I look upon the children now as only travelers to another country, and on her who is gone as one who waits for us. May I no more forget Him even for the precious gifts that come from His hands. I must weep now to see the flowers blooming while mine, the sweetest of all, lies hidden under the sod.

April 7, 1863.—The whole town has been shocked and outraged by Milroy's treatment of Mrs. Logan.[138] He wanted her elegant house for his own headquarters, and coolly gave her orders to vacate it with her family. They demurred, as was natural and Mrs. Logan and her daughters were ordered to a room in the house where they were kept close prisoners all day, without even a morsel of food of their own abundant stores; and at evening a rude wagon was sent to the door, the ladies put in and driven six miles out of town, where they were set down by the roadside, destitute of every thing. Her son was imprisoned in the guardhouse. As Mrs. Logan left her house Mrs. Milroy entered smilingly, and as she did so Mrs. Logan's keys were handed her with the information that in future they were hers. It has been my lot to have many encounters with Yankee men, but one like that with a Yankee woman, it would have taken divine grace to enable me to sustain creditably.

They say that our cavalry captured a force of eighty yesterday near Strasburg, and we have beaten them everywhere, at Charleston, Vicksburg, and also that Rosencrantz had been captured.

April 8, 1863.—Passed Mrs. Logan's house today, and saw Federal soldiers loading wagons with the furniture. The books from the library were being packed in one wagon; a basin and pitcher were sitting in one of the windows of the carefully kept drawing room.

We have reports of great defeats for our enemies at Charleston and Vicksburg, but their papers only say that "all intelligence from these points in uncertain and conflicting, but that the siege is in all probability abandoned," an unlooked for result of all their preparations and glorifications over victories yet to be achieved.

April 9, 1863.—No letters yet from my husband. It seems as if impassable oceans divide us. The Yankees have been amusing them-

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[138]Wife of Lloyd Logan, a retired tobacco merchant. (K. McD.) The house was on the corner of Braddock and Piccadilly Streets. (Mrs. F. McD. W.) It is now the Elks Club. For location of Gen. Milroy's first headquarters, see note 115, p. 126.

selves searching the houses for the hundredth time. They heard yesterday that Mrs. Conrad had made a coat, a great coat for one of her sons. They sent immediately to search the house in hopes of finding it. They did, of course, and today a Jesse Scout wears it on the street. Their meanness and littleness is evident in many things, but in none more than in dressing their scouts and spies in Confederate uniforms to insult and to deceive the people. Many poor simple country people are led to believe them friends, and fall into the snares laid for their destruction.

Mrs. Conrad's daughter told me that the copy of the valentine I had made for Milroy was in the wardrobe where the coat was found, and was lying face down on a shelf that was, as the man thought, thoroughly searched. I had made a copy, an improved one, to show our men when they came again, as the girls were very anxious to have it done, and it had been handed about among our friends, and had remained with the Conrads. They searched Mrs. Tidball's house for the Mason's books and papers, which Mr. Dooley[139] had told them were there. They found and took possession of them.

Today Sue and Flora got by some means a letter from Will and Ed. They were well and expected to be in Winchester shortly, so it said.

April 10, 1863.—Went in town this afternoon and saw an ambulance drawn up in front of Milroy's headquarters, filled with ladies and children and one gentleman. They looked sad and wearied. I passed on and returning, found them getting out at Mrs. Sherrard's door, five ladies, three children and one gentleman. They were Mrs. Stuart, Mrs. James and another lady sent out of Baltimore for disloyalty. Ladies are daily dragged from their homes and the protection of their male relatives, and hurried off to a strange land without even clothes to wear. One party availed themselves of a short stay in Washington at the Old Capitol prison and got a servant or some one to purchase for them a few handkerchiefs and stockings, combs and brushes, etc., which they put in small satchels procured for the purpose. But on leaving Washington, the valiant defenders of the Stars and Stripes took all from them and left them without the means of washing or combing; for the purpose no doubt of making treason odious in their persons.

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[139]A Union man, son-in-law of Barnhart, the carriage maker. (K. McD.) He was arrested in the Northern Methodist Church while at service and sent to Libby Prison, where he died.

Some say there was an alarm last night, and I certainly heard cannon late in the night as I went to the door. A fight took place at Berryville, rumour says, and many troops left here during the night. I hope we will soon see our men and breathe freely once more.

Today a young girl, a teacher in Mrs. Eichelberger's school, wrote a note to a friend in town, which was intercepted on its way and read by a detective.[140] It contained some comment on Milroy's doings and was reported to him. This evening the young lady was sent out of their lines, six or eight miles out of town, and there left by the roadside to find friends and shelter as she may. This evening an order closed Mrs. Eichelberger's school, and now I have no where to send Kenneth.

April 11, 1863.—The week's work over, and all the children in bed and asleep, quiet of course, so the diary comes out. Went in town this morning with Mrs. Dailey. Heard a confirmation of the reported defeat of the enemy at Charleston and the loss of five of their gunboats.

A dreadful story has been circulating that when the negroes under Montgomery and Higginson[141] got to Jacksonville, Florida, the town was given up to their will, and was sacked and burned. We can

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[140]Miss Helen Duncan. She was my teacher. The school was on the Southwest corner of Main and Piccadilly Streets. (K. McD.) Mrs. Eichelberger was the second wife and widow of the Rev. Lewis F. Eichelberger, who came to Winchester in 1828 as pastor of the German Lutheran Church, known as "The Old Stone Church on the Hill." In 1834 he opened the Angerona Institute, a school for young ladies, and was editor of the *Virginian.* (Cartmell.) He was the father, by his first wife, of Charles F. Eichelberger, merchant, who lived after the war in the Robert G. Baldwin home near the eastern end of Picadilly Street. Doctor Eichelberger's school was first established at Fort London in a building erected for the county poor house.

[141]On March 6, 1863, Maj.-Gen. David Hunter applied to Admiral S. F. DuPont for naval co-operation in an expedition into the southern part of his department. The object of this expedition is outlined in a letter of the same date from Brig.-Gen. Rufus Saxton, Military Governor, to Secretary of War Stanton and was to attack and capture Jacksonville with two regiments of negro troops under Cols. James Montgomery and T. W. Higginson and one regiment of white troops and to establish there a haven for fugitive negroes from any of the states in the South and to subjugate Florida with these fugitives trained as soldiers. The white regiment was the 8th Maine Volunteers under Col. John D. Rust. The capture was effected with little resistance on March 10. The place was evacuated on March 29 under Special Order No. 162 of the Department of the South, and the town was reported to be burning by Brig.-Gen. George Finegan, C. S. A., reporting to Brig.-Gen. Thomas Jordan, C. S. A., Chief of Staff, at Charleston, S. C. For correspondence between military officials relating to this subject, see index of Vol. 15, Series 1, W. R. Records. For reference to the same matter and history of the first organization of negro troops by Gen. David Hunter, see pp. 179-207 of "Baked Meats of the Funeral," by Lieut.-Col. Charles G. Halpaine, who was Assistant Adjutant General on General Hunter's staff.

readily picture to our minds the scenes that transpired, having so recently read and been shocked at the accounts of sackings and burnings in India during the Sepoy revolt. That such can and do take place here in our country, and our people the victims is beyond belief, or would be, if we did not know how savage really good people can become when they are abolitionists and fanatics. But it seems hardly possible that the self righteous Yankees could have so far forgotten their regard for the World's good opinion as to inaugurate such a state of things.

I see with sorrow that the much abused Poles are again in revolt, and that dreadful measures are resorted to, to quell them. I could grieve over them, but have not a tear or a sigh to spare for our own distressed people.

I sent a short letter to my husband today; dared say no more than that we were well, and would not distress him by saying we were otherwise than comfortable. I dreamed last night I saw him, and so vivid was the impression that all day long I have had the feeling of having really seen him.

April 14, 1863.—Today Milroy sent Miss Mary McGill out of the lines. Thinking it perfectly right and safe to write a letter to a Northern lady, an officer's wife who had been nursing her sick husband in Mrs. McGill's house, and who she liked very much, she descanted rather imprudently on Milroy's treatment of the citizens. At five o'clock in the afternoon a detective drove up and demanded Miss Mary, put her in a buggy and driving five miles out of town set her down by the road side, without a house or a human being in sight, and then turned and drove back to town.*

The Baltimore American speaks very despondingly of affairs at Charleston, wishes they may have good news from there; also that Foster[142] is surrounded in North Carolina and will have to surrender. If they admit that much their affairs must be even in a worse condition. A very quiet announcement is made that their land and naval forces have abandoned the attempt to take Vicksburg. That is truly a grand result of all their bluster. The most unblushing assertion one would suppose even Yankees capable of making, is contained in

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*Long after, when we were telling of our experiences of Gen. Milroy's amenities, she related her adventures on that occasion. After waiting till dark, sitting by the roadside, she was obliged to avail herself of a seat on one of the horses of a heavily laden wagon; the driver offering it, and apologizing for not giving her a seat inside, the wagon being too full.

[142]Maj. Robert S. Foster, U. S. A., commanding brigade at siege of Suffolk, Va.

the report of the grand attack made on Charleston, in which having been in contemplation for two years, and preparations going on for one year, and blustering and threatening enough to have demolished several cities, they failed gracefully. Their long string of iron clads, the Weehawken in front, advanced to the attack, preceded by the "Devil" with which they no doubt expected to carry dismay to the hearts of all "rebeldom" (as they facetiously style the South), determined on reducing the forts and destroying the city as they had announced so often.

But instead of so happy a result they find their great two turretted Keokuk unable to resist at all; riddled with shots she sank, and all the rest being unable to continue the combat "retired"; not, however, before the "Devil" who seems to have been their great reliance, became disgusted with his associates and abandoned them. Old Mr. Steele[143] remarked that having lost him they had lost their only friend.

Today the Baltimore American announces that it was a "reconnoisance in force to ascertain the strength of the rebel batteries and the position of their obstructions, as well as to test the strength of their iron clads and decide on their ability to resist any fire." The result they say is perfectly satisfactory, as it demonstrated perfectly the defensive qualities of their vessels; but they add very significantly that their offensive qualities have not been so well established.

April 16, 1863.—Well, the American for the first time has told the truth: today it comes out with the information that the whole nation is humbled and disgraced at the failure to take Charleston; but as usual the sacrifice of a great man must be made to appease the angry gods. Admiral Dupont is the victim this time selected, because he did not set aside all the experience in naval affairs that he had acquired in a life of service, and put his faith implicitly in the novelties of the Yankee Ericcson, and risk the lives of his crews, and the safety of his fleet by hurling it against unknown dangers and obstacles, because Mr. Ericcson had deputed the Devil to lead them through. Admiral Dupont exercised his own common sense and for that he is set aside.

Poor old Aunt Winnie gets weaker every day. I fear she cannot last long, and what shall I do without her. This evening the Yankee pickets have been driven in.

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[143]Mr. Robert Steel, a Scotch Nurseryman. (K. McD.)

April 18, 1863.—This morning cannonading near town. I thought surely there would be another battle, but it proved to be only artillery practicing. We have intelligence that Johnston has taken three brigades of Rozencrantz in the west.[144] The American of yesterday said nothing more than that Grant had "changed his base," which means that he has been defeated. Nothing is said of Foster, though it was thought he must surrender. Wise[145] was marching on Suffolk. Norfolk was threatened, and there was general alarm. We are triumphant everywhere, thanks to our Heavenly Father who giveth us the victory. The Confederate loan is well received in Europe, and every thing looks promising for us, but there is sadness with our rejoicing. We that are in the hands of the enemy, drink the bitter cup of humiliation and oppression every day.

Yesterday I saw a wagon full of Baltimore gentlemen drive up to Milroy's headquarters, and wait to be sent out of the lines. They had no baggage, were seized and sent off without a change of clothes. They were guarded by a score of bayonets; every variety of persecution is now resorted to, to subdue our people, even sending negroes into the houses to search. Yesterday Jane Allen came up from her home in the country in pursuit of a negro woman who had been her servant, and who had gone off with nearly all of her's and her children's clothes, as well as a valuable diamond ring that had belonged to her mother. She appealed to the authorities, but as usual, when a pretended search was made nothing was found. Today Rumley was ordered out of his store, and it and its contents taken possession of.

A hospital steward and his wife are quartered on Mrs. Hugh Lee. As the homes of the citizens begin to look attractive in the spring time, they will be driven from them to accommodate the officers and their families.

April 19, 1863.—Communion today in Mr. Graham's church. I felt grateful for the privilege of once more joining in the commemoration of the death of our dear Lord. How touching are those words of His, "Do this in remembrance of me." He knew us so well that He gave us the command lest we should forget Him; Him who

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[144]This evidently refers either to the capture by Generals Forrest and Van Dorn on March 5, 1863, at Spring Hill, Tenn., of portions of Regiments from Indiana, Michigan and Wisconsin under command of Col. John Colburn. ("Military and Naval History of the Rebellion," Tenney, p. 452), or to the capture of 1300 cavalry under Col. Streight by Gen. N. B. Forrest near Rome, Ga., about the middle of April, 1863. (p. 454, Tenney.)

[145]Maj.-Gen. Henry A. Wise, C. S. A.

had done so much for us; who had broken the chains that had bound us in "misery and iron," and opened the gate of mercy to the lost and ruined. Four Yankee officers joined the communicants, the oppressors and the oppressed at the table of the Lord together. He who searchest the hearts knows who are His. Met Mr. Williams who told me of the death of my dear Annette.[146] Beautiful and amiable, she has gone, and left a little babe and a broken up household.

Went to my Bessie's grave. The white violets were blooming at her feet. I gathered some, and their sweet odour made me almost think it was her pure baby breath that floated around.

> "Fit emblems they are of the pure and the bright,
> Who faded and fell with so early a blight."

My heart has been so full all day that I have scarcely thought of the news of the capture of Rozencrantz's army, but whatever happens, nothing seems to give us rest and peace. I feel as if I must give out, for I cannot see how such a strain of anxiety and struggle can be borne much longer.

April 26, 1863.—Nothing written for a week; today a letter from Lizzy telling the particulars of Annette's death, also giving news of poor Monroe.[147] He was among that mass of suffering humanity left on the bloody battlefield of Corinth, or Pittsburg Landing, last summer, and has been suffering till released by death a short time ago.* We are being more severely dealt with by our tyrants every day. Today every shop and place of business was closed to those who would not take the Federal oath. Not even a place to get a shoe mended. We have long ceased to expect to buy.

Nothing further from Rozencrantz. Tonight comes the news

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[146]Annette Tyler married Dr. James H. Turner of Front Royal, Va. The babe survived and was named Roberta Green.

[147]James Monroe Tyler. (See note 46, p. 30.) Graduate William and Mary College. Went to St. Louis, Mo., in 1855. May 10, 1861, captured with others by Gen. Lyons, U. S. A., at Camp Jackson, but released and joined Beauregard's Division of Gen. Albert S. Johnston's Corps. Shiloh is the battle intended. He was promoted to Captain for gallantry in action in this battle but was wounded mortally as supposed a few hours afterwards on the same field. It is entirely possible that Asst. Surg. Joseph Wright, U. S. A., a relative by marriage, was instrumental in turning him over to Gen. Beauregard. He recovered in his hospital, rejoined his command, and served throughout the war. At the close he returned to St. Louis and resumed his business. On May 24, 1856, he married Ada Lindsley of Fairfax County, Virginia. Their children were Julia Beauregard, George Gray, and James Monroe, Jr. He died suddenly in 1868 at Bolton, Miss., while on a business trip.

*A mistake. He was rescued by his brother-in-law, Stanley Wright, of the Federal army, and lived some years after.

that New Creek[148] has been captured with several million dollars worth of stores by Imboden[149] and Jones. If that is true we must soon be relieved. Our prayer meeting tonight was so sweet and comforting. What a dark place this world would be but for the light that shines on it from the One beyond.

May 3, 1863.—Lincoln's fast day. We heard that all the churches were to be opened for service, and that the much dreaded tribe of womankind was to be marched there at the point of the bayonet. No order, however, was issued to that effect. We concluded that Milroy had too much to do to keep the "rebel" men at bay, to waste his strength in compelling their women to pray.

Many think our army is steadily approaching down the valley. There was a fight yesterday at Stasburg. Some of our men were brought in prisoners, and six dead ones of their own, who they say had died of wounds on the way in. "The advices from the War Department," says the Baltimore American, "seem to justify the apprehension that a movement is about to be made down the valley to Western Virginia and towards the Rappahanock at the same time.

If that is true we must soon be free, but if they do not come shortly, I fear we will be all ordered out of the lines unless we take that oath. The American says that Charleston is to be again attacked, sometime this week, and that this is a bonafide attack, not a "reconnoisance"; that the Nation demands that the "rebellion" be reduced either to submission or to ashes. They now allow no papers to come to the soldiers from their homes; they are all opened and detained at the postoffice. Many of them find their way out in the shape of wrapping paper, and those I have seen have a decidedly rebellious flavor.

May 4, 1863.—The lovely first of May has come and gone and no leaves as yet on the trees. The weather is warm and delightful, and the May moon looks sadly down through the bare branches of the trees. The spring seems reluctant to put on her beautiful robes when there is so much sorrow and desolation everywhere.

Saturday's papers gave an account of a rebel raid into Western Virginia. One of the statements is that the cavalry were under the

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[148]New Creek was not captured on this expedition, but Gen. William E. Jones penetrated into Pennsylvania and destroyed many bridges on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. His attack April 26, 27, 1863, on Cheat River bridge failed for want of surprise of the guard, due to difficult marching caused by high water. This object of the expedition was abandoned. (See note 17, p. 21.)

[149]Maj.-Gen. John D. Imboden, C. S. A.

command of Col. E. H. MacDonald; another that there were two thousand under Jenkins.[150] A gentleman who saw them as they passed through Moorefield says there were twenty-one hundred of them. The papers acknowledge that they have destroyed a great deal of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and thrown Pennsylvania into a panic. Hooker has crossed the Rappahanock and invited an attack from Lee in the open field. The American fears it will be a terrible reverse if not a great victory. It says very wisely that there was so little opposition to his crossing, that there was danger of a repetition of the poor fly's disaster when it ventured to accept the spider's invitation to "walk into the parlour." His burning the bridges behind him seems not an act of daring, but one of uncommon stupidity. Two regiments of cavalry went out today towards Western Virginia.

May 6, 1863.—The rain is pouring and the night dismal enough. I cannot quiet my excitement, or rid myself of a dreadful depression of spirit. "For a field of the dead rushes red on my sight," and though I do not fear that our clans have been scattered, for I have faith that it is not so; but I cannot shut out from my inner sight the sorrowful picture that may this night be seen on the banks of that river. The poor wounded and dying ones; and in such a storm! with no eye to pity or arm to save. I dread to hear the result of that contest, but whatever it may be, there is none the less of anguish and death to those we love.

May 7, 1863.—Went in town to hear the news, and to my surprise and distress learned that Angus had been captured by a troop of cavalry that went out under Maj. Quinn, and brought him into town. He was escorted to Mary's house by a Mr. Graham, who by Maj. Quinn's politeness had been deputed to guard him instead of a bayonet.

He is to remain there while in town. He had been on a visit to his wife, who is at her mother's in Hampshire, and when on his way back was overtaken and captured. Maj. Quinn assured us that Gen. Milroy had heard such good news that he was in excellent humour, and would be likely to extend any privilege to Angus.

May 7, 1863.—The news he alluded to was a paragraph in the Baltimore American pretending to give an account of a great victory over Lee. No one believes it, on the contrary, it is evident to my mind from a careful reading of the paragraph that it was anything

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[150] Brig.-Gen. A. G. Jenkins.

but a victory. Nevertheless the Yankees are satisfied, which they generally are with very small achievements; and are very jubilant. They seem to take it for granted that Stoneman's[151] cavalry raid was successful, but one proof that it was not so, is, that according to their own confession it has not been heard from. The most significant fact of all is though, that there are no telegraphic dispatches, and no communication from the victorious army with the War Department. The American goes so far as to say that the Germans were panic stricken and behaved very badly; they turned and fled; that Sedgewick's[152] corps had been obliged to retreat across the Rappahanock, and that it was rumoured that the "enemy" had retaken the Heights of Fredericksburg, but that Gen. Hooker had said that all that "was of no consequence." It concluded with a wise caution to its readers not to consider the matter as decided.

May 8, 1863.—Friday. Felt so anxious about Angus that I went in town this morning to learn what had been done with him. Heard that they had sent him to the guardhouse but would allow him to go about the town, if some one would be his security; that he would not run away. Set out with Flora to try and find some one who would act that friendly part.

He was gone from the guard house, and we went to Milroy's headquarters where we found him. Mr. Philip Williams went security for him. The greatest proof of Milroy's brutality that I have yet heard of was his asking Angus during his examination of him when he was first arrested if he desired the "rebellion" to succeed, and believed it would. Angus replied that he did desire it to succeed and believed it would; whereupon Milroy in a great rage declared it never would, but that they would send all the rebel's d——d souls to h——l. Such treatment of a gentleman so moderate and dignified as Angus, and a prisoner in his hands, could only have been inflicted by General Milroy.[153]

As we passed about the streets, the private Yankee soldiers would turn around when walking before us, or come up by our side and

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[151]Maj.-Gen. George Stoneman.

[152]Maj.-Gen. Vol. George Sedgewick.

[153]He was sent to Camp Chase and then to the Antheneum at Wheeling as a prisoner of the government of the Restored State of Virginia under Governor Pierrepont. Later sent to Richmond on parole to be exchanged for Dr. W. P. Rucker, Sheriff, or Morgan Garrett. On investigation it was found that Rucker had escaped and the exchange was made for Garrett. He returned to his duties as Commissary of the regiment. His regiment was attached to the command of General Rosser and was one of the units forming the Laurel Brigade.

sneeringly tell us how well we were beaten. Five o'clock came and we saw throngs of soldiers running to get the papers. Soon they came up the street reading them, their faces grave and manner quiet and subdued. Our hearts beat high, and countenances brighter in proportion. Dr. Boyd comes solemnly up the street with a paper in his hand. He goes into Mr. Williams' house; it is nearer than his own. Soon Mr. Williams follows with a paper in his hand and goes in too. We have sent Harry for one, and are waiting in Mary's parlour for it, Angus, Mary, the girls and I.

Now he comes with the paper in his hand and exultation in his eyes. I meet him at the door and seizing the paper read aloud, "General Hooker recrosses the Rappahanock." "That is enough!" they all shouted, "they are beaten." Angus had all the time declared his belief that they would be severely defeated.

Then came the sickening distortions, and endeavors to conceal the fact that they had been totally and severely defeated; had lost frightful numbers. Of course it was all attributed to overwhelming superiority of numbers on our part, and also to the heavy rains that threatened Gen. Hooker's communications.

In refreshing contrast to their disingenuous and falsified accounts were the extracts from the Richmond Examiner. First came a dispatch from Gen. Lee:

> "General Jackson penetrated to the rear of the enemy and severely defeated him. We have to thank Almighty God for another great victory."

But there was another announcement—that Gen. Jackson had been severely wounded. Of course our grief is almost as great as our joy; for no man was ever better loved by a people than Jackson; the inhabitants of the valley love and venerate him ardently, and almost regard him as peculiarly their own. So much skill and such daring bravery, and such energy were scarcely ever before united in one man; and then his deep and sincere piety gives him a place in the respect and affection of all. We do thank God for our victory, but we exult all the same that our vain-glorious enemy has met his just deserts, and we triumph in our great leaders.

May 9, 1863.—Papers today are trying to make the matter better, but tell much the same story. The soldiers revenge their defeat by mockingly calling out to the ladies as they pass, "We've killed Old Jack; Old Jack is dead."

Two regiments left today; some think they are about to evacuate. They went to Washington I was told. There is a great deal of sickness in town. Sue has typhoid fever, Mary's children are sick, and my poor little feeble Hunter, too. A regiment of cavalry have established themselves in the yard; close to the house are their stacks of hay, and wagons of food for their horses. When they first came they stabled some of their horses in the basement dining room, but after a while turned the horses out and took up their own quarters there. So at all hours of the day and night men's feet are trampling in and out, and oaths and drinking songs float out of the windows and penetrate the walls and floors till they reach my reluctant ears.

May 13, 1863.—Was distressed beyond measure today to see from the papers the certainty of Gen. Jackson's death accounts copied from Richmond papers. We can only hope they are not true. This evening I heard from a source not to be doubted that his arm had been amputated. The extract from the Richmond paper saying he was doing well could not have been later than the message I heard. I can hope, however, that it is an exaggeration of the enemy.

The Yankee papers say that Hooker is ready for another advance, and even that he has again crossed the Rappahanock. That, however, is contradicted by other accounts given by themselves. Some statements of their losses put them at 40,000 men.

News from Western Virginia is that we have Wheeling, and that Gen. Joe Johnston has defeated Rozencrantz. Mary Maguire is dying of consumption, and languishing in the close air of the town; but all requests to have her removed to the country have been refused. I heard today that Milroy had said that every house was to be burned, the owners of which had sent their slaves into the Confederate lines for safekeeping. Mrs. Taylor's was one that was to be burned.

May 15, 1863.—The shadows are darkening around us in the devoted town. Jackson is certainly dead. There is no longer room to doubt it. To say that it is a personal calamity to each and every individual is to say little. "The Mighty has fallen," but he carries to his grave the hopes, and is followed by the bitter tears of the people in whose defense he lost his life, and who loved him with grateful devotion. No loss could be felt as his will be. In every great battle fought in Virginia he has been a leader, and has never known defeat. Success crowned his every effort. Especially was Winchester the object of his care and solicitude. Last spring when he was driving Banks out, as he rode through the town, the people poured out of their

houses giving vent to their joy and exultation, he was heard to say, "A noble old town. It and its people are worth fighting for."

Even the Yankee papers accord to him the praise that was justly his. One, the New York Tribune, the greatest enemy the South has, speaks of him as "A great General, a brave soldier, a pure man, and a true Christian," but adds that they are glad to be rid in any way of so terrible a foe. He needs not their praise to add to the lustre of his great name. His place will be forever in the hearts of the Southern people. Not only the Hero's laurels bind his brow, but a crown incorruptible has been placed on it by the great Captain whose he was and whom he served. The people in town feel very despondent about being relieved from their bondage now that the Champion of the Valley is no more.

May 15, 1863.—Well may they sigh for relief, for the tyrant's hand becomes every day heavier; besides there are indications, it is said, of a dreadful disease breaking out in the camps. Eight hundred of the soldiers are sick in the town, besides many dying, and in town there is scarcely a house where there is not sickness, mostly of young persons. Notice was given Dr. Boyd that he must vacate his house and give it up for a hospital, and tomorrow he and his family must go, and become wanderers like so many others. Of course, they will be sent out of the lines.

Mine will be taken also I am sure, the ill is only delayed; it will come. One satisfaction I have though in all this distress, and that is, that the children are comparatively well and enjoy life; not as they once did, but still they do enjoy it, and they are good children, all of them. Nelly, little thing as she is, is companionable, and almost too sympathizing. Her feeling for me makes her poor little face often look sad and dejected. Roy with his unceasing busy energy, and Donald quite melts me when he comes in with a lilac, or a tulip or snowdrop, and his blue eyes look so confiding as he offers them. Harry and Allan are always engaged in making seizures of arms on the sly, and I am constantly afraid they will be detected in it. They have a repository in the garret where no searcher has ever penetrated and where they have quite a store. Kenneth looks envyingly at them when they speak of stores of swords and pistols they will have to hand over to the Confederates when they come.

Only once have I been made uneasy by the boys breaking through the restraints I have thrown around them to keep them out of harm's way. It was last spring, when we were all so anxious about the fate

of our army while McClellan's attack was preparing. We had heard that there had been a battle but nothing definite; when one morning I missed Allan, and after waiting a day and night, sent Harry mounted on Kit to try and find him. He had become footsore and very weary of wandering and was taking a good cry when, he said, he spied Harry at the top of a distant hill, and recognized him and Kit. When they met he mounted behind and they jogged on towards home, stopping to eat cherries whenever they saw any. On the way home, they said, they saw a cavalry officer capture several Yankees. Allan said he wanted to get news of the family, and that was his reason for going.

Last night I left this book in which I am writing lying on a table and went down stairs. Nell spied two officers approaching the house, and supposing they were coming for a search, first concealed the book and then went to see what they wanted. Great prudence on the part of a maiden of seven years. I might not have taken such a precaution myself. I asked her why she did it, and she said she thought there might be something in it the Yankees ought not to see. I had not thought of her knowing the character of the book.

Last night Harry informed me that he had discovered a number of fine sabres concealed under the Presbyterian Church on Kent Street, and announced his determination to possess himself of them.[153½]. I did not think of it again, but last night he and Jim Dailey made their appearance, Allan also, just as the drums beat for taps, with delighted faces and sparkling eyes, and each threw down a large bundle on the floor. Soon Harry began to draw out sabre after sabre, each wrapped by itself in an old bag to keep from clashing; they laughed merrily to think how they had passed all the guards with the bundle under Harry's arm. One, he says, he actually bumped with the bundle, and when he saw the ubiquitous and all-seeing Purdy, he became quite excited; but even his Argus eyes discerned nothing wrong in the bundle, and after he was fairly out of reach he laughed back, "You don't know everything Mr. Purdy."

May 17, 1863.—Just came from prayer meeting; heard that Ben White had been killed in the battle of Fredericksburg, his mother's only son and he a mere boy. Young Lyle and two others named Lighter, sons of a plasterer and his only ones, are among the killed.

Heard that Gen. Jackson was shot by his own men while recon-

[153½] The sabres were awaiting the sharpening being carried on in the basement (K. McD.)

noitering, expecting a night attack. We ought to feel willing to give him back to Him who gave him, and who has taken him to Himself. His mission was no doubt accomplished, but it was a bitter day for the South when he left us.

Went to my darling's grave at sunset. Spent a long time there trying to realize that she still lives in a better life. The grass grows on her innocent breast, and lilies of the valley and sweet violets bloom where she lies. While cares thicken and troubles perplex, and the sorrows of all around me make my heart sad, I can almost feel glad that she is away from it all.

May 22, 1863.—Moore, the Captain of the Jessee Scouts, was yesterday captured by our men. Today they sent and took George Ward[154] and his little brother prisoners to be held as hostages for Moore's safety; him who they know deserves hanging. George is the age of Harry, and his little brother about ten. They are now shut up in prison with all sorts of evil men.

Today I received another intimation that my house would be wanted for a regimental hospital. I feel a sickening despair when I think of what will be my condition if they do take it. Where can I go, what can I do without home or shelter, and no means to buy it if it could be had? The children, some of them are sick, and how can I leave poor old Aunt Winnie?

I have had so many startling visits, and been so often summoned to surrender the house, and so often intruded upon by rude men, that if I hear a step on the porch my heart palpitates and flutters in a way to frighten me. It is often long before I can quiet its beatings. I am growing thin and emanciated from anxiety and deprivation of proper food and am weak; and now have become faint-hearted. So I fear if they make many more demands I must give up and leave all, for I do not think I can much longer continue the struggle.

The last vestige of beauty, and the last remains of anything green have been destroyed on the place. The lilacs and syringas, and many beautiful things bloomed out in the early spring in the midst of the

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[154]Born Winchester, 1847. The younger brother was Julian, born February, 1851. They were sons of George W. Ward from Culpeper and his wife, Julia A. Funston, from White Post in Clark County. George went to the Virginia Military Institute in 1864 and fought with the cadet corps at New Market. Julian, assisted by a companion, William Bell, on October 18, 1864, kidnapped General Sheridan's fine black charger from its stable, which compelled the General to mount the first horse he could find to begin his famous ride. A few nights later the General's horse was returned to his stable. George became a judge in after years and Julian an Army Medical Officer and later Medical Examiner for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

desolation, but they were soon destroyed; long branches of bloom would be broken off to decorate their horses' heads; thus adorned they would gallop around the house, to attract attention to their depredations. Every day, and twice a day two or three hundred artillery horses are driven by the house immediately under the windows on their way to get water. The noise and cursing with the dust of their trampling feet is intolerable.

Today there was cannonading, directed, it is said, against some of our men who are near town.

Some days ago an old woman came to me offering to sell vegetables, or something I could not buy. She insisted on coming in the house and penetrated up stairs to a private room. When she reached it she mysteriously dived down into her stocking, and drew thence a crumpled paper. It was a short note from my husband saying he would be with us soon. She would not tell me how she got it, or in fact any thing about her ostensible errand, but made signs so as to convey the idea of something approaching in such multitudes as to cover the earth. She had taken the oath, and with her tongue could utter nothing, but her eyes and hands were expressive enough to make me know that the Confederate army was on its march. I was so happy and so thankful that her conscience did not hinder her communication by pantomime.

They are again making demonstrations against Vicksburg, attacking now in the rear. They have taken possession of Jackson, the Capital of the state, and have burned it. If they succeed in cutting the railroad Vicksburg must give up for she can get no more supplies.

June 4, 1863.—Nothing written for many days; troubles without number. One day last week we were all about to sit down to dinner when a step was heard in the hall. I went out and there stood a gentleman in citizen's clothes, but with military gauntlets on. He introduced himself as Major Butterworth.[155] I knew what he had come for, so said nothing but stood waiting for him to tell his errand. He told me that he was a quarter master, and that he had been sent to inform me that I must give up the house, as they must have it for a hospital, that orders had been given for it to be taken immediately; that I could if I chose retain one room in it, but that Gen. Milroy thought I had better go out of the lines, that if I would consent to

[155]No doubt Captain Ebenezer Butterworth, Company C, 1st Michigan Infantry. (W. R. R., S. 1, Vol. 2, p. 413.) Reported mortally wounded at first battle of Bull Run July 21, 1861. (p. 19, S. 1, Vol. 2.) He must have been convalescent at the time mentioned, but he does not appear to have re-entered the service.

do so he would furnish wagons to take away all the household articles I might wish to remove, and also conveyances for myself and family as far as Edinburg. I heard him, but did not realize what he said, and could only cover my face with my hand and burst into tears. My feelings were beyond control; it was the first time I had given way before any of them, but I had lost the power of resistance, and all my self command.

The little children came running out of the dining room and clustered around me, crying violently without knowing why. He said nothing more, but got up and stood for a while by the door. At last he said, "Perhaps if you see Gen. Milroy yourself you may induce him to alter his arrangements with regard to your house." So taking leave he vanished. I lost no time in seeking Milroy's presence. It was a hot afternoon, the doors of Mrs. Logan's house all standing open, and the sentinel lazily walking back and forth before the front door.

I went in. Other guards were in the hall and an orderly waiting at the parlour door. I was directed to go in the front parlour and told to wait; sat down and for some time listened to voices in the next room. Milroy's voice in coarse harsh tones, and a delicate lady's voice replying in an apologetic manner, and entreating for something to be granted, something to be restored of which she had been robbed. A final refusal, and the door opened. Mrs. Harrison came out flushed and excited, with angry eyes and resentful manner. She had driven alone twenty-five miles on that hot day to beg the return of her lost horse that she depended upon for every thing. She had been Matty Page, had all her life had whatever she fancied, and had never known an ungratified desire. Their estate was a large and fine one in Clarke County, but had been desolated.

My time came. I went in with my heart in my mouth, for I knew he was angry, and felt some terror at encountering him. He was sitting by a table before a window, with his elbow resting on the table and his head leaning on his hand. I went straight up to his side. "Gen. Milroy," said I. He looked around impatiently. "They have come to take my house from me," as if it would be a surprise to him. He turned around and looked full at me. "Well you ought to go to your husband. I cannot suffer you to remain in that house any longer, besides," he said turning around in his chair, "you had better go before the exodus begins, for I expect orders to send out all rebel sympathizers, and by G—— I will do it," he said fiercely, striking

his hand on the table. "Why should you expect me to shelter you and your family, you who are a rebel, and whose husband and family are in arms against the best government the world ever saw." I said not a word, and presently he spoke more quietly. "The authorities in Washington are informed of my allowing you to keep that house, and I have had orders to take it." "But, Gen. Milroy, you are commandant here, and no one surely can interfere with your commands; you can take which houses you choose, and you can suffer me to remain in mine, where at least I can have a shelter for my sick children, or you can send me off to wander about with no house or food to eat, and no means to procure any. It is as you please; for you to say whether I go or stay. You were very kind to offer me conveyances, and I appreciate your kindness, but I do not know where to go." He looked out at the window and remained silent. I waited for some time and at last spoke. "What shall I do, Gen. Milroy, must I go, or may I stay. I will do as you say."

I waited again. At last he raised his head and looked in my face. "You can stay but I allow it at the risk of my commission. I have been threatened already with the loss of it for my indulgence to such as you." I thanked him; indeed I could almost have kissed his hand, and hurried home surprised at my success. I could not help pitying him for he seemed to be troubled, and his face looked very dejected when I first went in I thought. He has been good to me, but others have felt the weight of his hand.

June 5, 1863.—We have glorious news: Grant has been compelled to raise the siege. The papers say Gen. Lee's army is in motion, and the Yankees here are certainly in a commotion. They expect to leave evidently—some say there is a Confederate force as near as Kernstown, and a battle is shortly expected. Only exciting rumours, but no certain intelligence.

The roses, all torn and scattered as the bushes are, are in full bloom in the place where the garden was. A large bouquet is blooming on my work stand that Nelly has placed there. The odour of one brings to my mind the image of one who, as pure and perfect as itself, I last saw holding in her pale hand its counterpart. Its fragrance brings the picture of the little still form, and the fair face with its rapt look lying in all its serene loveliness in the little white coffin. Often does memory bring back that last look which she gave to earthly things, and often does it recall me from thoughts of sorrow and sadness to visions of that happy world where she has found her home.

June 9, 1863.—Today Dr. Baldwin was ordered to pay wages to a negro whom he had hired from his master. He refused to do it, saying the money was due the master and not the man, when Milroy had him seized and sent out of the lines with his wife at an hour's notice. His house and furniture have been seized.

June 10, 1863.—Reports that our troops are near the town. I have had another summons to vacate the house; but I may not after all be obliged to go. The orders were to be ready by the 11th; that wagons would be here to take me to Edinburgh. I had taken heart to have the house all cleaned and the matting put down, so if I have to leave some of them will enjoy it.

June 11, 1863.—No washerwoman and soiled clothes to carry away; so today I tried to have a few of the children's clothes washed. Harry and Allan brought up a long forgotten old washing machine from the cellar, and we all attempted the washing. The boys turned the machine and rubbed alternately, while I inspected the work. Aunt Winnie looked sorrowfully on at the usurpation of her prerogative. While we were busy at the clothes we were startled at the report of a cannon, another, and another. The boys leave all and run. Notwithstanding the cannon, I made an effort to hang out the clothes, but failed. I left them, too, and went in to sit down till my heart stopped beating as if it would thump its way out. My hand has a hole in it from the soap and the rubbing; on every knuckle. I tried to wash the dirt out of the wristbands. Heard this evening that the Confederates were certainly near town. Report for once said the truth. Heard that there has been fighting, and that many Yankees were captured.

Went in town with Mrs. Dailey and saw no signs of their leaving, but the fighting continues.

June 12, 1863.—The battle raged all day in sight of town, shells screaming through the air so constantly that for some time we dared not go out. I sent the servant girl, Nannie,[156] to town on an errand and as she came near the gate a shell burst in front of her. She was terribly frightened, and quickened her steps; when she reached the house, panting, she remarked that it was the last time she was going to town; and I do not wonder, for it was no holiday spectacle. The hardest fighting was on the old battlefield of Kernstown where Jackson fought them a little more than a year ago, and by his strat-

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[156] A servant, probably picked up to meet emergencies. (Mrs. F. McD. W.)

egy changed their entire plans. The Yankee soldiers say that Milroy will certainly destroy the town if he is hard pressed. A man told me that Lee has driven Hooker into Alexandria and from another source I hear that Trimble[157] is in Front Royal and that Berryville is in our possession. We have a large force near here and tomorrow there will be a severe fight. There will be a struggle for possession of the town and fort. The town may be destroyed as they threaten, but we can only hope and pray for the best. I shall sleep tonight, that is I shall try, to be ready for what tomorrow may bring. I can scarcely hope to see our men so soon.

June 14, 1863.—Victory! thanks to our Father in Heaven; our enemies are at last powerless to harm us. Musketry and cannon firing began early in the morning, but not very near us. Mrs. Dailey came over to stay with me as her house was so unprotected, and was within range of the shells. We sat together in the dining room before the windows looking to the West; and it seemed so strange to sit quietly in a rocking chair and watch the progress of a battle. We were yet on the outskirts, and could see the troops deploying, skirmish lines thrown forward and mounted men galloping from one point to another, batteries wheeling into position, and every now and then the thunder of cannon and the shriek of shell. Still they were at a distance, and there we sat, all that sweet June morning, and watched and listened, and occasionally shrank a little when a shell from a battery on the same hill opposite to the house, that one year ago our troops stormed and took, and sent its defenders panic-stricken down the hillside or rolled them in the dust; when a shell came crashing through the trees near the house, and reminded us that we were in danger. Thick and fast they presently came, one after another. A Confederate battery has possession of the hill, and the answering shots are from the fort. We are just in their path. Our battery is south of us, and the fort slightly east of north. So they go, whizzing screaming, and coming down with a dreadful thud or crash and then burst. We hold our breath and cover our eyes till they pass. I gather all the children in till the firing ceases.

About noon there is comparative quiet, and Mrs. Dailey goes home with her children. I begin to feel that the effort has failed and the Confederates are retiring; but it is only the lull before another greater storm. About three o'clock I went out into the front porch to see what was going on. The children were playing in the yard. High

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[157] Maj.-Gen. Isaac R. Trimble.

on the hill opposite the same battery spouted flame and smoke, and the fort slowly responded. Men were passing and repassing, and many looking pale and anxious. Some wearily dropped down and went to sleep under the trees.

The two little boys, Donald and Roy, seemed to forget the shells and were playing in the yard, running and catching the men as they passed, saying, "I take you prisoner." Though there was a cessation of the firing in a great measure, the faces of the passing groups of men, or stragglers, as they were, did not look less anxious. I heard one officer telling another that Mulligan[158] was coming from Cumberland to relieve them. Then I felt comfortable to know that they needed relief. I was, up to that time, ignorant of the state of affairs, and of all except what was to be seen from my own point of observation. At five o'clock I again went and stood on the porch, dejectedly fancying that the attempt had failed, and we were again left to our fate.

Two officers stood within hearing leaning against a tree, a linden tree that grew close to the house door, and filled the air with its perfume. They were pale and looked disturbed as they talked to each other in a low tone. Suddenly a blaze of fire from those western hills from which Mulligan was to issue for their relief. "That is Mulligan," said one; "Mulligan has come," echoed all around. But the shout was suddenly silenced when they saw the direction in which the balls were sent. Straight into their works they plunged, and soon a dusky line was seen making its way toward their outer works. Crashing of cannon and rattling of musketry till those were taken, and then the guns were turned on the fort. Then it seemed as if shells and cannon balls poured from every direction at once. One battery from the hill opposite our house rushed down and through our yard, their horses wounded and bleeding, and men wounded also, and pale with fright. More artillery and more horses and pale flying men rush by where I stood. Hurrying groups of stragglers, and officers without swords, and some bareheaded. They were all hastening up to the fort which they had imagined was a place of safety.

Gen. Milroy with a few of his body guard galloped by; I saw his pale agitated face as he passed within ten feet of me, and felt sorry for him; so following my impulse of being kind I bowed to him; from pure sympathy; for I really did at the time feel for his misfortunes, though I would not have averted them. He may have thought

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[158]Col. James A. Mulligan, 23rd Illinois Volunteers, "The Irish Regiment."

it a piece of mock respect, but whatever he thought or felt, he bowed low, till his plume almost touched his horse's mane. The fort all the time was sending its huge shot and shell over and through the town to where our troops were, and from the west proceeded a blaze of fire and a cloud of smoke that carried death into their stronghold into which they were crowding by hundreds.

Until now they seemed to be flying to the fort for safety, and it was pitiable to see them as they were hurrying by, turn their eyes to the west, pause and look bewildered, then look around for a place of safety, and finally avail themselves of the only spot the shells did not reach, the angle of our house. I had retreated there with my children when the shots and shells began to fly so fast, and burst all around the house; and then as I sat on the porch bench men came crowding in. Now a surgeon bringing a wounded man; he, the surgeon, looks so humbled and frightened that I did not at first recognize in him the same one who had behaved so insultingly last winter when he demanded my house. He goes away, but soon comes back more frightened and agitated than ever. They talk openly of being surrounded. The soldiers say they will stay and be captured.

I tried to comfort the wounded man who sat on the bench by me, but he was past comfort; a ball was lodged in his throat and he sat with his poor wretched face distorted with pain through all those weary hours; close to me he was and the hard breathing as he struggled to keep the blood from choking him was dreadful to hear. Crowd after crowd of men continued to pour into the porch till it was packed full; then they crowded as close as they could get, to be sheltered by the angle of the house. Ambulances were backed up to let out their loads of wounded, and horses reared frantic with pain from their bleeding wounds. Some were streaming with blood, and looking wild, with their poor eyes stretched wide with pain and fright. All made an effort to crowd in there and the close atmosphere was almost suffocating. I could not move, or hide the dreadful sights from my eyes.

All the while the batteries thundered, the booming of cannon, the screaming of shells (who that has ever heard that scream can ever forget it?), and the balls of light go shooting over our heads, followed by that fearful explosion. All the weary while the children were leaning on my lap; I was holding my poor little Hunter. Roy and Nelly were perfectly composed, looking up at the shells as they flew over and came crashing down. Donald, poor little four year old

baby, hid his face on my knee and sobbed. Old Aunt Winnie sat not far off, crying and wringing her hands. "Oh Miss Cornelia," she said, "you will all be killed." I did not know whether we would be or not; it really seemed impossible that we could come out of that chaos alive. One object my eyes were so fascinated with that I could scarcely withdraw them; it was the face of Tuss; a more abject looking wretch it would be diffiicult to conceive of. The expression of woe on his ugly old face was ludicrous; his eyes were fixed on me with a beseeching look as if I could help him if I would. He remembered, no doubt, his past misconduct and that must have given an additional sting to his distress; he was the impersonation of grief and fright.

At last the sun goes down, and the firing is less constant; soon it ceases altogether. Some of the men get up and make a move as if to go away, but only saunter off a few steps, and stop in the yard. Some get to laughing and talking, the reaction from anxiety and dread. These same men had been fighting for two days. Some looked really happy, and I doubt not felt greatly relieved. I got up and went to the kitchen and had some milk boiled for the wounded man that sat near me. He tried to take it but could not. I had him taken in and laid on the hall longe; others followed, and before I knew it there were at least fifty men in the house. They asked permission to come in, it is true, but it was useless I knew, to withhold it, as they were many and I was one; and I did not then know the result of the contest. After dark I left the children with Aunt Winnie and walked out in the back yard to see what was going on. Most of the men and all the officers had dispersed, and gone I do not know where. Some of the ambulances with wounded, and all of the horses had gone. I met Mr. Wood and Mr. Steele near the house. They say our forces have captured nearly all of Milroy's command.

While that lull was taking place in the middle of the day Early[159] was silently making his way around to the rear of the enemy, and suddenly burst on them with his batteries from the hills at the west, in the manner I have described. When I went into the house the floors were all covered with men, some asleep and others preparing for it by stacking their muskets in a corner and stretching themselves on the floor. It was vain to try to get anything to eat for myself and children, so I took the little ones and preceded by Harry and Allan who had arrived a few minutes before, with Kenneth who had

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[159]Maj.-Gen. Jubal A. Early.

followed them, all full of news, I came up stairs and sent the children to bed without even shutting a house door.

What is the use, have I not a strong guard down stairs? I do not feel the least fear, but will quietly lie down and take my rest.

June 15, 1863.—I did not lock my chamber door and then went to bed and slept as soundly as I ever did in my life. The scenes of the day floated through my brain all night, the maneuvering troops scudding over the hills, shells flying, men rushing back and forth, artillery, infantry and ambulances confusedly hurrying by, and amidst it all my little ones playing in the yard in the bright summer sunshine, as happy and unconcerned as if all was peace around them. Poor little things, they have long been used to scenes of strife and confusion, and I suppose it now seems to them the natural course of things.

I was wakened at dawn by cannon, dressed and went down; the floor was still covered with sleeping men. Their sleep was deep for they were very weary I suppose. At any rate I had to push one with my foot to arouse him and told him to awake the others. I waited for them to go, and invited them to depart, but still they lingered. The cannon had ceased. I went to the front door and there filing into the yard was a column of grey coats! I could not help it, but waved my handkerchief high over my head. They came up and halted before the door. I told an officer the Yankees were in the house; he asked me to send them out. I told them to go, and each one laid his musket down and marched sadly out.

They marched them off, and I ran through the wet grass up to the top of the hill where the fort was. I went to it. The United States flag was waving in the morning breeze, but not a soldier was to be seen. They had all gone and destroyed nothing. I stood looking with amazement at the immense work they had constructed so near me and I had never seen it before; never dared to go in that direction. Some one came galloping up the hill. It was Capt. Richardson. He told me of Early's flank movement; he was with him. The Louisiana brigade charged the first outwork and took it, then turned the guns on the fort. That was the time when the firing was heaviest, and the terror so great. General Gordon[160] and his staff soon come riding up, and I turn and go down the hill.

Went in town this afternoon; the girls told me that in the early morning, long before light, many ladies expecting our men to come

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[160]Maj.-Gen. John B. Gordon.

in had assembled in the streets to greet them; and as the marching column drew near they with one accord burst into singing "The Bonnie Blue Flag." The bands all stopped, and the troops stood still till they had finished, and then their shouts rent the air, caps were waved, and hurrahs resounded.

Lieut. Richardson came to tea; he gave me a description of their approach to the town. Milroy evacuated the fort during the night and stole away leaving the flag flying. All his force was captured about seven miles from town. We captured all their baggage, even their officers' trunks and mess chests. Milroy escaped alone by a by-road. Our men threaten to hang him if they can catch him on account of his treatment of the people of the town. Today I saw forty-five hundred prisoners marched by. Many faces I recognized as those I have had to look at all the winter.

June 15, 1863.—This afternoon a squad of Confederates marched up to the door with a woe begone looking surgeon in the midst of them. When they got him to the door they sent for me to ask if he was the one who behaved so badly to me last winter. I recognized in him the one who had been kind and serviceable in helping me to take care of Aunt Winnie when she was ill, and was glad to testify in his favour. He had asked them to bring him to me that I might convince them that he had not been offensive in his behavior. Every surgeon they had taken was ironed and sent to Richmond to the Libby prison.[161] Dr. Patton was my man, and I think they got him, but for fear of missing him they took all.

June 16, 1863.—Went to town to help to make a Confederate flag out of two captured ones. Made it by the new pattern. White flag with the battle flag for the Union. We had to work hard for Gen. Ewell[162] waited to see it float before he left for Pennsylvania. I stood on Mrs. Hopkins' porch holding it up to see how it looked, when Mr. Williams passed. Men were going by, Yankees and all. "It is imprudent," said Mr. Williams, "to let them see you with it." I laughed at his fears, feeling so triumphant, and so secure that our army was there for good.

Saw Gen. Early and staff on our way from the fort where we had gone to see the flag raised. We call it "Fort Jackson." Saw Hunter Maguire, who told us Jenkins was in Pennsylvania.

June 17, 1863.—Have been hoping all day to see Mr. MacDonald,

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[161] Possibly Isaac Patton, a contract surgeon. (See pp. 118 and 172.)

[162] Lieut.-Gen. Richard S. Ewell.

but have not even heard from him. We hear the army is all passing towards Maryland, some think to take Washington.

June 18, 1863.—No Mr. MacDonald yet. I am filled with anxiety, but he must be on the way or he would have written. Gen. Lee is to be in town this evening. Major Snodgrass[163] of Gen. Early's staff sent me the contents of Gen. Elliot's[164] mess chest today. A good rain, but it prevents me from going to see Gen. Lee enter the town.

Heard that Milroy reported that he had cut his way out with five thousand men and had taken many prisoners.

September, 1875.—The diary ends here; as anxieties and trials increase it is forgotten. As a narrative of the events that followed may be interesting to my family, I will try to give it as nearly as I can recollect.

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[163]Maj. C. E. Snodgrass, Quartermaster.
[164]Maj.-Gen. Washington L. Elliott, U. S. A



THE APRON FLAG.

"They lifted him softly
"Smoothed the clustered curls apart
"Found the tiney battle apron
"Closely pillowed on his heart.

"And then to catch the whisper
"Through the storm and dim of strife
"Take my pledge tis not dishonored
"I have kept it with my life.

"It is just a little apron
"and its simple life is told
"There're battle marks upon its belt
"and blood stain in its fold.

Virginia Frazer Boyle, 1887.

NARRATIVE OF OUR REFUGEE LIFE FROM JUNE 18, 1863

I WAITED vainly to see my husband, for he never came. Never again saw his home. He was lying ill in Richmond while I was waiting and expecting. The triumph recorded in the last pages was shortlived, for soon the dreadful echoes from the field of Gettysburg[1] sounded in our ears, and put an end to our joy. Once more the streets were filled with wounded and bleeding men, not to find rest and relief, but to be hurried on to a place of greater security, all at least who could be moved, and all who could walk, however severe the wound might be. Uncertainty and dread of the evil to come seemed to fill every heart; preparations were going forward to evacuate the town again, and all was confusion and distress.

It had been decided that we must go if the army retreated, and so I sadly went about preparing to take my flight. I sent from the house such things as I could get away, the Confederate soldiers carrying for me. A sick Lieutenant was staying in the house, a sad looking man with a scarcely healed bullet wound in his left cheek, a deep, angry wound that disfigured him dreadfully. He told me one day that he had not seen his wife and children for two years; his children were two little things. He said he feared they had suffered in his absence for the necessaries of life, but that he never expected to see them again; he said that such was his distress on their account, that he often wished that death would come speedily and end his

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[1]On July 13, 1863, a detachment of the 11th Virginia Cavalry, commanded by Major Edward H. McDonald, rear guard of Stuart's Cavalry on the retreat from Gettysburg, after repulsing attacks from the side streets in Hagerstown, was marching towards Williamsport, Maryland, in no merry mood. Major McDonald riding at the rear, heard vigorous cheering toward the front. Hurrying forward he saw a young girl standing in the door of an old stone mill wearing an apron in the form and colors of the Confederate flag. He begged a piece for a keepsake but she took off the apron and handed it to him. The command moved on, cheering with the apron flag proudly borne on a staff by private Charles Watkins of Company D, who had promised the girl to defend it with his life. A few miles further on, after another attack and repulse, the Major, looking over the field, found Watkins among the wounded and asked how he was. "I think I am dying, but I have kept the flag." He died shortly afterward. This incident has been immortalized by Mrs. Virginia Frazer Boyle in her poem of 1887, "The Apron Flag," the last three verses of which appearing under its picture on opposite page, completes the story. In after years Major McDonald visited the spot to learn the name of the girl and get her picture in the old mill door, but both were gone. The Apron Flag is now one of the most cherished possessions of the Major's son, Angus, of Charleston, West Virginia.

suffering, for he knew it would come before he ever reached home, and he could not endure the prolonged misery.

I got a chest packed with the house linen and winter clothes and the silver, rolled up a few carpets and waited.

July, 1863.—One morning, the 17th of July, Edward rode up and told me that he would send a wagon that evening and that I must get it packed and sent off under Harry's care, and try to get away with the children as I best could. He was on the march and could stay only a few minutes. He left, and I tried to collect my energies to devise a way to go the next day. Edward had said I must positively go then, but how to go, or what to go in I could not imagine.

After some consideration of the subject I concluded to apply to a man living near me who had a spring wagon. He agreed for me to take it as it would probably fall into the hands of the Yankees, and I promised to have it sold for him when I reached Staunton. Edward had left me a horse to work in it. After these arrangements I went in town to see what Mary and the girls would do. Susan and Flora were to leave that evening in a carriage with Dr. Wilmer[2] and Julia Clarke.[3] Mary was to wait for a lucky chance.

The whole town seemed to be trying to get away; every thing that had wheels was in demand, and even a cart was deemed a prize. Few were willing to risk another Federal occupation, for the next might be a prolonged one, as Gen. Lee had been obliged to retreat, and if they did not go when they had the opportunity to take some of their belongings, they would in all probability be thrust out helpless.

Harry departed the same evening sitting on the top of the wagon, a man driving. The beds had been mostly packed up and sent off so

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[2]Rev. Joseph P. B. Wilmer, born Kent County, Maryland, February 11, 1812. Son of Rev. Simon Wilmer, graduate University of Virginia, 1831. Studied at Kenyon College, 1833. Studied at Theological Seminary, Alexandria, Va. Ordained Priest in Protestant Episcopal Church, 1838. Chaplain U. S. A., 1839. Resigned 1843 to take charge of Hungar's Parish, Northampton County, Virginia. Later in charge of St. Mark's Parish, Goochland County. Elected Rector St. Mark's Church, Philadelphia, 1848. Union College conferred the D. D. degree upon him in 1857. Resigned and started in December, 1861, with a pass from Secretary of State Seward for himself, wife, and three children to reach his estate in Albermarle County, Virginia. His baggage was searched at Fort Monroe in January, 1862, and contraband goods being found, he was arrested and confined as a spy in the Old Capitol Prison at Washington, D. C. March, 1863, released by order of Secretary of War and settled on his estate in Albermarle County, Virginia. Sent to England by Confederate Government to purchase Bibles for the soldiers. Elected Bishop of Louisiana November, 1866, and began immediately the rehabilitation of the devastated parishes, to which he devoted the rest of his life and in which he was signally successful. Died New Orleans December 2, 1878.

[3]Daughter of William Clarke and sister of Peyton Clarke. (Mrs. F. McD. W.)

I made pallets for the children and put them to bed for the last time in their home. I went into a room alone and tried to sleep, but not till the dawn of the morning did I fall into a moment's forgetfulness. I was wakened by a flutter of wings in the room, and saw a bird frantically trying to get out. One of the sweet singers perhaps that I used to rejoice so to hear in the early morning, pouring forth their sweet music.

Breakfast soon after daylight and we were ready to go. I took a last look at all the familiar objects in the rooms, and knelt and prayed to be guided in my journeyings, and in whatever place I might be. There was no time for regrets. I had wept all my tears away the night before I thought, but my heart was breaking at the prospect of leaving my happy, happy home, for I felt it would be forever.

Old Aunt Winnie stood in the doorway crying, and as each child took leave of her she cut a lock of its hair. She held in her hand a little brown shoe of Nell's that she said she would keep for her sake. Some provisions were put in the wagon and a few changes of clothes. Nell, Roy, Donald and Hunter seated themselves on little crickets in the back part of the wagon, while I, with Allan to drive, took my place in front. Kenneth, poor child, was mounted on an old horse that had been by some chance overlooked by the marauders. After taking leave of Aunt Winnie, and Tuss (who wept abundantly), and Mrs. Anderson, the blacksmith's wife who had come to tell us good bye, we drove down the avenue and turned out into the road, for the long, long journey. And thus I left my pleasant home, to see it never again. Heavy-hearted I was, for I knew nothing of what was before me, and I felt that I had let go the only hold I had on anything.

The sun was just rising, and few of the houses were opened as we drove through the town. Mrs. Dandridge was standing on her doorstep and came out to say "good bye." She wept, and I gave way for the first time that morning. This was only the beginning of our sorrows.

By eight o'clock we had left the old town far behind, and the fresh morning air, and the green fields, sweet with the fragrance of early day, had in some measure banished my sadness and my spirits rose. I began to see something of the bright side of my situation. I should see my husband soon, and would at any rate be surrounded by friends instead of enemies. The children had forgotten their grief, and chatted gaily, so I tried to forget mine and for the time succeeded.

A hot, hot day that 18th of July, and I expected to suffer dreadfully in the broiling sun with no cover to the wagon, but the road was smooth, and we drove rapidly along creating a breeze as we went, which with a parasol to keep off the sun, kept me quite comfortable.

All the morning we drove pleasantly along and stopped at noon to eat our luncheon and rest the horse.[4] We were close to the bank of the Shenandoah and seated ourselves under the trees to enjoy the cool shade and eat our luncheon. The shining river lay smooth and placid under the hot bright beams of the sun. While I spread out the repast, Allan, my fourteen year old protector, undertook to water the horse. He accordingly divested her of her encumbrances, or most of them, and led her to the brink of the river, whence she slid down into deep water, to his consternation and my distress and terror, for I thought our only dependence was gone. He held on by the rein, however, and in a little while she, splashing and struggling, reached the bank and climbed up, to our great joy and relief.

Part of the army were in front of us, and more followed, and from this time we were constantly in sight of, and often jostled by moving crowds of people and vehicles. Many wounded men were among them making their way to a place of safety, while fugitives of every grade and degree of misery were toiling on, on foot, or in any kind of broken-down vehicle. Sick men, hungry men, and women with crowds of children, all hurrying on. I despised myself for thinking of any privations I had to bear while all those helpless ones were around me. One man I saw lying dead by the road side. He had lain down to rest, and never rose again, but died there while the people were hurrying by; and no one took time to stop and look at his poor dead face.

We got to Woodstock about sunset, and I enquired for the plainest and most out of the way tavern in the place. I was shown a long, low wooden house with a porch in front, and there I found a room with one bed and several pallets on the floor that was disengaged.

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[4]Our journey was indeed an exciting one. The road was something to be kept away from. It had originally been a beautiful macadam turnpike, but three years of heavy traffic of both armies had cut through the road metal until it was impassable. So the wagons, cannon, caissons, cavalry, and foot soldiers made roads on either side, and as soon as they got too bad new ones were made. We passed many wagons which had been left stalled and many rotting corpses of horses and mules. Not a fence was to be seen for miles. No fields were planted, no farming going on in the richest piece of ground in the world. We did not get much consideration from the army teamsters and had to get out of the road often to accommodate them. The dust was awful. (K. McD.)

For this I was thankful, and taking my tribe up to it washed and combed them and freshened them up for supper.

I was sitting in the parlour when the landlady made her appearance, and I was startled at her gorgeous array; had not seen so much finery for two years. She informed me that she was a bride; had married the hotel keeper two weeks before. She told me all about the wedding and how many bridal presents she had received. I could not help being amused and entertained, in spite of anxious cares. She proposed to me to go to her room and see her new dresses, but concluded that we had better wait till after supper. It was soon announced by the lady herself, who had a few minutes before gone out to make some final arrangements.

She led me to the upper end of the table and seated me and all the children as near to herself as she could get us. A silver butter dish was before me and a silver teapot and cream jug on the tray with the cups and saucers. She explained to me that they were her bridal presents. A good supper was given me and the children, hot waffles, beef steak, light rolls and good coffee. I noticed that no one else fared as well, for the rest of the guests had before them cold bread and fried bacon. I was glad that none of the few good looking carriages had stopped at our poor hostelry, for in case they had we would not have fared so well.

I deposited the children on their pallets and had just betaken myself to my couch when I heard a carriage drive up and an inquiry made if some ladies could sleep there. Presently a knock at my door, and when I opened it saw Julia Waring.[5] She begged to come in and lie on part of a pallet; her mother and sisters were, some in a little room with one small bed and the rest in the parlour on pallets. Of course I took her in, and made Nell give her her place in my bed.

At noon the next day we reached New Market, passing over so many of the scenes of Jackson's battles and defeats of the enemy. My poor little tired Kenneth had ridden all that weary way in the hot sun on a saddle large enough for a man, and was nearly worn out. We soon caught up with the carriage containing Dr. Wilmer and the girls, but they soon left us behind as our horse had lost some of his speed and spirit in her long journey.

At Staunton we met again, and besides Dr. Willmer and the girls,

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[5]Mrs. Waring and her daughters came to Winchester from Maryland, having been banished by General Schenck, U. S. A., in command at Baltimore. (Mrs. F. McD. W.)

saw a great many people we knew. The hotel parlours were crowded with refugees, officers, and all sorts and kinds of roving people.

The next day Mary drove up with a crowd of people in an old stage coach. She had at the last moment heard of its projected departure, and that there was in it a vacant place; so to avail herself of the opportunity she had to get ready in great haste. Not taking time to change her calico morning dress, she hastily got the children ready, and at the last moment seeing some forgotten articles, hastily took a sheet from the crib, tied them in it, and was ready when the old stage coach drove up for her, with a child on one arm and the white bundle on the other, while another child held to her dress. In this unbecoming plight she began her journey, and except when she met some one who knew her or her family, all the way missed the attention she had a right to expect, "all on account of the white bundle," she said.

After a day's rest at Staunton we went to Charlottesville, I to go to Amherst Court House, where I had been advised to go, both on account of its abundance of provision, and because it was out of the way of armies.

At Charlottesville I parted with every one I knew, and set out, with Flora and the children for Amherst Court House. All the way I had traveled, whenever I saw by the roadside or in the distance, a neat white house with green blinds, and a grove of trees about it, I would wonder if I was to have one like it, quiet and shady; or if I saw a white or red brick house in a little town or by the road side, staring in the bright sunshine, without a tree or bit of shade, and no window blinds, my heart would sink with a fear that such a one would fall to my lot. Only the shade did I care for, and the quiet. It was very pleasant at Amherst, the hotel was an old fashioned place full of comfort and with no pretention.

There I established myself and sent for Mr. Richardson to whom I had been directed to apply for aid in getting a house, and settling the family. Two days after seeing him I spent in the effort to secure a house or a few rooms. He could be of no use as he was not well and could not go about to inquire. So Flora and I undertook to do it. We took several long walks in the neighborhood and asked at many places for rooms but none were for rent. At last after seeking at many places, Mr. Daniel, the hotel keeper, told me that if I would inquire at the old Powhattan House he thought there were some vacant rooms there that could be had rent free, as the place was in

bad order and the owners did not rent it at all, but that one or two families were living in it.

When we reached the front door of the Powhattan Hotel we found quite an imposing entrance, carved wooden pillars and some other traces of old time elegance. A long hall at least twenty feet wide ran through the house and several passages branched off from that. In the first room we entered all the windows were out and the frames broken to pieces. In the next the floor had sunk nearly a foot and a half, and the walls streamed with water from rain the day before. Another had a large hole in the ceiling and the hearth fallen in. It was such a place of desolation that I did not wonder that no rent was asked.

We went to the head of the stairs on our way to explore the upper floor, and were met by a pleasant looking lady-like woman, very carefully dressed in bright green, the dress cut after a fashion some time gone by. A pink neck ribbon and a good deal of lace about her neck. It was a pleasant sight after all that sombre decay, so at her invitation we followed her into her room. All was bright and cheerful, and as neat as tireless work could make it. She told us she had made her temporary home there, but was well satisfied, and would be glad to have us for neighbors. Some rooms on the same floor were comparatively good, and we could get three adjoining.

I went to inspect them, and though they looked rather doleful, with the paper streaming down off the walls, the hearths sunk, and rat holes all around, I thought that what she could do I could to make it habitable, and so concluded to settle there at once, as my great anxiety was to get a place for my husband to come to, as he had said in his letter that as soon as we were settled he would join us.

That evening a dispatch came from my husband asking me to join him in Richmond as he was unable to travel. I was to leave the boys except Hunter, and with him and Nelly to join him in Richmond immediately. The next day I set out leaving the little boys in Harry's charge as Flora wanted to return to Charlottesville, and Harry promising never to let the little ones go out of his sight, I left them without many misgivings. Mrs. Daniel also promised to have an eye over them and I knew she would do it. So I started off light-hearted at the prospect of seeing my husband. Left Flora at her destination, and at four arrived at Richmond with the two children.

When I entered the room where he was, what a sight met my eyes! I at first could not believe that wreck was my husband. Worn and

emaciated, and with hair snow-white, he was unable to move from his chair. "I have listened all day," he said, "for the sound of wheels stopping at the door and whenever a vehicle did stop expected to hear your voice." I remembered how in my heart I had blamed him for not meeting me at Staunton, but I had not the least idea that he was too ill for a journey by rail. He would not let me leave him for a moment, and his poor sad eyes followed me wherever I went.

I had been there for nearly ten days, and we had laid many plans for our future; one was to get a house and some reliable person to stay with the children, while I went with him to the Hot Springs where he would have a chance to recover. We thought of many places, but it struck me that Lexington would be the best, as I knew the Daileys had gone there, and I would have friends, besides it was just on the way to the Hot Springs. As there was no present prospect of his being able to travel, we thought it best for me to take the children from Amherst and go to Lexington, when after settling them there in the care of some one, I could return for him and take him to the springs.

I was to set out the next morning; and while I was out on some business he sent to the Department to get 700 dollars back pay due him, and which he had been saving up for an emergency like the present. When I had returned, and had packed our baggage ready for the journey, I went in to sit with him in the twilight for the last time. I found him sitting with his face buried in his hands in an attitude of the deepest dejection. I put my arms around him and begged him to tell me what troubled him. He raised his head and looked at me with a face full of distress. "I can get no money for you," he said. "They have refused my pay because I am unable to go on duty. What will you do?" he sobbed out in the deepest grief. I wept, too, for him and me and the poor children, for I did not know what I could do. We were homeless as well as penniless.

We sat for a long time silent, and I thought it all over. I had $65 Confederate money in my purse, worth about fifteen. I tried to comfort him, telling him I was not afraid, that I could manage till something could be done, and that my only apprehension was for him, that he would be anxious and troubled about us. How thankful I was that he was where he could have the comforts of life, and some one to care for him. In the early dawn of the next morning I took leave of him and left him sad and lonely, sitting in his chair.

I went along the silent streets with the two little ones, and Mr.

Green[6] to take us to the train. No sadder or heavier heart ever beat than mine was that morning. The sorrow at leaving him, the forlorn feeling of being homeless and with no money or friends that could help, almost deprived me of the power to think or act. I did think the matter over, however, while on the train, and devised a sort of plan. I had some dresses and jewelry I could sell if I could find a way to do it. No new or handsome goods were to be had now, and some people there were who had the heart to think of and buy finery.

We got to Amherst late in the afternoon and the children were at the train to meet me. They had a great deal to tell of what had transpired in my absence. Harry had taken good care of them, and Mrs. Daniel had done everything for their comfort. She had cut their hair and seen that they were neat. She laughed and told me of how Harry had obeyed my directions not to let the little boys be out of his sight by taking them with him on all his expeditions. He had kept them in the water swimming till the sun had blistered their skin and Mrs. Daniel had to remedy it at night by the application of cream. I had to remain several days at Amherst while I got the children's clothes ready to go to Lexington, and the day before I set out Harry left to go to Richmond to take care of his father. He had asked me to send him, and Harry wanted to go.

When I went to the Hotel table I noticed a very genteel looking man in black clothes (which was an unusual sight in those days when nothing but homespun was respectable), and I asked Mr. Daniel who he was. He said no one knew anything about him, that his appearance at an out-of-the-way place like that, and with no ostensible business had created a good deal of comment. "Indeed," said he, "most people say he is a Yankee spy." He sat opposite our party at the table and I noticed him playing with the little ones when they left the dining room, but I did not notice that any one spoke to him, though he was polite to all at the table.

On the afternoon of my departure I had gathered my forces to go to the train. A cart had gone on with the trunks, and Mr. Daniel had my small valise while I led Hunter by one hand and Donald by the other. To my surprise when we issued forth I saw the "Yankee spy" waiting to accompany us. He came up with a bow, and took Hunter in his arms and Donald by the hand, and in the most natural manner walked on by my side. I was dumb with astonishment, and expected Mr. Daniel to rush to the rescue, which he did not, and I

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[6]James W. Green.

was fain to walk on, deeply mortified at the disgrace of being attended by any thing with the suspicion of Yankee attached to him. Mr. Daniel looked quite unconcerned when I stole a glance at him, and took leave of me at the train without any apparent uneasiness at my being so disreputably accompanied.

The man found us all seats, and took one himself with Hunter on his lap, and so we rolled along in the summer evening, I full of heaviness, and the children as merry and talkative as they could be. I had time to think of my desperate circumstances. I had given Harry ten of the $65, and a small sum to Allan to take him to Staunton to get our furniture, and after taking enough to pay our way to Lynchburg, gave the rest to Mr. Daniel for our board, promising to pay the remainder when I could. What to do at Lynchburg, or how to go from there I knew not. I only hoped, and I prayed fervently that we might meet some one who would assist us.

It was nearly dark when we drew up at the Lynchburg station, and my Yankee without a word took Hunter in his arms, and Donald by the hand, motioned me to follow with the other children. I did so of course, and felt glad for the first time that I had even him for a protector. We pushed our way through the crowd and reached the hotel where I got a good room.

While I was brushing my hair, a knock at the door, and my guardian appeared for me to go to supper. I took all the children and followed him and was annoyed to find when we reached the dining room that we had a table to ourselves; that is I, and the children and the Yankee. He said very little and I tried to be polite but did not succeed very well. While we were at supper I noticed a gentleman come in, look at and speak to my escort, closely survey our party and walk on. Presently he walked back the same way and scanned us again.

I left the table as soon as I had finished, with Nelly, and told the children to follow when they had done. Standing on the porch for a moment by the parlour window, I spied my *béte noir* coming up to me smiling. He told me that the gentleman who had passed through the supper room was an acquaintance that he had not seen for a long time; and that he had expressed surprise at seeing him with a large family, not knowing that he was a married man. I bowed stiffly and left him and went into the parlour, but presently he appeared bringing in Hunter.

August, 1863.—In a few minutes I heard a sweet familiar voice and my dear Charley Tyler came in at the door. His face was like the face of an angel to me then, for it was the promise of relief from my pressing trouble. I told him of my need, and he lent me money enough to pay my hotel bill and take me to Lexington. Oh! what a relief was that, for a constant vision of facing the Hotel keeper the next morning and telling him I had no money was before my eyes. I went up and put the little ones to bed and returned to him, when he proposed to go and see his wife and his aunt, Cousin E. Tyler.[7]

We went and in a few minutes after I had seen Lizzy and she and I had arranged for the disposal of the finery. They returned with me to the Hotel and I gave them into her charge, not, however, without a pang, for among them was the beautiful brocade shot with gold that my husband had brought me from Paris, and which I had had made to wear to a dinner party he was to give to Gen. Jackson and his staff. The morning the dinner was to have taken place, the 1st of January, 1862, Gen. Jackson marched away to Hancock with his army, and I gave the good things I had prepared to the passing soldiers, folded the dress up and put it away.

Just before leaving Lynchburg I started Allan to Staunton for the things, so I, with Kenneth, Nelly, Donald, Roy and Hunter, set out on the canal boat[8] for Lexington. The next day, August 17, we reached there, and in looking for my baggage I discovered that one piece was missing. That contained all the clean clothes of the three little boys. I could have wept, such a loss it was! No clothes were to be bought even if I had had money to buy them, and I had been so many months gathering materials and making clothes for them in anticipation of our flight, and residence among strangers. The only answer I got to my inquiries for it was that some negroes had left the boat some miles down the river, and had probably taken it. There was no time for repining, for every one was hurrying off the boat,

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[7]Wife of Major Henry Ball Tyler of Centreville, Va. Appointed Second Lieutenant U. S. Marine Corps March, 1823; First Lieutenant May, 1830. May, 1836, Regimental Adjutant Creek War; March 28, 1845, Captain. 1853, Presiding Officer, General Court-Martial, Washington, D. C. May 4, 1861, resigned. His service began on Frigate Constitution September, 1824, and subsequently included the Erie, Macedonian, Pennsylvania, Columbus, and at many navy yards, Brooklyn, Boston, Norfolk and Washington, D. C. June 18, 1861, Lieutenant-Colonel Marines, Confederate States Navy, 1861-62, at Pensacola. 1864, at Richmond. Paroled April, 1865, at Lynchburg. (Official Records, U. S. M. C.) "He married Elizabeth Tyler, daughter of Charles Tyler and sister of George Gray Tyler. They had eight children, three of whom, Sallie, Augusta, and Winfield, are recalled." (Miss Julia P. Leache.)

[8]James River and Kanawaha Canal via branch line at Balcony Falls.

and my distress about the clothes was presently made to assume quite a different aspect in comparison with a greater trouble.

Here I was landed in a strange town with only one dollar in Confederate money in my purse; that was to take us all to town, a mile distant, and our baggage also. To my surprise, the omnibus driver agreed to take all for one dollar, and though it was my last, I cheerfully gave it, and felt relieved that I could lean back and close my eyes, and try to gather courage for what was coming.

When we reached the Hotel,[9] I was glad to observe one familiar face among the crowd of strangers, that of Dr. Dailey. It was a comfort indeed to see some one who knew us. He insisted on my going with the children to his house to stay, but I thought of his own eight mouths to feed, and of his delicate, pretty wife who looked worn and old from care and rough work, and declined.

We were shown to a room in the third story of the hotel with poor furniture and altogether uncomfortable, but the place was crowded and we could get no better accommodations. I was glad to get into it, however, where I could be at least free from people coming and going and chattering and laughing, and when night came was glad of the darkness and stillness, for I must think, think it all over and try to see something bright in the gloomy prospect; try to see something that could be done; that I could do, for who else was there to do it.

All the anxiety, perplexity and distress though, did not and could not hide from my mental sight the melancholy figure sitting in the chair at Richmond; of the weary eyes, the thin form and the white, white hair, that had grown white so suddenly. All night long my eyes were open gazing at the half-lighted window, or at the ceiling, for I could not sleep, and images of distress crowded before my eyes whenever I closed them. My thought was, what must I do when morning came; I had no money to pay even one day's board there.

I made up my mind to try and get a house or a room if a house could not be had, and go to it, for I expected the wagon with the things that day. Dr. Dailey kindly assisted me to get settled. He walked with me nearly a whole day in search of a house; all the next day and the next, with no success. One man had good rooms over some shop, but would not rent them to me because I had children.

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[9]The National Hotel, now the Hotel Robert E. Lee. There was another one on Main Street opposite Washington College called Craft's Hotel, afterwards acquired by the University and nicknamed the "Blue Hotel."

In the meantime the wagon had arrived and was standing with its load in the middle of the street, and there was nowhere to store the things. Allan looked very much elated, and very important at having performed his mission so creditably, and indeed it was a remarkable undertaking for a boy of his years. He had to hire a wagon, horses, and driver, and see the things loaded and take care of them to their destination. He borrowed money also to pay expenses.

Failing in our efforts to get a house, Dr. Dailey succeeded in finding a place to store the things, and alone I resumed my search for a house. After a week so spent, and large board bill at the Hotel as I knew, Dr. Dailey came one evening and told me that if I would walk out to Mr. McElwee's,[10] a short distance out of town, he thought they might take us in to board, at least for a short time. That was better than the hotel with its crowd of people and the hot, uncomfortable room, where my poor little Donald was already sick with fever, and could not get a breath of fresh air. So I not very hopefully set out to go with him. The sweet air of the summer night was all around, heavy with perfume, and the stars were so bright that I enjoyed the walk greatly. As we approached the large pleasant house with its pretty porch and bay windows, looking so peaceful and cool as we went up the smooth walk, I feared that it was too good for me, that I could not hope for such a resting place as that.

The shadow of the porch concealed the faces of those who were sitting on the benches, but when the Doctor introduced me to Mrs. McElwee I straightway made my request, expecting almost certainly to be refused; but when in her sweet kind voice she said she would take us for ten days, not longer, as she had promised her rooms to other persons at the end of that time, I could not thank her for the choking sense in my throat. I could have wept, and was so near it that for some time I could not force myself to speak. I can never forget the sound of her voice when she said she could not refuse a stranger and a refugee; that all had a claim on her. She read her Bible too faithfully not to know what is said there of being kind to

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[10]Rev. William Meeks McElwee. Born York County, South Carolina. Graduate Erskine College. Married Anne Harvey of Due West, S. C. A minister of the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church. Came to Lexington about 1850 and was in charge of several missions in Rockbridge County. He went to Kentucky in 1871 and had charge of United Presbyterian Churches at Shelbyville and later at Anchorage. In 1877 he accepted a call and moved to Palestine, Tex. In 1880 he returned to Virginia and was minister in charge of Bethesda Church at Rockbridge Baths. He and his wife both died in 1901. Their children were Harvey, Nannie, Jennie, Trigg, William M., Jr., and Flora.

the stranger, and to sympathize with the "heart of the stranger." I went back to the Hotel elated at the thought of even ten days abode in that lovely place, ten days of rest. How I blessed her and loved her for her kindness, and I learned to love her better when I knew all her worth, and in all these years have relied on her unvarying friendship.

Just as I was leaving the Hotel a coach drove up, and Marshall got out, so haggard and thin that at first I did not know him. His eyes were sunken and cheeks hollow and even his voice so altered that it was strange to me. He had been paroled at the capitulation of Vicksburg, and had just succeeded in making his way to Virginia. He came to Lexington because the Virginia Military Institute had been so long his home, and was now the only one he had to go to. Sick and broken down he was, with sleepless nights, anxious days, with danger threatening every moment, with starvation as well as disease to contend with. I saw him leave for the Institute, and was thankful he had a place to go to.

We were soon all settled in a large airy room with a wide pleasant hall adjoining, where the little boys could sleep on pallets. We made the change not any too soon, for Donald was by that time quite ill, moaning constantly to be taken back to our "sweet grassy house." "Mama," he said, "did the Yankees drive us away?"

Mr. Logan was at the hotel when I left, and though I did not know him at all, I presumed on his being from Winchester, and asked him to see the Hotel keeper for me, and tell him that I had no money, and to assure him that he would be paid, as I expected some in a short time. This I promised, hoping soon to get the money from Lizzy Tyler for the dresses. Mr. Logan went and paid the bill for me, which kindness I had not the least right to expect, as I had had no acquaintance with him or his family though we had lived in the same town for years. A few days after I received $300 from the sale of my dresses, and joyfully repaid Mr. Logan.

My dreadful depression gradually wore off after I had been settled in my new habitation a day or two, and I again began to experience hope for the future. In proportion as my spirits rose I began to enjoy my surroundings. My eyes could never weary of gazing at the mountains. Morning, noon and night they wore an aspect so charming to me that I never wearied of them. At sunset they appeared in all their glorious splendour. "The Golden City of my God," I could not help exclaiming when I would see the billows of cloud coloured deep with gold, crimson and purple, hanging over

their summits like a glorious canopy, and as the shadows crept down their mighty sides, shrouding the deep green fields and pleasant homes in darkness, peace and thankfulness always filled my soul.

I also had my anxieties relieved by the letters I got from Richmond telling of the improvement in health of my husband, as well as better prospects for the future regarding money, the government having examined his case, and restored him to his privileges. Moreover, he was soon to be assigned to such duty as he was able to perform, and that would insure a certain salary.

I felt relieved of care for the time, and was able to entertain my kind host and hostess with accounts of the scenes I had witnessed, and experiences I had had while in the enemy's lines. They laughed when I said it looked strange to me to see gardens and fences; I had not seen a fence for nearly two years, till I got to Amherst Court House.

One morning I was sitting on the porch near the windows of the dining room, and overheard Mrs. McElwee as she washed her breakfast things say to her husband, "Dear, don't you wish I was as handsome and clever as Mrs. MacDonald." He being a slow man, answered slowly, "I like you as you are, Annie; you are handsome and clever enough for me." Kind and true, simple-hearted and loving they both are. Well he might think her lovely and clever, for the purity and earnestness of her soul shone in her clear grey eyes, and her soft voice and gentle ways made her presence a real pleasure. Besides that she was clever in planning, and energetic in executing, so that her household arrangements were perfect, and her husband was content to let her have her own way, for it was a wise and good way, and he could go on with his preaching without a care.

After their talk, all of which I did not hear as I moved from the window, she came out on the porch singing a hymn tune, and with a happy look on her face that her husband's kind words had left there. He is a Presbyterian of a peculiar school.[11] I believe the thing in which they differ from others is that they persist in adhering to the

[11]She refers here to the Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church and her inference is correct. This particular branch of the Reformed Presbyterian Churches of Scotland or so-called Covenanters was formed in 1821 when the Synod of the Carolinas became independent and assumed the name of the Associate Reformed Synod of the South. In 1913 the phrase "of the South" was dropped and the body became known as the Associate Reformed Church. There are now (1930) five congregations in Rockbridge County and one at Old Providence in Augusta County. The one in Lexington was established in 1923, but the others date back to the earliest settlement. They use the Psalms exclusively in their worship, and at one time there was a rule against voting.

old version of the Psalms that was used in the days of the Covenant. They sang them in the family worship night and morning, and the quaintness of the verse was sometimes ludicrous; utterly guiltless of poetry it was, for in the effort to adhere to the original they had lost sight of the beauty and the poetry also, only seeming to think it important to make the verses fit the tune. I was near losing my gravity one morning at prayers when they were singing that Psalm where David likens himself to the sparrow sitting alone on the house top. It seemed to me like a caricature and I found myself looking at them to see if they were not struck with the oddity of it, and I wondered how they could sing it with grave faces. I sang, too, but dwelt very lightly on the words.

The people did not come and I stayed a month and was happy. The children also began to look as they used to do. I could sit all day and watch the children rolling on the grass, and playing with Mrs. McElwee's children, and felt so glad that they could revive from the weary life they had had. I had made every exertion to get a house, as my husband had said that as soon as one could be had he would come, and at last heard of one that was vacant some miles in the country.

Mr. McElwee told me that the person who owned it was very anxious to let it to some one who could teach a school, as he had several daughters, and there were many others in the neighborhood who wished to go to school. What a prospect that was! Not only a house but the opportunity of making an addition to our very insufficient income. I joyfully mounted a horse and rode with Mr. McElwee to the place, seven miles up the bank of a creek,[12] and when we reached it I was pleased with the place. The scenery around was lovely; the principal building was a large mill, and around that had clustered many others, a store, a blacksmith shop, and most important of all the residence of the mill owner who was to be my landlord and employer.

I was shown the house we were to occupy, a small brick one, too small entirely, but I stood and surveyed the rooms and mentally arranged every article of furniture I had; fixed a place at one window for my husband's chair, and at another for mine, and concluded that cramped as it would be it would be home, and I should have husband and children all together. We were to go up there in a week. But

[12]The journey was up Kerr's Creek and the village bore the same name. The mill is known as Jones' Mill. (Frank G. Ruff, Clearwater, Fla.)



THE HANNA HOUSE.

Home of Mrs. McDonald 1863 to 1867. Photograph taken in 1929.
The House fronted on Main Street but the Brick addition was made after 1873 and the Front Porch moved to the Henry Street side.



"THE HOUSE BY THE ROADSIDE."

From a photograph made by Kenneth McDonald in 1931.
Mrs. McDonald occupied the right half of the double tenement

a letter came that filled me with disappointment and distress; it said that my husband would not come to Lexington, that he, being able to attend to duty, had been assigned to it on a court martial, which might sit for months. He requested me not to go to the country but to get a house in town.

At last I heard of one and went to see it. It was a realization of my dreary imaginings when on my journey up the valley. I would picture to myself the place of rest I might find. A staring white house without a shutter, without anything pleasant near, not a tree or a bush, but a woodpile in front, and a dreary garden (with cabbage in it) that climbed the hill behind it. A seamstress with several children clothed in butternut jeans inhabited the other side, for there were two tenements.

I tried to be thankful and cheerful and would have been so if only my husband could have come; but after I had busied myself in arranging it, and making it as pleasant looking as my means permitted, it would seem so desolate when I remembered that I could not even expect him. I had beds and carpets and some table furniture, but no tables or chairs, so we ate off a chest, and sat on boxes. I had only a small skillet and a tea kettle for cooking utensils, but got a negro woman near to bake our bread, and if we had meat, to cook it for me.

September, 1863.—I had many visitors, and made many friends, friends who were afterwards kind and serviceable; and for a while we did not want for anything, for many people sent me things, vegetables, milk, and butter, but that of course could not last, and we soon began to feel that it took more money than we could command to buy comfortable food and provide fuel.

Great as the inconveniences and privations seemed then to be, I would not have regarded them if I could have had my husband there. It seemed so hard that after so long a separation, I had come south to be with him, and at last had to be separated from him. The sleepless nights and anxious days I spent in that house I always remembered whenever I used to pass it afterwards; a sense of pain I had always when I saw it; for there I made acquaintance with disappointment such as I had never known before and did not, or could not, bear it patiently.

Marshall often came to see us, and we would laugh at our subterfuges, the cookery, the table and all. The little parlour was pleasant in the early autumn nights, and he would sit and tell us of the siege

of Vicksburg, of the closeness of the enemy's lines, so close they were that they could talk to each other, the sentinels on either side, and exchange tobacco for sugar, etc. He told me of his being at Gen. Kirby Smith's headquarters, waiting for an order (he was aid to Gen. Smith then), that as the General was writing the order, a shell broke through the wall and exploded in the room. He said the General went on writing after looking up for a moment, but that nothing kept him from beating a retreat but the presence of his commanding officer. He said he fairly shook with fear, as he looked at the dreadful thing and waited for it to explode. He said that at night in walking on the parapet and looking over into the valley where the dead were buried the whole surface of the ground would be lighted up with phosphorescent lights.

He bore the flag of truce and the terms of capitulation from Pemberton to Grant. He said that after a truce to bury the dead, or for any other purpose, when the batteries began to fire again on the besiegers, he would feel dreadfully to see the hand grenades thrown down on the very men with whom they had been but a few moments before talking and exchanging commodities.

Then I heard of the sad and mysterious disappearance of Commodore Maury's youngest son.[13] A gunboat was reported in a position that made it a probably easy capture, and men left the city and rode some distance down the river to try and take it, and many went to see it. Among the rest rode gaily away the boy just nineteen, a fair delicate golden haired boy, but full of spirit. His horse came back without its rider, and never was he seen again; his fate was never known. Every Federal prison was searched after the war but he was not found.

November, 1863.—Soon Sue came to pay me a visit, and while she was there much company came, persons she or I knew, who were on their way to the springs, or to some resorts in the mountains. When the rainy weather began I found my house scarcely habitable. So hearing of one farther up in town I secured it and left my disagree-

[13]Commodore Maury's youngest son was Matthew Fontaine, Jr., who at the age of twelve years accompanied his father to England on special service in October, 1862. The son referred to was his fourth child and second son, John Herndon, who in January, 1863, was at Vicksburg on the staff of Gen. Dabney H. Maury. Of this son, Maury wrote in the family Bible: "Our noble son, John Herndon, went out from Vicksburg, Miss., alive on the 27th of January, 1863, to reconnoiter the enemy. A few hours afterwards his horse was seen without a rider but nothing was ever heard of him. From footprints and other signs and marks on the levee it is supposed that he was surprised by a scouting party of the enemy in ambush within our lines and done to death." Charles L. Lewis, "The Pathfinder of the Seas," p. 183. (United States Naval Institute, Annapolis, Md.)

able quarters very willingly, for whenever it rained the water poured from the hill side and made a pool all around the house, which with the rain coming in at the door made it unbearable.

I succeeded in getting a comfortable house[14] and after arranging it as well as my means would allow was quite well satisfied. I had a pine table made for the centre of the room which I covered with a red cloth I had brought from home, and with a gay carpet and some red curtains also brought from home, it assumed quite a cozy look. It was in November when I moved and bitter cold. Sue had gone to Richmond where she and Flora helped out their support by copying. The sum of Confederate money I received each month was not enough for the barest necessities, and many were the sleepless nights and anxious days I passed not knowing where or how to get the means to live. My husband sent me nearly all he had, but how insufficient!

The little boys were without shoes, and the winter close upon us. So I made up my mind to ask Deaver,[15] the shoemaker, to trust me for the payment and to make the shoes. He was a Union man, but one who had never been unfriendly to the Southern people, and was truly kind and good. When I made my request, he never even asked me upon what my expectation of paying him was based, but merely said he would wait to be paid till the close of the war, and only asked

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[14]The house still stands and has an interesting history. It fronts on the west side of Main Street at the northwest corner of Henry Street. The great fire which destroyed much of the town in 1796 was checked at Henry Street in its progress from Lewis Street northward and this house escaped. It was at that time the home of Matthew Hanna, a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian, whose wife was Miss Montgomery of Oxford on Collier's Creek. He probably built the house. His five daughters rendered valient service in saving the house by spreading wet blankets on the roof and exposed parts of the house, the water being carried by them from the town spring.

It was a frame building, two stories and a basement, with high gable roof. It stood about forty feet from Main Street, and the yard between was grassy and shaded with trees. (After 1879 a brick store was built in this yard, taking the place of the front porch about seven feet high.) The basement windows looked out on all sides except the north, along which was a covered porch. There was ample yard and garden on the west and north sides, respectively. The daughters all married and reared large families, among them being twenty-one Presbyterian ministers. "Within, the house had one large room, into this two smaller rooms, each with a fireplace, opened. There was no way of heating the large room except from the two smaller ones and it must have been very cold. Upstairs the arrangement of rooms was like that below." In the basement were the dining room and kitchen, the latter with a huge open fireplace. (Condensed from an article signed A. R., in the *Lexington Gazette,* No. 37, 1931, which was taken from a scrapbook of Mrs. Walter W. Dunlap of Lexington, great-granddaughter of Mr. Hanna.)

[15]C. E. Deaver. He was a large manufacturer of shoes, all made by hand by men sitting on low benches with their tools on the side. His shop was on the southwest corner of Main and Henry Streets. The Odd Fellows Hall was located above his shop. He and his wife had seven sons and six daughters. Three sons and three married daughters live in Lexington, Va., two sons in Knoxville, Tenn., and one married daughter in Nashville, Tenn. Two sons and two daughters are deceased.

me to agree to pay him in whatever money might be good at the time. So he took the measures of five pairs of feet, and made the shoes.

Allan went to Richmond to take Harry's place as companion to his father, and all my dependence was on Harry. He rode about the country to try and find supplies at prices that I could command, and was in everything as useful and efficient as he could be.

Dr. Dailey told me that he thought the position of Commandant of the Post could be gotten for my husband, and that he would try to get it for him. He did, and succeeded. So it was decided that in December he was to join us at Lexington. Now came the care to have things comfortable, and to keep anxiety away from him. So I made every effort to get supplies of wood, vegetables, etc., before he came. One morning Mr. Tutwiler[16] sent me word that he had twelve cords of wood that I might have for five dollars a cord (the usual price in peace times), instead of thirty dollars, the present price. But other supplies we had none, and had nothing in the house but some flour and a very little sugar. I was told also that if I did not get my vegetables before the winter set in, they could not be had, so I determined to let my friend, Mrs. Powell,[17] know that I had a set of

[16]The owner of a large farm on Woods Creek, about a mile and a half southwest of the town.

[17]Wife of Capt. John Simms Powell, C. S. A. She was the oldest child of Edmund I. Lee and his first wife, Eliza Shepherd. She was born, 1824, and married Mr. Powell in 1844. He was a son of Cuthbert Powell of 'Llangollen" in Loudon County, Virginia, and his wife, Kathrine Simms, daughter of Col. Charles Simms of Alexandria. Their children were Cuthbert, Kathrine Simms, Edmund Lee, Simms, Eleanor Strode, and Laura, all born at "Salsbury," Fairfax County, near Alexandria; Sally Lee, born at "Bedford" in Shepherdstown, Va., and Charles, born at Lexington, Va., 1863. At the breaking out of the war the Powells were living in Alexandria, Va. Mr. Powell was commissioned Captain P. A. C. S., and piloted Col. Maxey Gregg in his attack on a Federal troop train at Hunter's Mill, Prince William County, June 16, 1861. Being a good accountant and executive, he was assigned to duty as Assistant Quartermaster in charge of Transportation and stationed at Gordonsville, Va. His family left their home on the advance of the Union forces and sought refuge with relatives at "Bedford" in Shepherdstown, Va. Their home was seized and made a hospital, all furniture and belongings being looted. Forty years afterward they received the family Bible from its conscience-stricken possessor, then living in Baltimore. Its restoration was the result of agitation in Philadelphia papers, arising out of an attempted sale to the family of Gen. R. E. Lee, of their family Bible, which had been similarly carried off from Arlington. The constant problem of the family was to keep within the Confederate lines and be as near as possible to Capt. Powell, wherever he happened to be in line of duty. They left Shepherdstown late in 1862 and lived for varying lengths of time at the following places in the order named: Strasburg, Front Royal, Woodstock, Gordonsville, Rectortown, Amherst Court House, Lynchburg, Lexington by canal boat early in 1863. Capt. Powell was twice furloughed account of dysentery but in the last year of the war was paymaster at Lynchburg. In 1866 the family moved to Charlottesville and thence to Richmond. "Llangollen" was built by Capt. Powell's father, Cuthbert. He was the fourth son of Lieut.-Col. Levin Powell of the Continental army and member of the Continental Congress. His immigrant ancestor, Nathanial Powell, came from Wales with Christopher Newport and in the same ship with Capt. John Smith in 1607. "Llangollen" is now owned by Mrs. John Hay Whitney of New York City.

jewelry for sale, a beautiful set of onyx and pearls set in Etruscan gold. In a few days she came and told me that her brother, Capt. Charles Lee,[18] had been very anxious to get something of the kind for a present to his bride. He was to be married the next week. I joyfully gave them to her, and she brought me that evening two hundred and fifty dollars for them, about twenty-five dollars in gold, but it was a fortune to me then, for I was enabled to buy a number of things which contributed to our comfort, as well as to pay for the wood.

November, 1863.—I had many kind friends in Lexington who would have sent me anything they knew I stood in need of, indeed had done it a great deal when I first went there, but that could not be kept up, nor did I wish it, kind as they were, and as much as I valued them.[19]

A week before Christmas my husband came and Allan with him. Poor little fellow, how glad he was to be at home once more with his brothers and sisters. My husband was able to go all about, but such a change was wrought in him, not only physically but mentally, that he was no longer like the same person, his form was withered and shrunken, his face pale and anxious, his spirit grieved and disappointed, partly from not being able to take an active part in the war, and partly from having been, as he thought, unjustly dealt by, and his zealous and consciencious service not appreciated.

December, 1683.—He seldom spoke of the bitterness he felt, but he was never the same man. "A wounded spirit who can bear?"

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[18]Son of Edmund Jennings Lee of Shepherdstown, Va., by his first wife, Eliza Shepherd, of Jefferson County, Va. Mr. Lee's second wife, married in 1836, was Henrietta Bedinger, whose home near Shepherdstown was called "Bedford." This home and "Fountain Rock," near by, the home of Col. Boteler, and the home of Gen. Hunter's cousin, Andrew Hunter, in Charlestown, were all burned on July 23, 1864, by Captain Martindale of the 15th New York Cavalry and his men acting under orders of Gen. David Hunter. It was this burning that brought forth the scathing letter of July 24 from Mrs. Henrietta Bedinger Lee to General Hunter, which is published in "The Women of the South in War Time," by Matthew Page Andrews. A graphic story of the burning is to be found in the diary of Mrs. Charles W. Goldsborough, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edmund J. Lee, now living at Shepherdstown, W. Va., published in the "Magazine of the Society of the Lees of Virginia," September, 1928. Mr. Charles Lee was married to Miss Margaret Page of "Mansfield," near Berryville, Va. There were about eight children of this marriage. His sister, Ellen, married John S. Powell.

[19]I don't remember the occasion, but Mother attended the Presbyterian Church one Sunday and Dr. Pratt preached. It seemed that he had been criticizing his congregation for going to other churches, or it may have been that he disapproved the custom of the cadets to attend one church this Sunday and another the next. In his sermon he said, "Cattle never thrived in changing pastures." Mother waited for him till he started home after church and told him that he was entirely wrong about the effect of changing pastures as our cow having no steady pasture made her living browsing at the road side or breaking in first one field and then another and notwithstanding the constant change was the best milker in town. (K. McD.)

Perhaps many of us know what a wounded spirit is, but few are so proud as to bear it in silence, and fewer still are so high-minded and patriotic as not to speak a word of blame of the men who did him a deadly injury (as he thought was done when his military efficiency was called in question), because those men were bravely fighting his country's battles, and enduring till the end should come.

After he came things were little better as far as comforts were concerned, but I was satisfied because he was at home, and I could attend to his wants as no one else could, though in Richmond he had every attention from his daughters that they could give. His time was mostly spent in attending to the duties of his office, though he seldom left the house. A room in it served for his office.[20] In the evening as he sat by the fire with the children clustered around, he would be amused at their sallies, but at other times he sat sad and silent in his arm chair, rarely smiling, but listening to what was said. More generally he would be lost in thought, often broken in upon by sighs.

A dreary winter it was. It seems as I look back at it, the grayest and dreariest I ever knew. The pinching to make a pound of meat serve to dine seven hungry children besides the servant;[21] the coarse fare, the pinching in every thing, and that sad, hopeless figure always in the chair. The children kept well, but they must have been half-starved, for all that was good and delicate I prepared for their sick father. The neighbors often sent nice things, but it was all used to tempt him to eat. Marshall remained at the Institute for a few weeks after he came, but he was shortly exchanged and left to join Gen. Joe Johnston's army.

We had many visitors, people whom we had known passing through the town would call, and I could almost laugh now to think of the dinner I used to have when a friend from the army or a fellow refugee would come. I always tried to make things appear as well as possible, for I shrank from seeming so very poor, and above everything else I tried to keep unpleasant things from the eyes and ears of the weary one whose life seemed threatened with heart-breaking anxiety, as well as disease. So when a friend came and the talk

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[20]He had been appointed Post Commander at Lexington.

[21]Susan, a most dutiful negress and one regarded by the whole family with esteem and affection, which was heartily reciprocated. She had belonged to a family in Charles Town and came South to avoid the armies rather than go North with many others of her race. She often joined the boys in Confederate songs, singing bass. **(K. McD.)**

would restore something of the old fire to his weary eyes, there should be no unlucky exposure of want or trouble to mar the passing gleam of pale sunshine.

I did my best to keep the children neat and comfortable, but soon there was nothing more to do but mend and patch, for there were no materials to work on. So having much time at my disposal I spent it in drawing, so as to learn well what I might afterwards be able to teach. I took long walks to sketch, and used to be greatly revived by the exercise as well as the influence of the beautiful scenery around the little town. Variety enough there was, rocks, mountains and river furnished good subjects for my pencil, but how often I would lay it down in despair because I could not put on my paper the purple peaks the gloomy gorges clad in their veil of gold as they used to be at sunset, with the smooth and placid river at their feet, reflecting on its shining surface all the grandeur and loveliness of the scene. At any rate I learned a great deal I did not know how to do before. I could take time to the task, for I had more of that than I wanted. How gladly I would, as in the times gone by, have seen in my possession rolls of cloth and linen, and how busy would my fingers have been night and day cutting and making comfortable clothes for my darlings. I always had something neat for them to wear to church, and did not grieve over their patches, but ever anxious and taking thought for the morrow, I could see the day not far distant when there would be no clothes to patch.

All this while we had ill news of our army. It was not beaten, at least not signally, but it was retiring; steadily our lines were drawing in. At least they did not maintain their position after driving back the enemy. All this was disheartening, for it seemed to portend a more prolonged struggle.

With all the gloom of our surroundings there was still some brightness. At night when the children would gather in and chat and laugh, the gaiety would be contagious, and I would for a time be merry with them. Later in the winter came Rosser's[22] brigade, and encamped near the town. Will and Ed were with it, Ed commanding the 11th Virginia Cavalry, and Will on the staff. They often came, bringing news of the army and its successes and reverses, and of persons and things; and they would succeed in amusing their father with tales of their camp life, and anecdotes of their friends and acquaintances.

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[22]Maj.-Gen. Thomas L. Rosser, commanding the Laurel Brigade of Jackson's Corps.

February, 1864.—Others also came, and the evenings would be often quite gay with the pleasant little circle of friends gathered in the parlour, which though it had a carpet, boasted no furniture but a pine table, an old sofa and a few chairs. The pine table, however, was covered with a jaunty red cloth, and the windows were draped with red curtains brought from home; the sofa was covered with flowered calico, and all looked quite bright and comfortable. In this salon we received many distinguished visitors, from military as well as from civil life. If they stayed all the evening, as often they did, tea would be brought up, dreadful tea; I shudder now to think of it, sweetened with brown sugar. This the poor soldiers thought the greatest of luxuries; bread without butter, and that was all. And I, I actually used to find myself forgetting everything but that I was pouring out tea for, and entertaining agreeable people, and never felt once humiliated because I had nothing better to offer.

April, 1864.—The Spring came, and Rosser departed, taking with him most of our brightness and pleasure. He could not tarry there though the soldiers and the young ladies of the town were happy together, dancing and merrymaking; for the grass in the valley had grown and he must hasten to open the spring campaign, to gallop after that insolent enemy who now ventured further into that valley than they had ever before dared. They could march at any season for they had food for their horses; ours had only the grass, and they had to wait for it to grow.

Flora came up from Richmond, and as the spring had opened things began to look more bright and cheerful. She was so gay-hearted that the house seemed sunnier. The children were delighted at her coming, and she had a reviving influence on us all. She was young, and her spirits never flagged. The time for gardening[23] had

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[23]During the spring and summer that Pa was at home we had already started a garden, but it was Mother who held us to our duty as garden hands. One of the hardest jobs I ever had to do was to procure pea sticks and bean poles from the cedar thicket. I tried to make Mother understand that it was almost an impossibility, but she couldn't see it, so the pea sticks were gotten. As much as we needed kindling during the next winter, Mother would not allow us to burn the pea sticks. As little as they were, Don and Roy tried to do their part. I have seen Don leaning on his hoe handle fast asleep and Roy, who was full of energy and enterprise, waking him up by throwing clods of dirt at him. Everything which could be made to keep during the winter was put away. Under Mother's direction we laid the cabbage, which was very good, in a ditch about three feet wide and a foot deep, heads down and covered them with about nine or ten inches of earth. They kept in perfect condition for our use during the winter and far into the spring. The gardening kept up during the entire time we lived in this house, three or four seasons. (K. McD.)

come, and my husband could interest and occupy himself with it, teaching the little boys how to work it, and watching them do it, as well as listening to their remarks.

It seemed so odd to me not to have any spring sewing to do, no garments to cut and make, and not to be busy with household affairs, but I spent my time with my drawing, and brought home from my walks, instead of lonely, dreary mountains grey and sombre, trees with bare branches, and colorless skies; bright landscapes, masses of trees with thick foliage, and the shining water reflecting it all. This I saw, but pencil of mine could never portray the color and beauty of that scenery, even if it had been better skilled than it was, but I could always see something new and beautiful, and my whole being would be lifted up and taken out of the troubles and anxieties that surrounded me.

June, 1864.—With June came news of dreadful battles, that of the Wilderness and Spottsylvania. Will received a dreadful wound in the side at the last named battle and was brought to Lexington where we could attend to him. Our army seemed to be in retreat, though the battles were victories for us. I had failed to keep up a knowledge of current events, and in my absorbing anxieties the news of reverses did not afflict me as they formerly would have done. I believe I was growing hopeless, for the prospect of peace was still so far off, even though we had lost so much and struggled so hard.

June, 1864.—Though I never for one moment dreamed of the failure of the South to establish her independence, I often felt my heart sink when I heard of the scarcity of food for our armies and people; and I knew that our men who were in the field were in want of everything.

Will had been with us for a short time when we were startled by the intelligence that Hunter[24] was advancing up the valley with no one to oppose him, and our army was nearly all over the Blue Ridge, that he was destroying all as he went, and would undoubtedly reach Lexington. As many troops as could be collected were sent to meet

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[24]Maj.-Gen. David Hunter.

them, among them the cadets of the V. M. Institute. A fierce battle at New Market[25] in which the cadets took part, beat back their advance guard for a time, but there was not sufficient force to hold their host long in check. The cadets, many of them old enough to be in the army, behaved very gallantly, considering they had never before been under fire, but I was told by an actor in the scene, Charles Anderson of Richmond, that the little fellows, mere children in size and years, behaved as well as the rest, and were even more eager to join the fray. He said that after the battle when they were collecting the dead, that he had picked up the body of a little fellow who he knew, and who looked not more than ten years old, so small and childish he was. He said he found him lying in a fence corner as if asleep, his musket at his side, and he picked him up as easily as he would have done an infant.

June 11th, the approach of the enemy was announced. Everybody connected with the army prepared to fly. Gen. Smith[26] departed

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[25]For story of the cadets at the battle of New Market, see "Military History of the Virginia Military Institute," by Jennings C. Wise.

[26]Francis H. Smith, born Norfolk, Va., 1812. Graduated United States Military Academy, 1833. Assistant Professor at the Academy, 1834. Resigned 1836. Professor Mathematics at Hampden-Sidney College, 1837-39. On the organization of the Virginia Military Institute, 1839, became its Superintendent and Professor of Mathematics, Moral and Political Philosophy. At the same time he founded and raised the funds for and erected Grace (Episcopal) Church at Lexington, Va. 1860, as Colonel under Maj.-Gen. Taliaferro, commanding Virginia Militia, including Corps of Cadets, Virginia Military Institute, at the trial and execution of John Brown at Charlestown. 1861, appointed Colonel of a Virginia regiment and was stationed at Norfolk in the fort at Craney Island. Later commissioned Major-General and returned to superintendency of the Virginia Military Institute. Account of illness did not accompany Col. Shipp, Commandant of the corps, to the battle of New Market, but met the corps at Staunton, accompanied it to Richmond, where it aided in the defense. June, 1864, returned the corps to Lexington and on the approach of Gen. Hunter to that point, wrote letters to Gen. Breckenridge and the Confederate Government at Richmond, advising against any attempt to defend Lexington against Hunter's advance. June 11, marched his corps by way of Buchanan to Lynchburg and assisted in the defense against Hunter's attack at that point. He again accompanied those left of the corps to Richmond and reopened the Institute at that point. Promptly after the surrender the corps was moved to Lexington and Gen. Smith succeeded within a few years in rehabilitating the Virginia Military Institute, and putting his corps of cadets on its normal basis. 1878, degree of LL.D. was conferred on him by William and Mary College. 1845-59, published many important textbooks and methods of common school and higher education. Served as Superintendent, Virginia Military Institute, until January, 1890. Died at Lexington, March 21, 1890.

with the corps of cadets, and Gen. McCausland[27] after burning the bridge that led to the town, made good his retreat, leaving the terror-stricken people to their fears, and to the tender mercies of the enemy. My husband determined to go a few miles into the country, and remain till they had passed on their way. So he prepared to leave with Harry in an ambulance.

As he stood on the porch giving orders for his journey, he looked so little able to undertake even a short journey, that it filled me with misgivings. He spoke cheerfully of coming back, but in the morning he had told me that if he never saw me again, that I must bring up the children as he would like to have them brought up, his boys to be true and brave, and his little girl modest and gentle. He also said that if his property should be confiscated, as he was sure it would be, that I had a right to one-third which could not be taken from me; that if I could struggle on till the close of the war, I would have abundance. I scarcely heard what he said, for I felt that the future was nothing if only the terrible present was not here, portentous and dreadful, and I thought only of his going, and that he might not ever come back.

Will had gone off in another direction, on horseback, and when the ambulance had driven off with my husband and Harry we all felt lonely enough, and filled with apprehension.

Early the next morning the enemy began the bombardment of the town, imagining McCausland still there.[28] Some shells went through the houses, frightening the inhabitants terribly. They were posted on the opposite bank of the river, and bombarded quite vigorously. Our house was struck in several places but no harm done. Indeed I was past being frightened by shot and shell. Nevertheless, I, the children and Flora retreated to the basement and waited there till the storm should be over. After a while there was a lull, and Flora,

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[27]John McCausland, born St. Louis, September 13, 1837. Moved to Point Pleasant, Va., 1849. Graduated Virginia Military Institute, 1857. Assistant Professor at Virginia Military Institute under T. J. Jackson until 1861. Organized Rockbridge Artillery. Later made Colonel of 36th Virginia Infantry, C. S. A. Brigadier-General Cavalry May 24, 1864. Died at his home January 23, 1927.

[28]Bombardment took place June 11, 1864.

wishing to see what was going on, raised the window and put her head out.[29]

Just as she did so, a piece of shell struck the window sill, knocking off a large piece.

No one looked out any more. At high noon the bombardment ceased, and soon through the deserted streets of the little town poured the enemy, coming in at every point. A troop rode by our

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[29]When we heard that Gen. Hunter was approaching Lexington and feeding his troops with what he took from the citizens, we knew that we would soon be at his mercy, as only a small force was opposing him and falling back every day. We at once began to conceal all our most cherished possessions. Among them was a lot of cadet cloth from the Virginia Military Institute, which had been distributed among the citizens for safe-keeping. That was put in a safe place first. Then the chickens were all caught and put in the attic, but we couldn't muffle the vigorous crows that proclaimed their hiding place every morning. The little boys, Harry, Allan and Kenneth, had made a pretty good garden, and though it was early in the season, we were getting all the early vegetables. My father, knowing of course, that he would be captured and carried off if he remained in Lexington, although he was at that time almost entirely incapacitated from the effects of inflammatory rheumatism, bade Harry pack an old ambulance, which was his only mode of conveyance, with all the arms about the house and sufficient food for three or four days. Toward the night of June 10, if my memory serves me correctly, we could distinguish sounds across the river, very familiar in those days, of soldiers breaking ranks and preparing to camp—and soon the fires which sprang up in different places on the hillsides, confirmed our suspicions that our army was just across the river and camped for the night. My father, sure that they would be on the move early in the morning, donned his old uniform and laid down on the sofa in the parlor with Harry, all dressed, and ready for an early start, lying on the floor near him, their arms beside them. Brother Will, who was at home, recovering from a very severe wound near his heart, received at the battle of the Wilderness, was also dressed and getting what sleep he could preparatory to his leaving also. I was deputed by my father to stand sentinel on the back porch, from where I could see the light of the fires over the river, and had been instructed to wake him as soon as I heard any movement in the camp. I never had been conspicuous for my courage, and the vigil of that June night, near the shortest of the year, seemed more like an Arctic night, so lonely and so creepy. At the first faint streaks of dawn I heard sounds of moving and saw the fires die down, so I went indoors and waked all the sleepers, and they were soon on the move. The small force of Confederates soon passed through the town without firing a single shot at their pursuers. A deathly stillness prevailed for a few moments, then a shell came whizzing through the air, causing every one to go indoors, then others in rapid succession, setting fire to houses and doing a great deal of damage. Mother made all of us go to the basement of the big old house on a prominent corner of the main street. Allan and I presently, in an interval of the shelling, climbed into a window to see if it was over, and as we did so a piece of shell which had exploded in the yard struck the casement, and a large piece of it fell on our heads. And again, when Mother thought it had ceased, we went to an outer door, and barely escaped being struck by a leaden band of a shell. The shelling continued until some man down the street ran up a white flag. It was not long before Major Quinn of the First New York Cavalry appeared at our door. He was the same kind-hearted Irishman who had so often befriended the citizens of Winchester under Milroy. We had known him there. He was quite excited, said he deplored the shelling and had ridden ahead as fast as he could to find the house and see if we had suffered any harm. He offered to use his influence to prevent the house being searched. Mother thanked him, but told him that if her neighbors were to suffer that indignity she did not wish to be exempted. (F. McD. W., May, 1927.)

house, Averill's[30] cavalry. Two negro women rode at the head of the column by the side of the officer. We had shut all the doors and pulled down every blind, but peeped, to see without being seen. Looking down, Flora espied Hunter sitting on the front steps earnestly gazing at the passing soldiers. She immediately raised the window and called to him, "Hunter, are you not ashamed to be looking at those Yankees? Go under that porch, and don't you look at them again." Poor little fellow, perhaps he thought they were old friends. He retired under the porch, and did not emerge till they were all gone by.

We had been engaged all the morning in hiding the things we thought might be taken from us, among the rest a few hens and chickens that I had been trying to raise. The children quickly caught and transported them to a garret where we also put a few other things that might tempt them, the silver, etc. I was passing by the stairs and saw Hunter sitting on the lowest step crying bitterly. I stopped to kiss and comfort my poor little three[31] year old baby, and asked him what the matter was, when amid his sobs, he said "The Yankees are coming to our house and they will take all our breakfast, and will capture me and Fanny." Fanny was Nelly's doll which was nearly as large as he was, and who he had been taught by her to consider quite as important a member of the household. We remained as quiet as possible all the afternoon while the town was alive with soldiers plundering and robbing the inhabitants. Some came into our yard, robbed the milk house of its contents and passed on their way, picking up everything they could use or destroy. About four o'clock I heard a knock at the front door, and cautiously looking out before opening it I saw Maj. Quinn. He came in, and I must plead guilty to having been glad to see at least one Yankee. He offered to remain at the house to prevent any annoyance to us or injury to property, and seated himself in the porch. Of course no marauding parties came near while he was there. I declined his offer to stay during the night, as I thought the sight they had had of him in the porch would serve to warn them off. The next morning a squad of men with an officer came to search for provisions and arms. They laughed when on examing the pantry they found only a half barrel of flour and a little tea, all the supplies we had; but their laughter was immense

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[30]Brig.-Gen. William W. Averell, Commander 1st Cavalry Division, Department of West Virginia. His headquarters were in Prof. James J. White's yard, now (1931) the site of the Post Office.

[31]Born June 12, 1860.

when on ascending to the garret they saw the hens and chickens running over the floor.

The next day, Sunday,[32] we were constantly hearing of outrages inflicted on the towns people; breaking into houses and robbing them. I was too well used to those little affairs to think them very severe, but was intensely amused when I heard of their entry into Dr. Madison's[33] neatly kept and well furnished house, carrying off molasses and preserves in pieces of old china, and wrapping up flour in Mrs. Madison's purple velvet cloak.

At sunset we saw a man led by with a file of soldiers. The children came in and told me that it was Capt. Matt White;[34] that they were taking him out to shoot him. I thought they knew nothing about it and gave the matter no attention. Sunday began a fearful work. The Virginia Military Institute with all the professors' houses was set on fire, and the distracted families amid the flames were rushing about trying to save some of their things, when they were forced to leave them officers standing by for the purpose. Not even their books and papers could they save, and scarcely any clothes. Col. Williamson,[35] the only officer of the Institute who remained in the village, and he had to keep quiet and say nothing when his daughters were driven from their house and all its contents burned, even the old black mahogany desk where hidden away was a yellow lock of his wife's hair, and her letters tied up with a blue ribbon.

This, one of his daughters told me, as if it was the greatest loss of all. One officer, Captain Prendergast,[36] knew Mrs. Gilham's[37] brother, Col. Haydon, of the U. S. Army, and for his sake granted her the particular favor of removing some of her household goods, which after she had succeeded in removing, she was compelled to stay by with her little boys to guard. There she sat through the afternoon by her household goods, to keep them from being stolen by negroes and soldiers, and through the long night she remained at her post, and not a man dared to help her or offered to take her place. All the warehouses at the river, all the mills and buildings near were

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[32]June 12, 1864.

[33]Col. Robert L. Madison, M. D., appointed Mercer Professor of Natural History, Virginia Military Institute, 1860.

[34]Capt. Matthew X. White, 1st Virginia Cavalry.

[35]Gen. Thomas H. Williamson, Professor of Engineering, Architecture, and Drawing, Virginia Military Institute, 1841-88.

[36]Richard G. Prendergast, 1st New York (Lincoln) Cavalary.

[37]Wife of Col. William Gilham, who was appointed Commandant of Cadets, Instructor of Tactics, and Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Chemistry at the Virginia Military Institute in 1846.



RUINS OF THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE.

From a photograph taken by a traveling photographer in 1867. Original furnished by Mrs. John B. Harnsberger of Front Royal, Virginia, niece of L. Neville Buck, a graduate of the Institute in 1871.



THE VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE, PRIOR TO JUNE 11, 1864

A front view drawn by an artist. Copied from a vellum diploma of membership in the *Societe' des Cadets* which hangs in the museum of Alumni Hall.

burned, all in flames at the same hour, and it really seemed as if the Evil One was let loose to work his will that day. The town people were so frightened that few dared to show themselves on the streets, and Yankees and exultant negroes had their full satisfaction. Negroes were seen scudding away in all directions bearing away the spoils of the burning barracks—books, furniture, trunks full of the clothes of the absent cadets were among the spoils. The new and beautiful carpets and curtains of the Society Hall[38] were appropriated by the thieves. My cook brought home a beoutiful brocade curtain among her spoils, which she used as a counterpane and which she was glad enough to hide a few weeks after when the legitimate reign was restored.

They all held high carnival. Gen. Crook had his headquarters on a hill near me, in a large handsome house belonging to Mr. Fuller[39] and as it was brilliantly lighted at night and the band playing it was quite a place of resort for the coloured population. They must have been treated with great civility by the Yankees, for in the afternoon I was sitting on the porch, and there passed by a very fat and very black negro woman who I knew well as she often worked for me. She was arrayed in a low-necked short-sleeved brown silk dress, with a large pink rose pinned on her breast, and several others fastened in her wooly hair. In her hand she held another red rose which she smelled vigorously, fanning herself slowly at the same time. She did not look towards me, but stopped before the gate and called the cook who put her head out of the basement window. "Are you going to the camp Susan?" she asked. "I am. I went up there yesterday and the white gentlemen treated me like a queen and invited me to come and spend the evening. You had better come." Susan, with an expression of contempt drew her head in without replying, and the lady continued her walk.

We were told that they would leave on Tuesday, which we rejoiced at; and when the time arrived the signal was given to depart. Some had already gone, when on looking down the street in the direction of Gov. Letcher's house I saw it on fire. I instantly put on my bonnet and ran down there to help Mrs. Letcher as I was able, for though many persons were in town who knew her better than I did, none dared to leave their houses. I was too used to their ways to be afraid of them, and so in breathless haste got there in time to see the house

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[38]Society and Dialectic Halls were for cadet debating societies.

[39]Mr. Jacob Fuller. After the war this house was the residence of Hon. John Randolph Tucker, Professor of Law at Washington College.

enveloped in flames. Mrs. Letcher had consented to entertain two officers at her house, that she had been civilly asked to do. They had spent the night, and eaten breakfast with the family, sociably chatting all the while.

When they rose from breakfast, one of them, Capt. Berry,[40] informed Mrs. Letcher that he should immediately set fire to her house. He took a bottle of benzine, or some inflammable fluid, and pouring it on the sofas and curtains in the lower rooms, applied a match, and then proceeded up stairs. Mrs. Letcher as soon as she became aware of his purpose, ran up stairs, and snatching her sleeping baby from the cradle, rushed from the house with it, leaving everything she had to the flames. Lizzy[41] ran up stairs and went into her father's room to secure some of his clothes, and had hung over her arm some of his linen, when Capt. Berry came near her with a lighted match, and set fire to the clothes as they hung on her arm. He then gathered all the family clothing and bedding into a pile in the middle of the room and set fire to them.

When I reached the scene, Mrs. Letcher was sitting on a stone in the street with her baby on her lap sleeping, and her other little children gathered around. She sat tearless and calm, but it was a pitiable group, sitting there with their burning house for a background to the picture.

Some officers who had stayed all night at Mr. Matthew White's, and breakfasted there, had in reply to the anxious inquiries of the poor old mother about her son who had been arrested some days before, assured her that he was in the jail just opposite her house; that he was temporarily detained, but would be immediately released. That afternoon as I sat by the window I saw a wagon pass on its way up the street, and in it a stiff, straight form covered with a sheet. It was poor Matt White on his way to his mother. He had been taken out to the woods and shot as the children had said, and had been left where he fell. Mrs. Cameron's[42] daughters hearing the firing, went down to the place when the party had left, and finding the poor body, stayed there by it all night to keep it from being mangled by animals. No men were near to do it, and they kept up their watch till word

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[40]Capt. Matt Berry, attached to General Hunter's staff. Entered service as First Lieutenant, 5th Pennsylvania Cavalry.

[41]Elizabeth, eldest daughter. She married Professor Walter Le Conte Stevens, of W. & L. Univ., and survives him; living at Lexington.

[42]Owner of the farm on the north side of the river and east of the Staunton Road. It was on this farm on a high hill that Col. DuPont's "regular" battery was stationed during the bombardment of the town. The Ohio battery was stationed on a similar hill on the farm of Joseph Shaner west of the Staunton Road.

could be sent to his parents where to find him; and that was not done till Tuesday evening, for no one could pass to the town till the troops had left.

The next day, Wednesday, was his funeral. Everybody who knew the family was there, I among the rest. We went to the cemetery and saw the poor fellow buried, and I turned and walked sadly away with some ladies; we parted at a corner and I went on alone. Soon I met Mrs. Powell, my dearest and most intimate friend. She looked very pale, and turned to me as if she would speak, but passed on. I thought it strange that she should pass me in that way, but went on home without following to know what the matter was, as was my first impulse. I sat on the porch in the twilight, and one of the neighbor's little boys[43] came and climbed up on the porch till he reached my ear. Holding to the balustrade he leaned over and whispered, "Did you know that Col. MacDonald and Harry were killed and were lying in the woods fifteen miles from here?" I got up and called Allan and sent him up town to ascertain if there was any truth in what the child had said. I hardly dared to hope it was not true, for had I not just had before my eyes an example of their relentless and wanton cruelty?

While Allan was gone the father of the child, the drummer of the Institute, came and told me that it was true that they had been attacked, but that there was no certainty that they had been killed; that it was thought they were prisoners. The next day Mr. McDowell and some other gentlemen came and told me that the place where they had encamped had been visited, and that the body of Mr. Wilson,[44] an old gentleman at whose house they had been staying, and who had accompanied them, had been found; but that my husband and Harry had been certainly carried off, as no trace of them had been found. Their trunks and all their property except horses, wagons and arms had been burned. Mr. Wilson was not quite dead when found; a sabre cut across the head had struck him down, and after he fell a pistol had been fired at his temple, so near that his eye was shot out, and his face filled with powder.

Dark days of misery and uncertainty followed, and one day a young lady from the country drove up and asked to see me. She

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[43]Willie Crocken, son of the musician who played the fife at the Virginia Military Institute. They lived next door on Henry Street. The musicians were also tailors for the cadets. (K. McD.)

[44]Grandfather of Miss Annie White, Librarian of Washington and Lee University (now retired, 1931), and niece of Capt. Matt White.

brought a bundle of half-burned papers which I recognized as some of those belonging to my husband. She was the niece of Mr. Wilson and had gathered them up at the scene of the capture. Many, many days passed by, it seemed months, when one afternoon I was sitting hopelessly in my room, I heard a noise of shouting on the street, and voices as if in exultation over something. I had scarcely time to think what it was, when a step on the stairs, coming up three at a time, announced my Harry. There he was, covered with rags and patches, an old hat on his head, and a pair of the roughest shoes on his feet, but his eyes were bright, and his smile the same sweet one. His first question was, "Where is Papa? I thought he had been sent home." When told No, a shade of sorrow and anxiety clouded his face, and he told us when he had parted with him, three days after the capture. "I brought in two Yankee prisoners, and that is what the shouting was about."

He and his father had gone to the house of Mr. Wilson, reaching there the same day on which they left home, a distance of about fifteen miles. Almost as soon as they reached there they received information that there was danger of a raiding party visiting the house.

After consultation my husband and Mr. Wilson concluded to leave the house and go to a secluded spot on the mountain where no enemy was at all likely to go. Mr. Wilson took some of his valuables, plate, etc., and some of his negro men with him, while my husband and Harry had their ambulance laden with some of the articles they had carried from home. And so they set out on the day after their arrival at Mr. Wilson's for the mountain.

They had quietly waited at their retreat for a day or two, when on the third day they noticed near them as they were at breakfast, a horse feeding, which seemed to have strayed from its owner. Soon after a man appeared, looking for the horse, which having secured he led away. He had seen the party, and closely scrutinized their situation and surroundings. Mr .Wilson expressed some uneasiness, as, he said, the man[45] was an avowed Union man, and not by any means an honest and reliable one. He regretted that they had not crossed the river and pitched their tents, and so made their safety certain.

In the afternoon of the same day they were all in camp, my husband asleep in his ambulance, and Mr. Wilson sitting near. A young

[45]Miss Annie White states that the informer's name was Lawhorn.

man named Greenlee[46] who with Harry and the negroes helped to make up the party, was with Harry lying on the grass.

Suddenly they heard the sound of horses' feet, and a voice calling on them to surrender. On looking up Harry espied three horsemen rapidly advancing toward them. He instantly raised his gun which was close at hand and fired, emptying one of the saddles. The others wheeled about and rode off, taking the wounded man with them.[47]

Of course all was confusion and alarm in the camp, and they hastily gathered their effects together, having determined to cross the river[48] as soon as it should be dark.

Their position was in the edge of the wood on a hillside, with a fence separating their camp from an open field which had been cleared of woods but in which the stumps remained. About sunset they saw advancing through this field, and not sixty yards from them, a party of fifty men.[49] They called on them to surrender, but were answered by shots from Harry, my husband and Mr. Wilson. Young Greenlee had fled as soon as he became aware of their approach. The party then charged the camp, but were again met by shots from the three defenders of the position. They halted and poured in a volley of musketry which did not much damage except to wound my husband in the hand. Harry and Mr. Wilson, as well as my husband, continued to load and fire, succeeding in keeping them at a distance till all their powder was spent, and the fence was carried and they surrounded.

Even then they would not have surrendered, Mr. Wilson being disposed to continue the fight, but for the thought of the sacrifice of Harry's life as they must certainly all have been killed in so unequal a contest. At last with oaths and curses they took possession of their prey. One officer, infuriated at having been kept at bay so long by two old men and a boy, struck a blow at Mr. Wilson with his sabre, and he fell to the ground with what was to all appearance his death wound.

Not satisfied with that, he came near, and stooping, fired his pistol into his temple, so near did he place it, that the ball glancing slightly,

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[46]"A young Confederate officer named Marshall Greenlee." (K. McD.) He was no doubt a member of the family of Greenlees who owned the Greenlee ferry near the Natural Bridge.

[47]This party was under command of Lieut. Lewis. See letter Col. McDonald to General Crook, Appendix B.

[48]The north branch of the James, called North River.

[49]Colonel McDonald says in his letter to General Crook that he was informed by Captain Martindale and Lieutenant Lewis that his party consisted of twenty-two men.

took his eye out, and his whole face was filled with the powder. He laid in the woods after the party had left, all night, and in the morning one of his negro men who had fled from the fray came to his family and informed them where he was, and that he had been killed. They, the enemy, had burned his house,[50] and his family had taken refuge in an outhouse.

A year after I visited the spot where the fight took place. There were the piles of ashes still where the trunks had been burned, with leaves of books and scraps of paper lying about. The prints of their footsteps were still there, and marks of the bullets on the fences and trees. The seats they had improvised, pieces of boards resting on logs. I went to Mr. Wilson's house and saw him. He had recovered from his wound, but his eye was gone, and the whole side of his face black with the powder that the wretch had blown into it. He was still living with his family crowded into the cabin to which his family had retreated when the house was burned, and seemed to have little heart to try for better things.

In the meantime the others turned their attention to Harry and his father. My husband's cap was seized from his head, his pockets searched and all things taken. He had about eight dollars in silver in his pocket which he took out when they went to search him, and secretly gave to Harry, who held it tight in his clenched hand while he was undergoing the search. When the commanding officer came up, Harry recognized Major Quinn. He of course did not know my husband and did not see the indignities offered him, as he was not among the foremost who came up. Their beds and all their property were burned, as well as their trunks; all except Mr. Wilson's plate which they took, as well as the horses.

Maj. Quinn was as civil and merciful as he dared to be. He had my husband put into his ambulance with Harry, and did what he could for him. Just at dark they began their painful descent from the mountain, leaving Mr. Wilson lying alone in the woods. That night they reached the Federal camp at the river bank, where they remained all night. A small village was near[51] and they were ordered to go to a rough board house to spend the night. Many soldiers were there, and one lay on a pallet dying, the same, Harry thought, that he had wounded when the three charged on them. Harry found a board, and went and pulled up grass with which he

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[50]This is a mistake. General Hunter's forces did not burn Mr. Wilson's house. It was burned in some other way, according to Miss Annie White.

[51]This camp was no doubt at Greenlee's Ferry, also called the Rope Ferry.

made a sort of bed for his father, and covered him with a blanket he had brought on his shoulders. As they left the place the next day they were burying the man who was wounded, he having died in the night.

They crossed the river that morning where Gen. Hunter had his headquarters, and my husband was immediately taken to him. He was met at the tent door[52] by David Strother who was aid to Hunter. He looked insolently at him, turned around without any greeting, and shut the door in his face.

When the journey was resumed in the morning it was not in his own ambulance, but in a wagon loaded with boxes of nails, and on the bottom of which, loose pieces of iron, horse shoes, etc., rolled about with the motion of the vehicle. In the uncomfortable conveyance, seated on a box, for three days they pursued their toilsome journey; up tremendous heights, with only a narrow shelf cut out of the mountain side for a road, and down steep declivities, dangerous even when not crowded in between heavily laden wagons and toiling teams that often from sheer exhaustion would give out and slip backwards, pressing on the vehicle behind, and rolling it off the road and down the precipice. This occurred more than once, and they did their best to keep their wagon as far behind every other as possible, but if they were seen to lag, they were hurried on.

Poor faithful Harry drove; and with one arm supported his father who was obliged to lean on him, there being no support for his weak frame and nothing to prevent his being jostled off the seat at every lurch of the wagon. They were crossing the mountain between the Peaks of Otter, and every hour there was danger of their being backed down and pushed off the edge of the road over the frightful precipice. At night when they stopped they had some fat meat and crackers given them but a sick man could scarcely eat such food, and as they were not allowed to make coffee, and no one permitted to give them any, they would have been completely exhausted if Harry had not discovered in the wagon a bag or package of ground coffee. This he gave his father from time to time and it had the effect of strengthening him.

The people on the route had been exasperated at the treatment

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[52]As will be seen from H. D. Beall's letter to the Baltimore Sun (Appendix C), General Hunter's headquarters were in the residence of General Francis H. Smith, Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, which was not burned on June 12 with others, because of the illness of General Smith's daughter.

some of their number had undergone at the hands of Crook[53] and Averill, who the week before had passed that way on their march to join Hunter.[54] Not a few shots were fired at the passing columns, and not a few saddles were emptied.

Fearful vengeance was visited on every man who was seen with a gun in his hands; and one day a shot was fired from a tree near the roadside, and the next moment half a dozen muskets were pointed at the place from whence it proceeded; a wounded man fell to the ground, and in an instant he was stripped and left lying by the roadside dead, as they passed on their way. Every night the wagon my husband and Harry were in, was dragged up close to Hunter's headquarters. No one spoke to him, no courtesy or kindness was extended him, and only the coarsest food furnished him. They had passed Liberty[55] and were on their way to Lynchburg when they came up with the main body. Then it was told my husband that he was to accompany Gen. Hunter alone, and that Harry was to return and recross the mountain with the other prisoners. The poor boy heard with bitter grief that they were to be separated, for he knew that only his care and kindness could keep his father from severe suffering.

At parting, his father told him to make his escape at the earliest possible opportunity, as being no soldier he would be accused of being a bushwhacker. "He told me," said Harry, "never to let them see that I was afraid of them, but to bear all they would inflict like a soldier. I knew afterwards what that meant. It was that when they took me out to be shot not to let them see any fear." While Harry stood waiting for the order to march with the prisoners, he heard Capt. Berry order his father to march off after the party with Gen. Hunter which was then moving; he to go on foot in the rear of the detachment. This he refused to do, being unable to walk; whereupon Capt. Berry ordered a rope to be brought with which he was to be dragged by the neck at the rear of one of the wagons.

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[53]Maj.-Gen. George Crook.

[54]She refers to the retreat of General Hunter through the mountains of West Virginia, via Buford's Gap, Salem, Fincastle, Lewisburg, and Charleston, after his failure to take Lynchburg. He crossed the route followed by General Crook and Averill in their raid from Beverly to Saltville, Va., and against the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad. It was on their return from this raid that they joined General Hunter at Staunton on June 8, 1864, and accompanied him to Lynchburg and on his retreat.

[55]Now Bedford on the Norfolk and Western Railroad, formerly the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad.

Harry watched to see what would be done, and poor fellow, burning with indignation at the insult to his father, no doubt would have defended him at the risk of his own life, but for some reason the design was relinquished, and he was placed in the wagon. Harry did not tell me of this then; not till long afterwards, and I was thankful that I did not know it at the time. He told me of the silver money his father had handed him when he was being searched; that he had held it tightly clasped in his hand and it had escaped notice while he was undergoing the search. Though after his escape he suffered for everything, shoeless, hatless, ragged and hungry, not a cent of it did he spend to purchase for himself any alleviation from hardship, but kept and brought it home where he knew it was needed. When he was marched off with the prisoners they retraced their steps and again passed through Liberty, and began to ascend the Big Sewell[56] mountain he thinks, but has never been certain where they were, as the country was strange to him. He was with a large company of prisoners, many civilians who had been taken as hostages, or from mere wantonness. Mr. Philips, an old gentleman, principal of the Staunton Female Institute, and an Episcopal Clergyman, was among them, and some others that he knew. All were fatigued and wretched, but that did not prevent their captors from urging them on to their utmost speed, for they were even then pursued, and flying before Early's army, who were close on their steps.

Files of soldiers were in front and rear, and on each side of the column of prisoners, a line of soldiers marched. They climbed mountains by steep and difficult roads, marching night and day, such was their haste, only stopping to rest two hours and prepare their food. A half pint of meal or flour was given each one, with a piece of fat bacon an inch square. This they could not cook, at least not so as to be eatable, so the poor child had to march on hungry and sleepy and nearly dead with fatigue.

The second night they stopped for a few hours sleep, and Harry was determined if possible to effect his escape. They had been allowed to go into a dilapidated barn to sleep, and at dawn in the morning Harry moved a loose board in the floor and slipped through and clung with both hands and feet to the rafter so that he could not be seen. In this painful position he remained, clinging with desperate effort, till the preparations for the march were completed, and they all moved away.

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[56]The Blue Ridge by a route passing through what is now Troutville.

After the column was in motion it was stopped and the prisoners counted, as some one was suspected of having remained behind. A Lieutenant and squad of men rode back to the barn, and after a diligent search found him. The officer had him dragged out, and cocking his pistol, held it cocked to his eye with a buckskin glove on the hand that held it. The slightest movement would have sent the ball through his brains; he knew it, and expected him to shoot, but remembering his father's admonition to show no fear, he looked steadily in the face of the brute, and answered not his cursings. He abandoned his purpose of shooting, if he had such a purpose, and ordered his soldiers to make him run at the point of the bayonet, which they held close enough to pierce him if he slackened his speed. Thus he ran a mile before he reached the party of prisoners who had been sometime on the march. Poor boy, in that race his shoes were lost, and his feet torn with the thorns and briers through which they made him run.

For ten days they pursued that dreadful march; by night and by day the weary prisoners were urged on. They could not stop to rest more than a few hours, for the pursuer was on their track and they were afraid to tarry. Up the steep mountains my poor boy toiled, with them, so worn out and exhausted that he often fell asleep while walking along, and when a halt was made he threw himself down and slept instead of trying to cook his raw flour and meat as the others did.

After a few days his feet were so sore, and he was so chafed and galled by the unceasing march in the hot weather that he became almost frantic. He said he was desperate enough to do something worthy of their wrath, so that they would put an end to him. He had spoken to a young man named Effinger[57] who marched next him in the column and proposed to escape; to this his companion agreed, and it was understood that they were to make the attempt together.

One day they had halted about noon near some water.[58] They were near the top of a great mountain, the Warm Spring Mountain

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[57]George W. Effinger, born Rockbridge County, Va., 1846. Member Company C, Rockbridge First Dragoons, 1st Virginia Cavalry (Muster roll at Rockbridge County Court House). Captured near Lexington, Va., June 11, 1864. Imprisoned at Wheeling, W. Va., July 1. Sent to Camp Chase July 2. Paroled March 2, 1865, and exchanged from City Point, Va., March 12, 1865. (Adjutant-Generals Office U. S. A.) Superintendent of Schools in Rockbridge, Va. Died, 1926.

[58]The "Falling Spring" near the north line of Greenbrier County, and not far from Droop Mountain in the southern edge of Pocahontas County.

he thought, and though the others were allowed to go to the spring by twos, he was not allowed to go at all, as the officer had several times had occasion to threaten him for making a disturbance. Some of the prisoners brought water and handed it around to those who were not allowed to leave the ranks. It was a long time getting to him, as he was near the last. His lips were parched and cracked with the heat and dust, and just as the order to march was given, a dipper of the precious water was handed him. As he put it to his eager lips, a great brute twice his size and weight and three times his age snatched it from him, although he had already had some. He did not drink it, however, for Harry flew at his throat, seized the dipper from him, bore him to the ground and pommelled him well.[59] He was taken off the man, and told that whatever the cause, if he made any more disturbance he would be handcuffed. That night he determined to risk all and attempt to escape.

The column had stopped at dusk to cook their rations, and had been marching some hours when my boy began to think the time had come. It was a bright moonlight night, and broad strips of white light would now and then lay across the road between the dark shadows of the pines and hemlocks that darkened the mountain side.

They had begun the descent of the great mountain, and the road was steep and rocky with a towering height on one side, and a steep precipice on the other, down which nothing could be seen but black darkness. He said his heart beat so loud that he was afraid the soldier who walked by his side at the outside of the column would hear it, so excited and wrought up he was. He had arranged to touch Effinger when he was ready, as he marched just in front of him. This he did, and waited till another bright patch of moonlight had been passed. Effinger took no notice, and when he was again in the shadow he touched him again—still no response, so he resolved to go without him.

He had held his blanket unrolled, and in a position to throw it from him and over the head of the soldier that flanked him, and as soon as the next strip of moonlight was passed, and the friendly shadow of the trees intervened, he threw it over the soldier's head,

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[59]This man was "Bull" Davis, the "town bully" of Lexington, and was being taken along with many other civilians who were capable of bearing arms or as hostages and some captured soldiers. He struck the tin cup and drove it into Davis' face as he attempted to drink. (K. McD.)

darted by him, and swung himself down the steep precipice below.[60] He fell, or slipped, for about twenty feet till stopped by the root of a tree. Here he lay perfectly still, while musket after musket was discharged down the dark mountain side after him, but they dared not pursue, for they were in a dangerous country, and it would take time, time which was of so much importance to get them and their prey out of the reach of their pursuers.

Harry lay still till he heard them moving on and not until the last footstep died away did he venture to move. He then left the slippery mountain side, climbing down holding by roots and bushes, till he came to more level ground, where he could in comparative safety lie down. Exhausted, he soon feel asleep, and if danger was near, he happily was oblivious to it. Not till the bright morning light woke him did he arouse from his deep sleep.

Stiff and sore, covered with the cold dew from the mountain mists, the poor boy rose and looked around to see if an enemy was near. He had no idea where he was, and no hope of finding a habitation. But he determined to get something to eat if possible, so he made his way over rocks and fallen trees, often stumbling from weakness and exhaustion, till he was at last rewarded by hearing a cock crow. Straight he made for the place whence proceeded the delightful sound, and soon came to a house, a poor one indeed, but still one in which he might find a breakfast.

Boldly he walked up to the door, when a number of dogs rushed out to greet him in so demonstrative a manner that he was forced to ascend a gate post till he could become better acquainted with their intentions towards him. After he had gained the place of safety he called loudly for some one to drive away the dogs. A woman looked out, but went quietly back to her business inside the house, not seeming inclined to encourage the entrance of so doubtful a looking figure.[61]

And no wonder! Without a hat, part of an old shoe on one foot and none on the other, ragged clothes, matted hair and soiled hands, he looked indeed forlorn. The woman, after a time came out and called off the dogs, but seemed disinclined to entertain him; would

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[60]The escape took place on the descent of Droop Mountain and just south of the line between Greenbrier and Pocahontas Counties. The present highway is of modern construction. See letter of Henry D. Beall to the *Baltimore Sun,* p. 285, Appendix C.

[61]He was then in the ravine through which Locust Creek runs. This creek flows eastward from under Droop Mountain and into the Greenbier River. The house was probably that of Mr. W. B. McCoy, an employe of Beard's Mill, who was serving in the Confederate Army, and who still lives (1931) on Locust Creek.

answer no questions as to his whereabouts or anything else. But after a while she did allow him to enter the house, and gave him some breakfast, which, coarse as it was, he devoured eagerly and thankfully. Soon two men came in, who in answer to his questions, told him he could learn all he wished at Col. Beard's,[62] which was not far from the place where he was. He went accordingly to Col. Beard's, who as soon as he learned who he was, kindly received and assisted him.

One of the persons he met there had belonged to his brother Edward's regiment, and as soon as he recognized him was kind, and of great assistance to him.

He found that the men who were in the house, and others in the neighborhood belonged to a guerrilla party who had organized themselves for the purpose of harrassing the retreating enemy, and making war on any parties who might be detached from the main body. He was furnished with a musket and allowed to join the party. Often while lurking in a hiding place did he embrace the opportunity of aiming his musket at, and shooting down any straggling blue coat who happened to show himself. Poor fellow, he felt that he had wrongs to avenge, both of his own and those of his father, and I cannot blame him for taking vengeance in the first way that offered itself.

One man of the party made it his chief business to hunt and destroy the stragglers. On one occasion a dashing sergeant rode by with a number of men, in reach of their rifles. A shot from the man sent him rolling in the dust, while those from others of the party[63] brought down several more.

Harry learned that the man who was so vindictive in his pursuit had not long before escaped from a Yankee prison where he was loaded with sixty pounds of iron. The cruelties and atrocities committed by the part of that army who had passed through that country on its march to the upper valley were remembered, and swift vengeance was being meted out to them.

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[62]Josiah Beard, who operated Beard's Mill near the mouth of Locust Creek. A letter from his grandson, Richard M. Beard, from Beard, W. Va., June 30, 1931, states that the mill is still running, that his grandfather owned it and several hundred acres, including much of Droop Mountain, formerly probably called Beard's Mountain. Mr. Calvin W. Price, the editor of the *Pocahontas Times,* is a grandnephew of "Col." Beard, had four uncles named Price in the Confederate Army, 19th Virginia Cavalry, and states some interesting events connected with their stolen visits to the old home (issue July 30, 1831). Josiah Beard was a son of John and Janet Wallace Beard. They had one hundred descendants in the Confederate Army.

[63]Henry D. Beall refers to these men as Witcher's Cavalry.

Mr. Creigh was hung by the neck in the garden of a near neighbor while the commander and his officers breakfasted quietly in the dining room after giving the order for his murder, and seeing him led out. His crime was beating a drunken soldier out of his daughter's apartment into which he had forced himself while they were asleep in bed.

The man in the fray, was struck on the head, the blow causing his death. For this act of parental duty he was taken from his own house to his neighbor's garden and there put to death.[64] On one of his excursions Harry came upon a Yankee soldier fast asleep in the woods, his musket lying by his side. He possessed himself of the musket, and waking the Yankee informed him that he was a prisoner.

That one, and one who was handed over to him by another man,[65] he guarded and marched all the way to Lexington. Two wagon loads of handcuffs had been found by the mountaineers among Hunter's effects left behind him in his flight. They were intended for the Southern soldiers and people who were to be adorned with them to grace Gen. Hunter's triumphant entry into the cities. Harry put none on his prisoners, but brought home one or two pairs to let us see what had been intended for us had Gen. Hunter's flight been less hasty. Harry remained among the mountaineers nearly a week,

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[64]A detailed account of this hanging by O. W. Kittenger of Alderson, W. Va., appeared in the *Lexington Gazette* of September 30, 1930. A letter from him October 6, 1930, to this editor confirmed it. He states that he attended the court-martial trial, held at Bunger's Mill, with his father, a neighbor, and friend of Mr. David S. Creigh. The alleged killing occurred at Mr. Creigh's residence near Ronceverte, Greenbrier County, West Virginia, at the time Generals Averill and Crook passed on their raid against Saltville (May, 1864). On their retreat toward Staunton in June, the presence of the body of a soldier in the old well was revealed by the old slave, Caesar, who had helped the family to conceal it there. The court-martial took place in the residence of Wallace Robinson, now owned by Charles W. Young. No counsel was allowed Mr. Creigh. Mr. Creigh, on returning home from a brief absence, surprised the man in a blue uniform, rifling a trunk in the room of a sick daughter on the second floor. The man rose and aimed his pistol at Creigh, but Mrs. Creigh seized his arm. In the struggle which ensued both men fell to the first floor through the stair well. The pistol exploded, shooting the soldier in the hip. Mr. Creigh was marched via Staunton to Rockbridge County. Col. Feamster, of Lexington, Va., whose mother was a friend and neighbor of the Creigh's commenting on the last letter written by Mr. Creigh to his wife on June 10, 1864, published in the *Lexington Gazette* shortly after the Kittenger letter, states that the soldier was drunk, that Creigh was not armed, that Mr. Creigh's daughters were taken with him to Brownsburg but subsequently released, that he was hung in the yard of "Belleview," the residence of Rev. Dr. Morrison near Brownsburg. Mr. Creigh in his letter states that he was sentenced in the evening of June 10, to be hung at daybreak next morning.

[65]"They were glad to surrender. He had an old pair of handcuffs with which he effectually paired them just before he got to town. His entry was dramatic beyond his hopes. A crowd soon followed him and he arrived home at the head of a motley procession. Then his story of the capture and long march as prisoners was told to us for the first time." (K. McD.)

going with them in all their adventurous searches after Yankees, sometimes coming upon a party rather more formidable than they cared to meet, and being obliged to seek safety in flight, or by strategy. He after being supplied with a pair of shoes, made by one of the mountaineers, set out for Lexington, a journey of ninety-five miles, where he arrived with his prisoners as I have related.

One act of grace on the part of the Yankee army that ought to be recorded as it was the only one, was that as the party that entered the town from the south, passed the cemetery where lay the remains of the august Jackson in quiet repose, they halted, and every man uncovered his head, and still uncovered, marched by slowly and solemnly. A beautiful silk flag had been sent from England by Mr. Beresford Hope to wave over his grave; that, of course, had been removed to a place of safety.

One week later Gen. Early's pursuing army passed, the flag was there, and every officer and soldier saluted it, and went slowly by the grave of their Hero uncovered. The circumstances were remarkable, and so poetic that Mrs. Preston[66] in her volume of war songs had a lovely poem in which she describes how the two armies, though arrayed against each other in deadly strife, were united in their respect and admiration of the great soldier and Christian.[67]

Will had in the meantime returned, but could give us no news,

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[66]Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, wife of Col. J. T. L. Preston, C. S. A., who was Professor of Languages at the Virginia Military Institute, 1839-82. Mrs. Preston was born in 1820. She was the eldest child of the Rev. Dr. George Junkin, a minister of the Associate Reform Presbyterian Church, and president of LaFayette College at Easton, Pa. In 1848 he was made president of Washington College at Lexington, Va. Mrs. Preston's youngest sister, Eleanor, was the wife of Maj.-Gen. T. J. Jackson, C. S. A., who was Professor of Philosophy and Instructor in Artillery Tactics of the Virginia Military Institute, 1850-61. At the breaking out of the war, Dr. Junkin, whose wife had died in 1854, resigned the presidency of Washington College and returned to Pennsylvania with his youngest daughter, Julia, then the widow of the former Professor Fishburn at Washington College. Mrs. Preston was loyal to the Southern cause, with which her husband had cast his lot and remained in the South at Lexington. She published several volumes of poetry, the most notable of which was entitled "Old Songs and New," published by Lippencott in 1870, and was a noted contributor both in poetry and prose to the *New Eclectic Magazine,* published at Baltimore, 1868-71. For history of her poem, "Beechenbrook," see note p. 246. Mrs. Preston died at Lexington, March 2nd, 1897.

[67]Private Miles O'Reilly (Col. Charles G. Halpaine, Assistant Adjutant General to General David Hunter) in his "Baked Meats of the Funeral," p. 312, refers to a visit of himself and a prominent Union cavalry leader to Jackson's grave in the Lexington "church yard" and the unique monument of a silk Confederate battle flag made by certain secession sympathizing peeresses of England which had hung on a tall pine flagstaff near the grave but which had been with mistaken caution removed by McCausland's retreating forces. He pays a high tribute to Gen. Jackson's military genius and to Gen. Lee's respectability. In 1875 he wrote a beautiful poem in praise of Jackson which was reproduced from an old scrap book in the January, 1929, number of the *Confederate Veteran.*

and up to the time of Harry's arrival all was uncertainty concerning the fate of either him or his father, or indeed of any of them.

August, 1864.—After Harry came, and said that his father had without doubt been carried to some Northern prison, I wrote to every one of which I had heard the name. Flora also wrote to several and the letters were sent to our Government to be forwarded by flag of truce. Harry was persuaded that he was well treated, and his hopefulness imparted itself to us. After some time though, I saw a person who told me that he had talked with a gentleman who said he had seen him in Cumberland, Maryland. That he was well and had been paroled, and was well treated. I knowing that he had many acquaintances in Maryland, and some warm friends in Cumberland, dismissed my fears and though I was grieved at his absence, and his separation from us who could do more for his comfort than anyone else could, I felt easy, and tried to be reconciled to what I felt sure could only be a temporary detention.

One evening in August (I took no account of time then), I was on my way to Col. Preston's to drink tea. Will, who had nearly recovered from his wound, had already gone with Flora.

August, 1864.—I stopped at the postoffice to see if there were any letters, and one was handed me directed in a child's hand, and in a yellow envelope.[68] Supposing it was one of many letters I was con-

[68]The letter referred to is no doubt the one which follows (Glengarry McDonalds of Virginia," p. 95): "CUMBERLAND JAIL, JULY 10, 1864.

"To my wife and children. I wish two drawings made. First: My conflict (backed by my gallant Harry) with the 22nd New York Cavalry, 1st Lincoln Regiment, and our capture by them; and I hereby testify to their bravery as soldiers and their courtesy and humanity as captors.

"Second: Myself as a prisoner in tattered and soiled garments, with iron fetters locked on my wrists, and guarded in a cell seven by ten feet, in my uniform coat, the marks of rank, except the stars, nearly all worn off. These two drawings on one canvas, I wish to have multiplied, that every child and grandchild of mine living at my death may have one, to testify to him or her and his or her descendants, that the liberty and independence of themselves and their native land is worth all I have done and suffered and as much more as I may be called upon to do or suffer.

"ANGUS MCDONALD, COLONEL P. A. C. S."

On the other side of the paper was written the following: "*Not to secure but to torture;* and furnish color of evidence that Col. Strother was urged by private wrongs done his father to join the North in its war upon his native State. On the 9th of July, 1864, Gen. Hunter instigated by Col. Strother, his aid and relative, had a *felon's handcuffs* locked upon the old, feebled, and rheumatic wrists of Col. McDonald and incarcerated him in a cell."

On May 9, 1929, I visited this jail and noted as follows: Located on the side of a steep hill between two streets. The courthouse is on the upper street and the top story of the jail is about level with the first floor of the courthouse. The bottom of the foundation of the jail is as it existed in 1864, about two stories high, with walls of stone about three feet thick. The lowest cells are absolutely without ventilation. The others have narrow vertical slits for windows. Three additional brick stories have been placed on top of the stone building with a modern steel cage inside. There is no record of the jail having been used for Federal prisoners during the war. (H. McD.)

stantly receiving relative to articles of furniture left in Winchester, I did not open it, but put it into my pocket intending to wait till I got home. Some time after tea I was sitting rather apart from the others; Phoebe Preston was at the piano playing, and the others standing around her. Being thus alone I thought I would open the letter. I did so, and found a few lines written in pencil in my husband's hand. It said that he was in Cumberland, but in jail; in a cell paved with stone, five feet by seven; that a straw pallet was his only bed; that his hands were manacled, and that he was not permitted to see or speak to anyone, or to communicate by letter to persons outside. That the jailer's little daughter sometimes brought his meals, and that he had got her to enclose, direct and mail that note for him. It had been enclosed to someone who knew him in their lines, and that person had found means to get it through to me.

I soon took leave, not wishing to disturb Col. Preston's family with my misery, but as I went I gave them my reason for leaving so suddenly. This was a sorrow greater than any sorrow. No letter could reach him, no word of love, and he might die there in that stone cell! The very thought was agony, and our very powerlessness to help added to our grief. We talked it all over, Will, Flora, the boys and I, and nothing could be suggested but to write to all persons in power, and entreat for his release or a mitigation of his sufferings. We wrote to President Davis who was his friend; to the Secretary of War, Mr. Seddon, to try and effect his exchange, but to wait was then all we could do.

One only ray of comfort could I see in all that darkness, and that was, in the pencil note he said that the jailer's daughter had brought him a Bible which he had asked for. Could it be that the Merciful Father had taken him from all he loved and leaned upon in the world, to compel him to seek Him and find Him, to prove that every other dependence is as a broken reed? That one thought I found comfort in, that he had sought "Him who sticketh closer than a brother, and would not be comfortless."

Awake, in the long nights, how often would my thoughts revert to the time when happiness and prosperity surrounded us,; how I used to feel that we had too much happiness for our deserts, and how the dread always filled my mind that he should be taken from life, a stranger to his God, and he was, not a scoffer, not one who despised religion, for that he never was; and he always respected it and its true followers. But he sought it not for himself; and often when

these apprehensions would arise in my mind, of his dying out of Christ, my prayers would go up that his eyes might be opened, more earnest and fervent than I ever prayed for myself or any other living being. If my prayers had been answered, how could I complain if God had done it in His own way, not mine.

Many, many days passed, and at last a letter came from Dr. Boyd of Winchester who had been taken from his home as a hostage, and after weeks of confinement had been released on parole, but detained in Wheeling, where he[69] had been imprisoned. He wrote that my husband was in Wheeling at the Atheneum prison, that a letter could reach him there. He told all that was favorable, and nothing distressing. He had sent money to relieve his necessities and also articles to contribute to his comfort, but we afterwards learned that he was not allowed to receive them. I wrote, telling him of Harry's safe arrival at home and the letter being open for inspection reached him.

Soon one came from him full of rejoicing. "My heart is lifted up," it said, "to know of the safety of my intrepid boy." Not much of himself, except to say that he was well and had a good friend in the prison, Dr. Daugherty, who attended to his wants as a physician, and saw that he had everything necessary. Nothing more, but an exhortation to patience and hope that all would be well.

August had nearly passed, and my dear Sister Lizzy, knowing that we would be badly off for winter clothes, wrote me that she had a bag of wool for me if I could get it from her house in Warren County, a distance of more than a hundred miles. Directly Harry heard of it he offered to go, saying that he knew if he set out with it he could get many a lift from wagons passing, and was fully able to carry it part of the way. He set out, and after an absence of three weeks he arrived with the bag, which weighed about 50 pounds. This he had carried a greater part of the way on his shoulders. Bless his heart! He was a gallant boy, ready to undertake any task, however difficult or dangerous, if for the welfare of his family.

My time was now fully occupied in preparing the wool. Utterly ignorant of the process, I made many mistakes, greasing when it ought not to be greased, and blundering with the black dyes till I was almost discouraged. At last it was ready for the carding ma-

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[69]This was the Rev. A. H. H. Boyd, pastor of the Kent Street Presbyterian Church of Winchester. Mr. Robert Y. Conrad and Mr. Prillip Williams were also prisoners as hostages at that time.

chine, when a difficulty presented itself. It could be carded at no factory in the neighborhood except by consent of the authorities, as the government had all the factories in its employ. After many a long walk to petition the different great men who had the management of them I obtained consent, and started Kenneth on a horse with the huge package before him. He declared when he came back that he had seen nothing but the ears of the animal all the way he went. He was a very little fellow but he performed his task well. Though we have but little else in the way of food we always had bread, and I had a little coffee which kept me from the need of other things, for that sustained me as nothing else could have done.

September, 1864.—There were two apple trees in the garden that supplied the children with roasted apples, and the cow Cousin John Pierce[70] left me when he went south with his cattle, furnished them with milk. That, with the little that my husband's pay could procure (I was fortunate enough to have had it paid to me) kept us from actual want, though it was often a difficult matter for me to make a meal on such food as we could get.

For clothes for the children I had ripped up a cotton mattress and had it carded and spun, had dyed one half brown with walnut hulls, and left the other white. Out of this a very neat check was made which clothed Kenneth and the three little boys, while Nelly was dressed in some red Turkish cotton which had been used in former times for bed curtains, with aprons and white frocks of muslin that had also served as window and bed curtains.

The most remarkable device I ever remember to have seen, even in those times, was a "Confederate candle." No one but the most affluent used any other, and I felt myself fortunate in having one

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[70]John Thompson Peerce. He was a son of John Peerce, who was born of English parents June 4, 1769, on the present site of LaFayette Square, Washington, D. C. His home was "Rural Retreat," near Burlington (then) Hampshire County, Virginia, which he inherited from his mother, Anne Thompson Peerce, niece of the wife of Angus McDonald, the Immigrant. He was born December 15, 1818, educated under Doctor Foote at Romney Academy. He married June 8, 1843, Hannah Cunningham Van Meter, daughter of David Van Meter. There were no children. He enlisted as a private in Company F, 7th Virginia Cavalry under Capt. George F. Sheets and fought with that regiment of Ashby's cavalry throughout the war. 1865, returned to his farm. Member West Virginia Legislature and Board of Trustees School of Deaf and Blind, Romney, W. Va. Died August 9, 1895. "Cousin John Peerce sent us a cow which was indeed a comfort to the family but a curse to me, as I had to escort her to and from the pasture twice a day. Mother made us feed her at home during the winter. She conceived the idea of boiling the hay in a large iron pot. The cow got so fond of the stuff that she often burned her mouth in her haste to devour it. She gave a quantity of milk, however." (K. McD.)

by which I could sit at night and read or sew. I often wonder now how my eyes stood the ordeal. It was made of a small cord, or candlewick, drawn through a pan of melted beeswax and tallow. The cord was about six yards long and was repeatedly drawn through till it was so thickly coated as to be as large as one's little finger.

A candlestick was made of an upright stick about a foot long, fixed in a block two inches thick and about four inches square. On this the candle was wound in close coils, till on reaching the top the end was put through a loop made in a narrow band of tin which was fastened on the top of the stick and served to hold the candle upright. Every minute it had to be snuffed and drawn farther through the loop, as it wasted rapidly away. Not much of anything could be done by its light as constant attention had to be paid to the candle.

How to clothe the two large boys, Harry and Allan, was a serious question, but my friend, Mrs. Powell, had met the difficulty by offering two suits of her husband's clothes that were not military, for part of the red and white bed curtains to make frocks and aprons for her two little girls, Eleanor and Laura.

Flora had been with me all the summer, and in the early part of it, when our hearts were not too heavy, we had occupied ourselves in plaiting wheat straw and making hats. She made one for herself, and I one for Nelly and very pretty they were. Will was so far recovered from his wound as to be able to join his command, and in August he left us, and with him went all our brightness and cheerfulness, for his gentle humour and pleasant talk greatly alleviated our sadness; besides there was a feeling of being protected while he was near.

Meanwhile the Valley of Virginia was being fiercely contended for. While Gen. Lee was opposing his weakening lines to Grant, heavy bodies of cavalry and infantry were struggling to enter, with varying success. I kept no account of the battles; I only knew that however opposed, they constantly gained ground in that valley so dear to Jackson's heart, and so long and bravely defended by him. Gen. Early had command of Jackson's brigade, but the old spirit no longer seemed to animate them. Jackson's battlegrounds were fought over many times, and Winchester was in the hands of the enemy, after many fierce struggles.

About the last of August, a letter[71] was handed me from my hus-

[71]No copy of this letter is available, but the information must have been conveyed by one of his fellow prisoners released in the latter part of August.

band. It did not come through the regular channels, but was sent by some one to whom it had been secretly entrusted. It told me the true tale of suffering, tyranny, and malicious persecution. Ill, he was not allowed to go to the Hospital, but was confined in a room with one hundred and forty deserters and pickpockets; no military prison, no courtesy due to a prisoner of war, but treated like a common criminal, handcuffed, and deprived of everything that could make existence endurable.

The money and bedding Dr. Boyd had sent him was not allowed to be received. The ordinary courtesy of addressing him by his military title was not observed; till when standing in the ranks of criminals and felons of every grade as his name was called as "MacDonald," he refused to answer till they gave him the title which belonged to his rank.

He had learned that he was indebted for all his cruel treatment to a creature named David Strother, alias "Porte Crayon," a cowardly renegade, who after having offered his services to the Governor of Virginia to help her in her need, became alarmed over the prospect of losing his gains as writer and caricaturist in the Northern journals, as well as that of the hard fighting and privation he would have to undergo if he cast in his lot with his own people, fled, and with the Governor's commission in his pocket, beyond the lines of the Confederate states. The next time he appeared within those lines, it was with the advancing hosts of the enemy, who entered his native town, insulted his parents* and friends and destroyed his neighbor's property, the very people with whom, and under whose protection he had left his wife. It was said that he went to the enemy because they offered him better pay and higher rank. To cover up this cowardly wickedness, he pretended that he did it to avenge the ill-treatment his father had received at the hands of the Confederates; and as my husband was the officer who had had charge of Col. Strother, upon him did he inflict all the indignities his evil nature could suggest.

In the matter of Col. Strother's detention, and of his arrest in the first instance, my husband was blameless; indeed did all he could to make his short captivity as light as possible, and exerted himself to have him released. Col. Strother, being a violent Union man, was arrested by a troop of my husband's regiment of cavalry, under command of Capt. Myers[72] and brought to Winchester, where were

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*His wife's parents. His own were dead. (C. McD.)

[72]Capt. Samuel D. Myers, Company C, 7th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A.

the headquarters of the regiment. He was greatly distressed at his arrest, and would have had him released instantly, but could not do so without orders from Richmond. These he sent for, at the same time recommending his release, which was accomplished in three days from the time he was brought to his camp, and while there he had every comfort, and every courtesy. Not long after his release he sickened from some cause, being quite old, and died during the summer. This David Strother pretended to attribute to the treatment he had received at my husband's hands.

So far from being unkind or severe to him, my husband could not be too kind and considerate, for he had a very tender regard for him.

Col. Strother had been his father's friend and companion in arms, and at his death, at Batavia, New York, during the War of 1812, he was with him, received his last sigh, and brought to his wife and children his dying messages, as well as his sword, sash, etc., which were all he could bring. He and his brother always cherished the kindest feelings for Col. Strother, and my husband would have defended him from an indignity, or shielded him from any distress.[73]

On that long and miserable journey after he had parted from Harry, he was allowed to speak to no one. The soldiers were given to understand that he was a criminal of the deepest dye, and must not be noticed, or the least kindness shown him.

At night the wagon he was in was drawn up close to Hunter's headquarters, guarded by soldiers, and for all those eighteen days of weary journeying he was never offered water to wash his face; nor was any covering given him for his head, his military cap having been taken from him, at the time of his capture, till the jailer at Cumberland gave him a hat. At Charleston in Western Virginia a kind lady was permitted to speak to him, and she sent him water and towels and a change of linen. His hand had been wounded by a bullet in the fight at the time of his capture, and in all that time the wound had not been dressed.

With my husband's letter came one from Dr. Boyd,[74] saying that he had been released and sent home. It enclosed one from my hus-

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[73]A full discussion of the accuracy of the statements made, beginning on p. 227, will be found in Appendix B, copy of a letter from Colonel McDonald dated September 6, 1864, from the Atheneum Prison to Maj.-Gen. Crook, who had commanded the infantry in General Hunters Lynchburg campaign.

[74]Dr. A. H. H. Boyd.

band, to him written from the prison on the occasion of Dr. Boyd's departure from Wheeling.[75] "When you are gone," it said, "the last link will be broken that connects me with the world that is still lighted by the sun, and fanned by the breeze of Heaven." Ah! how the words of the Psalm came into my mind; they came with a force and reality they never had before. "Oh let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before thee!" How I could feel it now, and how often I recalled to memory his love for Mrs. Hemans' song, "Bring flowers," and how he used to sing with Mary the words.

"Bring flowers to the captive's lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell,
Of the free blue stream and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye."

Appeals had been constantly made by every member of the family to those in power for his exchange, or for efforts towards effecting his release. We learned that Col. Crook had been put in irons in a Southern prison in retaliation for his treatment. More private letters came to me urging us all to make every effort for his release or

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[75]This letter is here copied from the original now in my possession:

"ATHENEUM PRISON, AUGUST 19, 1864.

"Rev. Dr. Boyd.

"*My Dear Sir*:

"I rejoice to hear that you have been released from duress and are about to rejoin your family and friends by your return home; same cause, I have also to regret that you can not be at home and here too, as I shall, when you have gone [have] to search for some new link to connect me with the world upon which the sun is yet permitted to shine and the pure air of heaven to fan; I wrote you day before yesterday to take the necessary preliminary steps to procure me certain articles named in my note; yesterday an order was received in the prison which will hereafter prevent any "prisoner of war" from receiving comforts of any kind, from points outside but Capt. Over, upon my consulting him yesterday, kindly, and I think properly, construed the order to take effect only from the day it was made public to the prisoners, i. e., yesterday. He regards, and I think properly, that the steps which I had taken to procure the articles named being prior to his receipt of the order and his assurance to me that I should have the articles, if sent to me, vested a right to them, which he is not required by his obedience to the order *subsequently* received, to deprive me of. The terms of the order contemplate that the prisoners of war may still receive money from their friends in such moderate sums as may be approved by Commander of the prison. Will you, before you leave for home, do me the kindness to secure some gentleman who will advance me as much as three dollars and a half per week whilst I remain here a prisoner. I enclose a power of attorney to Mr. Williams [Mr. Phillip Williams of Winchester] which will explain itself. Truly and gratefully yours,

"A. W. MCDONALD, COL. P. A. C. S.

"P. S. I am sure you need not be enjoined to write to my family and give them all the knowledge you have of my condition and say that I have no hope of exchange or release unless some Union Officer Prisoner will address his government and urge some exchange for me—I think the C. S. will give consent."

exchange. Alas! the influence of the persecutor was too powerful; a deaf ear was turned to every appeal. One letter said that he had heard that Col. Crook was subjected to cruel treatment in retaliation for that inflicted on him.[76] This, he said, only pained him; why should an innocent man suffer because he was cruelly treated? The knowledge of it could not mitigate one pang, but only added to his misery. All the older boys had sent word to David Strother, or written him, that whenever, or wherever any of them should meet him, they would kill him. Edward wrote a note to his wife, of which the following is a copy.[77] His regiment was encamped near her mother's house.

Mrs. David Strother:[78]

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[76]No doubt the letter referred to was that written by himself on September 6 to Maj.-Gen. Crook. This letter was sent by private means to the Confederate Government at Richmond and thence by flag of truce to the Federal authorities. Col. McDonald's incarceration had been denounced in the Richmond papers and a retaliatory order issued to have Col. Crooks, then a prisoner at Andersonville, similarly treated. As soon as Col. McDonald learned of the order through the public press, he wrote President Davis, urging him to prevent it, saying: "Col. Crook is a brave soldier and has done nothing to merit such treatment, though it might be just as well to let the U. S. Government think it is being done." The order was issued for Col. Crooks' confinement in irons but not executed because he was then in the hospital. He later escaped from the hospital, was recaptured and placed in irons. Col. McDonald's letter (see p. 276) and one from his daughter, Anne, to General Hitchcock. Commissioner for the Exchange of Prisoners, resulted in Col. McDonald's release from prison on November 1 and return to Richmond on November 7, 1864. The records of the U. S. Adjutant General's Office do not show whether or not he was exchanged for Col. Crooks. Nor do they show that he was ever treated in any manner other than as a prisoner of war and an officer. For full correspondence between C. S. A. officials, see W. R. R., S. II, Vol. 7, pp. 593 and 667-8.

[77]Col. Strother's second wife was Miss Mary Elliott Hunter of Charles Town, Va. Mrs. Cornelia McDonald also wrote Mrs. Strother. The following is a copy of the original letter, purchased by the editor in 1928 from an antique dealer in Winchester:

"LEXINGTON, AUGUST 3, 1864.

"Mrs. Strother.

"Madam: A former friend at whose house you have been received in times past as a welcome inmate, ventures now to write a line to you to request that you will do her the kindness to inquire of your husband, Col. Strother, who I understand is on Gen. Hunter's staff, where Col. Angus W. McDonald of Winchester was taken after he was captured near Lexington, Va.

"He was in feeble health when he was captured, and I have understood would have been released but for the interference of Col. Strother. My anxiety about him is very great, and if you will do me the great favor to ascertain from your husband the place of his imprisonment and inform me by letter at as early a day as possible, you will greatly oblige.

"MRS. ANGUS MCDONALD."

[78]Mrs. H. W. Goodwin. Her letter of July 3, 1864, from Kanawha Court House, Va., is among the papers left by Mrs. C. McDonald. She was a Miss Welch. She inquires about her brother, Levi Welch, then a cadet at the Virginia Military Institute. Their records show that he graduated Second Lieutenant, Company B, and fought with the corps of cadets at New Market. Later he became a private in the C. S. A. He was a rancher after the war and died in 1901.

My father, Col. Angus McDonald of Winchester, Virginia, was recently arrested by the forces under Gen. Hunter as a prisoner of war; and taking into consideration his feeble health, should have been at once paroled, but for the influence of your husband, David Strother. His detention, and exposure with a moving army, will greatly endanger if it does not destroy his life.

I have therefore taken this means to give Col. Strother notice that the measure of pain which, to gratify his private malice, shall be visited on my father, shall be meted out to him even unto death, if death be the result of my father's confinement and this determination will survive, no matter when the war ends, or where he may be found. To this purpose I pledge the lives of nine sons.

E. H. McDonald,

Major 11th Virginia Cavalry.

Rosser's brigade, June 22nd, 1864.

Early in August I had received a letter from Mrs. Goodwin[78] of Charleston, Western Virginia, telling me that she had seen my husband as he passed with Gen. Hunter, that he was the only prisoner with him; that he had said he was in his usual health, and would do very well, and not to be uneasy about him. Her letter came through the lines, and of course nothing could be written in it of the real state of the case. Before it, however, I had heard through the sources mentioned of his real condition. I mentioned above that Edward was encamped near Mrs. Strother's home[79] when the letter to her was written. When I saw him some time after, he told me that all that night he struggled against a burning desire to capture her and carry her off to a remote place within our lines till his father should be released. He said that nothing but the knowledge that his father would consider it an unmanly act prevented his doing it. He therefore contented himself with sending her the note. She had been intimate with his sisters, and had acted as bridesmaid to one of them, and often stayed for weeks at our house.

Letters continued to come, some hopeful, but all urging every effort to be made to effect his release or exchange. Some of them spoke of weakening health and consuming anxiety to get home. Anxiety, impatience at the tediousness of arranging the exchange

[79]Berkeley Springs (Bath P. O.) Morgan County, Virginia.

deprived me of all quiet; and sleepless nights and sorrowful days slowly passed without, as it seemed, bringing any nearer what was so earnestly wished for his release and return home. Steps had been taken for his exchange for Col. Crook, but there was no near prospect of its being effected. Meantime every effort had to be made to supply food for the family. We still had bread for which we were thankful, but there was little else except a very small allowance of army bacon, which I was allowed to buy at government prices, and which just sufficed to feed the servant. The two hundred dollars I received in Confederate money barely served to get a few of the most necessary articles, so valueless had it become that two hundred dollars was required to buy a calico dress, eighteen dollars a pound of Rio coffee, and forty dollars a pair of very coarse children's shoes. My friend, Mrs. Powell, often had necessaries and comforts which were beyond my reach, her husband being in the commissary department at Richmond, and he often sent her things, coffee, sugar, molasses, etc. She generally sent me some, a little sugar, or molasses for the children was a great treat.

October, 1864.—One evening I remember well, and can scarcely help laughing now when I think of it. I was sitting sadly by the fire in the dusk of the evening; the door opened, and her pale, thin face appeared; her pretty black eyes bright with interest in something she carried under her shawl. It was a little coffee pot full of molasses for the children's supper, about a pint. Sometimes she brought a cup of coffee or sugar, and many a time it came when I had none, and was faint for want of my cup of coffee. We had many laughs at our privations, and especially at the increasing appetites of our boys, which concerned us much. She had six hungry mouths to supply, and I had seven. Our fellow sufferer, Mrs. Dailey, had eight. There being little else but bread for them, of course they had to consume a great deal of that. One of the Powells was expostulated with for eating six biscuits for his supper. He replied that that was nothing, for Allan MacDonald and Grif. Dailey each eat sixteen! Mrs. Powell had arrived in Lexington with no household effects, and was obliged to supply herself with such articles as other people did not want, and would sell, lend, or give her. She had no servant, and no convenience for cooking, which had to be done by herself and her children.

We were one day talking over our perplexities and smaller trials, and she was bemoaning her fate in being obliged to make her own bread, and especially being obliged to put it to rise in an immense

coffee pot—some cast off of a hotel. With her thin hands clasped in her lap, and her eyes fixed on the floor, she said, "I would not mind it half so much if I did not have to clean that dreadful old coffee pot." I burst out laughing at her woe begone face as she recited such grief and she joined me.

A day school had been opened at the college, and I gladly accepted the invitation which was given me to send my three older boys, Harry, Allan and Kenneth, as I had lamented their waste of time for so many months.

September had brought us dreadful news from the lower valley; our army had been defeated in three battles, or on three successive days; driven from Winchester and closely pursued in their retreat by the enemy. At Fisher's Hill[80] a battle was fought in which Alexander Pendleton who was aid to Early, and Gen. Pendleton's[81] only son, was mortally wounded. I had to go with Mrs. Powell to tell them the dreadful news. A sad task it was, but the poor bereaved old mother seemed to smother her own grief to comfort the poor crushed wife. On the 19th he was shot, and in two days died in the lines of the enemy with no one he loved near him.

October, 1864.—One night early in October, I was fast asleep, and was awakened, as I thought, by a movement of men in the room. Asleep or awake I never knew which, I saw distinctly my husband's form lifted up by four men and laid on a bed or lounge. He was not dead, I could see that, for his face, though thin and emaciated, was very red. I screamed out and waked Flora. She said of course it

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[80]September 22, 1864.

[81]Gen. William N. Pendleton, born Richmond, Va., 1809. Graduated at West Point Military Academy, 1830, and was Assistant Professor of Mathematics at that institution, 1831-32. Resigned 1833 to study for the ministry in the Protestant Episcopal Church. Ordained Deacon 1837 and Priest in 1838. In 1839 he established the Episcopal High School at Alexandria, Va., and was its principal from 1853 until the breaking out of the war. He entered the Confederate Army as Captain of Artillery, was promoted to Colonel before the end of 1861 and made Chief of Artillery of the Army of the Shenandoah. He was made Brigadier-General of Artillery in March, 1862, and participated in most of the battles fought by the Army of Northern Virginia. He was one of General Lee's Commissioners of Surrender at Appomattox. After the war he returned to his former charge as Rector of Grace Church at Lexington, Va., where he remained until he died in 1883. In 1834 he married Miss Angelette Elizabeth Page. (Nat. Cycl. Am. Biog., Vol. 10, p. 241.) Their children were Mary, Susan, who married Edwin G. Lee, Anne, Rose, "Lella," and Alexander S. (Sandy), who married Miss Catherine Corbin. After the war Mrs. A. S. Pendleton, a widow, married Col. John M. Brooke, and Lella married E. M. E. Gadsden. Mary, Anna, and Rose did not marry.

was a dream, and begged me to try and compose myself; but it seemed to be no dream; it had all the distinctness of reality, and even when the busy morning came, it would not be replaced by other interests and concerns, but remained to persuade me that something had happened to him.

I felt as if I could no longer stay where I was, and endure the uncertainty, and so I determined to try and get to Wheeling, where I might at least hear how he was. I had a little Virginia money that had been sent me a few days before, the proceeds of the sale of a stove that had been left in Winchester, and that I thought would pay the expenses of the journey. I wrote to him that day that I was going, but my departure was delayed by unforeseen circumstances, for a few days, and then I had intelligence from Richmond that he might any day be exchanged and set out from Wheeling.

So I delayed, and a letter came from him dated the 16th of October, saying that his health was failing fast; that he had had two epileptic fits in succession some days before; that he might be able to endure his captivity a month longer, or until cold weather, but if not released before winter he felt that he never should see home again. The letter was written at his dictation by Dr. Dougherty. He begged that I would not think of going to him as I would not be allowed to see him if I was there.

In the meantime Anne had written to Gen. Hitchcock[82] who had been his classmate and friend at West Point, and the companion in arms he had loved in his youth and continued all his life to love. She had heard of his appointment as Commandant at Fortress Monroe, and felt sure that a letter to him would bring about his exchange or release. Her letter elicited a favourable response, and an order for his release on parole was sent immediately. I received a letter from him dated Nov. 1st in which he joyfully announced that he should that day leave the prison for home.

With the cold weather came added anxieties about winter supplies. A large patch of potatoes had been planted in the summer by my

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[82]Maj.-Gen. Ethan Allen Hitchcock, U. S. Volunteers. Detailed as Commissioner for Exchange of Prisoners of War, in General Order No. 187, November 15, 1862. He also served as military adviser to President Lincoln. For sketch of his life, see p. 196, Vol. 11, "National Cyclopedia American Biography." General B. F. Butler was Commissioner for Exchange of Prisoners at Fortress Monroe.

boys, and had been gathered in and laid in the attic to dry.[83] On the night of October 22 there was a severe freeze that destroyed them all, and so perished our only certain hope of food for the winter. The cloth for the boys' clothes was ready to be woven, but there were long delays about it, and I feared it would be badly needed before we got it. The red curtains having all been made up and worn out, I devised a plan for clothing Nelly which proved a good one.

I found among some things in a chest that had been brought from home, a quantity of red worsted fringe that had formerly trimmed some chamber curtains. It was all made of fine good threads, strong and well twisted. I showed it to Rose Pendleton and told her what I thought of doing with it. She thought the project a good one, and insisted on my taking it up to their house and letting them help me to ravel and wind it; this I was glad to do as it was a long piece of work.

I took it up to the Rectory, and evening after evening, her mother and sisters, and Mrs. Lee, her married sister, all helped till it was finished. It made a very pretty plaid for Nelly's frocks, with the addition of some white and black thread. I never can forget the kindness of that family; nothing that they could do for me was ever omitted, and they were always ready with sympathy in any trouble that assailed me.

My poor little boys were still barefooted, and it made me so sorry their little red feet as they went out in the frost of the November mornings. Night after night I laid awake, trying to devise plans for getting them shoes, and paying for the weaving of the cloth; how I should get wood, and above all, how I should keep the released prisoner from the distress of seeing us want, and how I should pro-

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[83]After Pa left, never to come back, things looked so dark for us that every child of the lot knew what we were up against. Mother at once rose to the occasion and by one device or another kept our bodies covered and stomachs full enough. Her first effort on a large scale was to procure about one acre of virgin soil full of stumps, about three quarters of a mile off the road to the Natural Bridge and about a mile on the other side of Lexington. I have forgotten how she had it plowed up, but that was its condition when her working force, Harry, Allan, and I, were turned loose upon it. Neither do I know how she procured the seed potatoes, but I do know we put in the necessary labor to raise a fine crop. It occurs to me now that the party who owned the land also plowed it up and hauled the crop, one half to his own home and the other to ours. One half was more by far than we needed for the winter's supply. They were stored in bulk on the floor of the basement, in the room which afterwards served as a dining room when the house became filled with students and cadets as boarders. The top six or eight inches of the pile of potatoes froze three separate times during the very cold winter. As soon as the frost came we took off the frozen layer as it immediately began to rot (and such a smell). Mother saw to it that the rotten ones were spread upon the garden. (K. McD.)

vide him with comforts when he came. I prayed then as I had never prayed before, for food and clothing for my children, and tried to believe and trust that they would be provided. I determined after much thought to go again to Deaver, and ask him to make the children's shoes. But oh! everything was more hopeful then, money was more valuable, and the end of the war did not seem so very far off, at least the prospect of paying him was better. I went to him, nevertheless, and told him just what my prospect was of paying him, and told him also that I felt that I was making a most unreasonable request, for him to wait an indefinite time for his money. He said he would make them, and I must not feel uneasy or anxious about it; that he knew I would pay when I could. I turned away and left the shop with tears I could not keep back. So the little ones got their shoes, and I found sale for a few remaining articles of jewelry that supplied wood and other necessaries for present use. I bought stockings for Harry and Allan, knit by the mountain women, knitted some for Nelly of cotton, and for Kenneth, Don, Roy and Hunter I cut up old knit undershirts and made them.[84]

After the reception of the letter telling of my husband's illness, I felt persuaded that he must be too weak and exhausted to endure even the fatigues of a journey home; and I was full of anxiety, restless and uneasy, so that at all times my nerves were easily affected; if I slept it was to dream sad and uneasy dreams, and all my thoughts by day or night were of the released prisoner now traveling homewards.

One night, I remember well, I had a dream that startled and distressed me greatly. Though in happier times, when my life was calm I paid no attention to dreams, only thinking them idle wanderings of the mind when the body slept; but Oh! I have since thought that they sometimes come as shadows of the event; as premonitions to prepare the anxious and expectant soul for grief and calamity. Well on that night I slept, but "my heart was awake," and I dreamed that he was to be married, that preparations were going on for the wedding; that I came into a room and saw him sitting alone at a long table covered with a white cloth. On the table, just before him was laid a large green wreath; nothing else was on it.

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[84]My father brought from Europe two velvet Scotch caps with Glengarry plaid bands and ribbons trailing in the rear. He also brought a pair of highly colored Turkish trousers. These found their way to Lexington. The enforced wearing of these caps and the altered Turkish trousers was the cause of many a conflict between the youthful wearers and the town boys, who were disposed to jeer.

On the 9th of November I received a short letter from him at Richmond. He had arrived there on the 7th; was too fatigued to write much; he would be at home as soon as he could be exchanged for Col. Crook. Col. Crook was in North Carolina,[85] and some days must elapse before he could be taken to Old Point to effect the exchange. My disappointment was great when I found there was still to be delay, after all my watching and waiting. The truth was, however, that he was too weak to travel further and required rest.[86]

I was much provoked, not knowing all, that anything should keep him longer from home.

On the 28th I had a letter from Flora, written at his dictation, telling me that he was not as well as he had been; that I must come immediately as he might not be able to travel for sometime. I was compelled to wait two days to arrange for the children during my absence.[87]

After sending Nell and Hunter to Col. Williamson's and seeing the other boys comparatively comfortable, I left them under the charge of Susan, the cook, with Harry and Allan to take care of the little boys, and set out.

December, 1864.—At dawn on the 1st of December I left the house with the little ones fast asleep, and everything quiet around. It was a bitter cold day, and I could scarcely keep from freezing on the way to the canal boat. It was comfortless on the boat, so cold

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[85]Andersonville, S. C.

[86]The following is quoted from pp. 97 and 98 of Mrs. Williams book: "He told us, his daughters, who were at that time the only members of his family in Richmond, some very touching experiences of his imprisonment. One was of a man whom he had befriended years before, a tailor, who came to see him in prison and observing his great need of apparel, insisted upon taking his measure, and soon sent him an entire outfit with the receipted bill. Many of the citizens made efforts to relieve his necessities, but the Sisters of Charity first succeeded in gaining admittance and did a great deal to alleviate the condition of his last days in prison. On his departure by 'Flag of Truce,' they sent him a basket filled with provisions and delicacies for his trip, and not being able to make any acknowledgement of it at the time, he afterwards had his picture taken with the basket beside him. And it is to those same kind sisters that his family were indebted for a copy of that picture after the war. One day, when in the Wheeling jail, watching the passage of the weary hours, there came by his window some Confederate prisoners, who were going to obtain their release by taking the oath. Getting upon a chair, in order to communicate with them, steadied by his fellow-prisoners, he raised his hands, trembling with the weight of the fetters, to the small window and, pointing to the stars on his collar, said: "Look what that government has done to which you are going to swear allegiance." Most of them, indignant at the sight, refused to proceed, and the officer of the guard, furious at the interruption, had the only chair taken from the room, as a punishment for what he called "the stubborn old traitor."

[87]The old house was infested with rats, and it was on this occasion that Harry made a rat pie and fed his charges on it.

that everybody had to sit close to the red hot stove. The boat was full, and I never remember to have seen so many people together who displayed so little merriment.

Every one was sad and anxious, at least from their talk I inferred so. One group talked of the conscription; a cruel thing they thought of it, and I did, too, when I heard what they had to tell of it. One man, a rough mountain man, was one of the conscribed. He was on his way to the army; was over forty-five, for in the country's extremity everybody had to go who could bear arms. He was telling of a neighbor of his on the mountain who had had two sons killed, and one a prisoner; that he, the father, had been taken as a conscript, and that the poor old wife had been left alone in her hut to abide the winter's cold, with no one to provide for or take care of her.

Groups of murmuring men were all around, and I first began to realize that the patience of the people was worn out; that their long suffering and endurance was to be depended on no longer; that they were beginning to see that it was of no avail to deliver the country from her enemies. It is strange after so long a time how distinctly I remember ever circumstance of that journey; how the boat looked; how dim and faded its once bright and smart decorations were; how dilapidated all its furniture was, and how gloomy everybody looked.[88]

When meal time came each one opened his or her little package of provisions (some had only a crust of bread), for there were no meals served on the boats. At night there were two poor candles lighted and placed on a table, and by it two girls seated themselves, and seemed to be trying to extract a little amusement by speculating on the character, station and occupation of the other passengers. I was near enough to hear their remarks, and was a little amused at the manner in which they sketched the position and antecedents of the different persons. At last they came to me, as I knew by a glance my way. One said, "A poetess, a widow, been married twice."

I did not know why, but the last observation annoyed me. I wondered why they thought so, and kept wondering, till at last I got up and went and looked into the poor old looking glass to see if there

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[88]The canal boats (passenger) were about 60 feet long, 10 feet beam, propelled by two mules, tandem, which walked on the towpath and were connected to the boat by a tow line. A man rode one of the mules and announced his approach to the locks when about one-half mile away by many blasts on a long tin horn. The berths were above one another on each side, like shelves, an aisle between. (K. McD.)



CANAL BOAT ON NORTH RIVER, NEAR LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA.

From a drawing made by Kenneth McDonald from a photograph made in 1867, original in possession of Miss Annie White, retired Librarian Washington & Lee University. The boat is being "poled" from the regular landing at Alexander's warehouse to the Woods Creek landing on the south side. The John Jordon residence, home of Mrs. McDonald 1867-69, now "Stono" and the ruins of the Virginia Military Institute appear on the hills in the background.

was anything festive in my appearance. What I saw was a thin, anxious face and black garments; so I was reassured.

At Lynchburg we stopped, and I went on to Richmond next morning by rail. I met some friends on the cars, Mrs. Magill and others, and when we were in motion and fairly on the way, I felt light-hearted, even elated; not for months had I had so much lightness of spirit.

I sat all day happy, talking and laughing with friends, and joyfully anticipating my arrival at Richmond.

When we reached the depot, Mr. Ran. Tucker came to meet Mrs. Magill. He spoke to me very affectionately, and I remarked to myself how sad he looked, but did not think of it long, for I was occupied in wondering why some one was not there to meet me. Mr. Tucker got me a carriage, and I drove to Mr. Claiborne Green's where he was staying. Mr. Green met me at the door, and stood rubbing his hands and absently looking at me without saying a word. At last he went out to have the trunk brought in, and I stood in the hall rather at a loss to imagine why no one came to the door to meet me. Soon Mrs. Holliday[89] came out of a room, and in her usual unthinking way pointed to an open door and asked me if I would go in there now. I went, and the object I first saw was my husband's corpse, stretched on a white bed with a large green wreath around his head and shoulders, enclosing them as in a frame.

They had not intended that I should have had such a shock, had not expected me till nine o'clock by the south side train,[90] and when I went in had just finished the wreath and laid it around him, that I might see him first with the horror of death a little softened. Ah! how familiar it looked, that wreath; I had seen it, weeks before; when my body slept, but my spirit was awake.

If I only had seen him to have spoken one word, I could have borne it better, but to have him go without one kind word or look, to be gone forever!

That same night I heard of the death of my dear sister Lizzy, of

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[89]Mrs. Richard Holliday (born Millicent McDonald), sister of Colonel Angus W. McDonald.

[90]The South Side Route was via the Virginia and Tennessee Railroad (now Norfolk and Western) to Junction at Havtokab, afterwards Burksville, thence over the Richmond and Danville. She evidently went to Charlottesville over the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, and thence via Gordonsville and Virginia Central (now Chesapeake and Ohio).

the shock and distress of seeing their home invaded and pillaged and everything burnt and destroyed.[91]

Many friends came to sympathize with and try to comfort me, Mrs. Mason among the rest. "My dear," she said, "if he had lived his life would have been a burden to him, so enfeebled was his constitution by hardship, and you may yet be thankful that he was taken now, before greater calamities come upon the country, and greater suffering for him. The only thing that gave me comfort was the account they gave of the change in him. He who had always said that he loved his friends and hated his enemy, that he believed revenge was a duty, left word that his sons were not to avenge his death, that they were to let the wicked alone to the vengeance of the Almighty. He said he did not wish the children, the young ones, to remain in the country if it was conquered, that he did not suppose the older ones would survive our defeat, but that the younger ones must not remain in the country to suffer the humiliation. Mary, Anne and Flora were with him. Poor Anne had just that morning gone to her little baby's bed and found it dead.

The 1st of December, the day of his death, he had asked to have the Psalter for the day read. When Flora was reading, and came to the words, "Oh Lord my God if I have done any such thing, or if there is any wickedness in my hands, if I have rewarded evil unto him that dealt friendly with me, (Yea I have delivered him that without cause is mine enemy) then let mine enemy persecute my soul and take me, yea let him tread my life down upon the earth, and lay mine honour in the dust."

He spoke of the resemblance to his own case, how he had been accused by David Strother of injuring and persecuting his father, and causing his death, when he would have protected him with his own life if it had been necessary.

On Thursday, the 1st of December, he died, and on Sunday he was buried. An immense crowd of people, I was told, was there.

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[91] "Clover Hill." Mrs. Buck died November 15, 1864. On account of his age (born 1802) and delicate health, Mr. Buck did not join the Confederate Army. He operated the Elizabeth Furnace, situated on his land, until it was destroyed by the Federals early in the war. He was absent from home when the burning was ordered. The home stood across the Shenandoah from Front Royal. Destruction of the place had been ordered by Gen. Custer, but the dwelling house was saved by the surrender of a small bag of gold, the existence of which had been made known to the Federals by a Union sympathizer and which had been entrusted to the eldest daughter, Elizabeth, for safe-keeping. However, all the barns and outhouses were burned and live stock driven off or killed. All food supplies were either taken or destroyed. The house was burned from an unknown cause in 1891.

The President and all the state and high military officers were mourners. General Cooper[92] and others of his old West Point friends were his pallbearers, and wrapped in the folds of the stars and bars, with bands playing the dead march, they carried him to Hollywood, and there laid him to rest with all the honours of war. Nothing was omitted to do him honour, or to show how deeply his sufferings were regretted. I would have been comforted by the thought that such a burial was the one he would have desired, that his true soldierly spirit if it could have seen, would have been glad, but for the knowledge that he had been sent to his grave by inhuman treatment; it seemed to me then not so much the will of God, as the wickedness of man that had taken him from the world.

All comfort I had was in the account they gave of his resignation and gentleness, "The Lord had caught and tamed that fiery heart," as one of the greatest and best said of himself; had done it by terrible suffering, but had done it. I could feel the assurance that his redeemed spirit was with God, though it had come out of great tribulation. Anne said when she spoke to him of the love of the Saviour he said to her, "I know Him, and He knows me."

Some days passed and many discussions arose with regard to the future of myself and the children. Mr. Green thought I had better come to Richmond where I could find employment in one of the Departments. All thought that the children ought to be distributed among the older members of the family. Roy to Angus, Nelly to Anne, Mary wanted Donald, and Mr. Green said he would take Kenneth with him to the army; he could provide for him there as well as teach him, he being commissary and not in active service. Hunter I was to keep, and Harry and Allan were old enough to take care of themselves.

I listened, but was resolved no matter what happened not to part with my children; but often when pressed, and reminded how hopeless my condition was, and indeed how unreasonable, it was to persist in refusing to do what was the only thing that could be done, as far as any one could see, if my heart was inclined to yield for fear I would not be doing the best for the children, the thought of my poor little lonely ones, for they would have been lonely without me and each other, the thought of not being there to hear their prayers at night, to soothe them if they were worried, or comfort them if they were troubled, that thought would nerve me for re-

[92]General S. Cooper, Adjutant and Inspector General, C. S. A.

sistance. I would try to picture to myself my little proud sensitive Donald, going to bed with grief in his heart that he would not tell to any one.

My little hot-headed Roy, who would understand him and have patience with him as I would?

My dear affectionate Kenneth, estranged from me and home by a life among strangers and soldiers.

Nelly, my little shadow and great comfort, absent from and grieving for me; and above all, my two manly boys, Harry and Allan, sent so young to live among strangers, and exposed to all the hazards of a city life without a home. I knew their brothers and sisters would be kind to them, but I knew also that my children were given to me to care for, and bring up, and I could not put the duty off on any one else and do right. Of my hands would they be required, and of those of no one else. "Where is thy flock, thy beautiful flock?"

Cousin John Maguire, the minister from Fredericksburg, came to see me one day, and began to press the subject of my giving up the children, saying that it was perfectly hopeless for me to attempt to keep them together with no means, not even my husband's pay; that it ought to be a source of satisfaction to me to have them so well provided for. I was not moved by his arguments but after he left the room was greatly relieved by a remark from Mrs. Daniel[93] who had been present at the discussion; for though my resolution was fixed, I still had doubts of my decision being the right one. She said, "You are right, do not give up your children." I could have embraced her for it. I received more encouragement from Edward who came that day. He advised me to keep the children with me.

I thanked all the family for their kindness in offering to help us, but told them I could not consent to part with the children, that they were all I had, and that I could not consent to part with them. They gave up kindly, without any prediction of misfortune, or failure, as many would have felt it their duty to make, and so I left them and went back to Lexington. The day before I left I went with Flora to Hollywood to see the place where he was laid. It was bitter cold, and a keen wind blew in our faces all the way. After a long walk we reached the hillside where he was, with Anne's poor little babe by his side.

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[93]Wife of Major John Warwick Daniel, C. S. A., 11th Virginia Cavalry and at that time Adjutant General of staff of Maj.-Gen. Jubal E. Early.

How like his brother who laid in the cemetery at Winchester with my little angel close beside him.

The wind whistled through the leafless trees, and everything looked so bleak and desolate that I felt as if my heart was broken. The falls of the James River were just below and the melancholy sound and cold look of the icy water added to the dreariness. It was bright sunshine, but a grey and cloudy sky would have harmonized better with the scene and my desolation. We could not stay long with him, but were obliged to hurry away to keep from freezing in the bitter biting wind. So we turned and left him to his lonely sleep, with the bare branches waving over him, and the sound of the rushing water the only one to break the stillness. The hillsides were covered thickly with fresh graves; but we tried to find another, that of poor Wood. He was buried in Mr. Rutherford's lot; he and Frank Sherrard were buried there the same day; we saw the two new graves, but could not tell which was his. Poor Flora wept bitterly at not being able to identify him, but we left him, too, and went back.[94]

Two years afterwards I went to Richmond to see about having their graves marked. I had a small marble slab made for each, which was all my limited means admitted of, with names and dates, so that they could be identified at some future time.[95] Mrs. Powell's little son, Simms, went with me and helped me to plant some white roses over their heads. The long grass was growing over them both, the trees thick with foliage, and the happy voices of birds singing their songs to their mates made the place a scene of beauty. The water poured on with its rapid rush at the foot of the hill, but the waves looked glad in the summer sunshine, and when I turned to go, it was with a feeling of thankfulness that he was at rest, and had escaped the misery and humiliation of that melancholy time which followed so soon after his death. One half of the privation and misery endured by the Southern people will never be known, the delicate ladies who went without shoes or necessary clothes, and

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[94]The remains of both were afterwards removed to the Confederate cemetery at Richmond. (F. McD. W.)

[95]The graves of Col. and Mrs. McDonald and their son, Allan, are all marked with appropriate monuments. Bessie's remains were removed in April, 1932, from her place beside her uncle Edward in Mount Hebron Cemetery at Winchester and laid beside her parents in Hollywood. The marker placed by Mrs. McDonald about 1875 was used at the new grave. Her nieces, Virginia Lyne Tustall and Mrs. Florence Harnsberger, kindly attended and supervised the re-interment of Bessie's remains.

with scarcely food enough to keep them alive, they and the poor famished children; it makes me sad now to recall it.

While I was in Richmond, I heard of a lady who was well connected and known in society, who had a place in the Treasury Department.

One morning on beginning her work, she fainted, and when taken up, her feet were found wrapped in long pieces of lint, as she had no shoes, and just clothes enough to cover her, not enough to keep her blood from freezing. She had had nothing to eat for two days. On my way to Lexington I stayed all night in Staunton, and occupied the room with a Miss Ball. She belonged to a wealthy and highly respectable family of Prince William, and had been employed in one of the Richmond Hospitals to take care of the linen. She had set out to try to get into the Federal lines to take care of her brother, Col. Ball of the 11th Virginia Cavalry, who had been wounded in one of the battles in the valley. She was to travel in an open wagon seated on a plank by the driver, had three days travel before her, and her only wrapping was a thin shawl, her clothing a calico gown with a cotton petticoat, and not a particle of flannel on her. She had a distressing cough, and I hated to see her drive off in the cold, dark morning, for I felt that she would not reach her journey's end.

When I got home, I found my boys all on the front steps watching for me. Nelly and Hunter were sent for, and soon came. Nelly was dressed in mourning the Pendletons had prepared for her, and all the boys had crepe on their hats.

Kind friends had seen that everything was done that could be done. Miss Anne Rose Page,[96] the boys told me, had gone to the house every day to see that they were properly prepared for school, and on Sunday morning to hear the little fellows their Sunday school lessons. Miss Sally Grey[97] had sent the skirts of some of her black dresses, and the Williamsons and Pendletons had made them up. The grief and disappointment of the children was great at not seeing their father.

Harry told me that on the night I had left, the 1st of December, he had suffered with the toothache, and had awakened Allan and induced him to go down to the basement with him where was a fire. The two little fellows, Donald and Roy, had been left up stairs in their room.

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[96]Sister of Mrs. W. N. Pendleton.

[97]Sister of Mrs. Dr. William Ruffner, son of Dr. Henry Ruffner, President of Washington College. The Misses Gray were from Rockingham County, Virginia.

After a while Harry heard them screaming, and on going up they told him there was an "old thing" in the room, that had come in through a window pane. He brought a light, and there on the foot of their bed sat a huge owl.

Kind Mrs. Moore[98] had made Harry a suit of clothes out of a piece of cloth, the purchase of which Mr. Powell had negotiated for me in Lynchburg while I was absent; and indeed no act of thoughtful kindness was omitted by those kind, dear Lexington people. All that sympathy could do to express their feeling for me was done, and not only sympathy, but substantial benefits were given on every side. Col. Williamson had had to seek shelter in a wretched house after his was burned, and had scarcely furniture or comforts for his family, but he found room for my little Nell and Hunter, and they had a sweet home and kind care while I was away.

Col. Gilham also kindly came and offered to do anything in his power to contribute to our comfort; he had no house either, his having been burnt by Hunter, and he was living with his family in a few rooms. He sent me a quarter of beef, which was a great gift then, and kept me from the harrowing anxiety of what we were to eat, when my heart was too heavy with grief to think of it. The days slowly dragged on and Christmas came. Our friends took care that we should not be entirely without its pleasures and comforts; so one sent a turkey, another cakes and oysters, and all something, the best they could get. Of course that could not last, people could not give always, nor did I wish them to do so. I knew that I must make an effort of some kind to provide for the family, what it was to be I knew not. I had three hundred dollars in Confederate money, worth about fifteen in silver or paper of the Federal Government. How I tried to make it last, so that I would not have to go out among strangers to try to earn money when I only wanted to hide myself and my sorrow from the light of day.

Those dark days, can I ever forget them?

The money was soon all spent for wood and other things, and I had none now. My sad, hopeless hours were often interrupted by friends who came to cheer and comfort me. One lovely girl, now in her grave, whither she went in a year from the time of which I

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[98]Only daughter of Col. Samuel D. Moore. She married John H. Moore, brother of Mrs. A. M. Nelson and Mrs. A. T. Barkley. In 1919 she wrote and published a very interesting book, "Memories of a Long Life in Virginia."

write, Lottie Myers[99] was her name, a pure and lovely Christian, one whose "conversation was in heaven," came often, and was so sweet and good. I can see her innocent, kind eyes now, and hear her voice as she repeated the promises of God to the widow and the fatherless. "Your bread and your water shall be sure," she quoted one day, and her words carried the conviction that they would be sure. Often would my mother's voice sound in my ears in the still night, as I used to hear her sing one of her favorite Psalms:

"He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And to the prisoner grants release."

He had done the last, the prisoner was free! And would He not provide for us? How prophetic they seemed, the words she loved, and chose to sing. I used to wonder if the thought even crossed her mind that I, her youngest child, who used to sit in the twilight with her as she sang, would be the widow, and my husband the prisoner, and my children the fatherless.

Mrs. Preston came in one morning bringing some of the proof sheets of her poem, "Beechenbrook,"[100] for me to see. "It is almost a history of your family," she said. I suppose she meant that there was a resemblance in the story of the death of her principal character. In January Miss Baxter[101] came and told me she knew of some young ladies who wished to take drawing lessons, and I could also get a class in French if I wished it. She said I should have no trouble in arranging the matter as she would do it all for me. The thought of being daily obliged to meet strangers, of not having the privilege of retirement in my present state of distress was dreadful

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[99]She was a sister of John D. Myers, graduate of Washington College, 1859, 1st Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A., physician, Huntingdon, W. Va., died 1915; and of Henry H. Myers, Liberty Hall Volunteers, 1861, hardware merchant in Lexington, died 1901. All were probably children of John H. Myers, treasurer Washington College, 1852-57.

[100]"Beechenbrook, A Rhyme of the War," by Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, was written in the winter of 1864-65. The manuscript was sent by Mrs. Preston to Richmond and two thousand copies of the book printed on the rough paper of the times and bound with paper backs. About fifty copies were sent out of Richmond to friends just before the city was captured. At the evacuation of the city the publishing house was burned and all of the remaining copies destroyed. Mrs. Preston's diary says of "the little ballad story"; "I have simply tried to present a true picture of these war times in which we live." See "Life and Letters of Mrs. Margaret J. Preston," by her daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Preston Allen.

[101]Miss Lavinia, Miss Nancy, and Miss Louisa Baxter taught a school at their residence in Lexington which was attended by Kenneth, Nellie, Otis Bowyer, John Letcher, Jr., Annie White, and about twenty-five others. (K. McD.)

to me; but the alternative was starvation. So the classes came, and I taught them in the morning for three or four hours, and in the afternoon two other young ladies came to read poetry and history. With this there was no time for grief, besides there was plenty of work to keep the children's knees and elbows covered. With all I could do we had barely enough food to keep from actual want; and that of a kind that was often sickening to me. I generally went all day with a cup of coffee and a roll. The children could eat the beans and the sorghum molasses, but I could not. We seldom saw butter, but some idea may be formed of the difficulty of getting food when I say that I sent one hundred dollars (the proceeds of two weeks teaching) up town, and got for it a pound of fat bacon, three candles, eighteen dollars for the three, and a pound of bad butter.

The quartermaster[102] proposed to me to let my boys cut wood in the woods for the Government, and that they should have one cord out of every three they cut, and that the Government wagons would haul it for me. I joyfully agreed, and they were willing, but as I could not spare both boys, I sent Harry and kept Allan at home.

Harry took Roy for company, and if the snow was deep would carry him on his shoulders out to the place where he worked. So we were supplied with wood, indeed never wanted for it, and a bright cheerful fire was a great comfort and delight to us.

In the dusk of the evening when my boy would come home there was great joy. He would come in rosy and happy after his hard day's work, and little Roy full of delight at being of consequence enough to accompany him. One morning when about to set out, Harry discovered that Roy's toes were out of his shoes, and told him he must not go in the snow with his feet exposed, but Roy insisted, and away they went merrily, with Roy on Harry's back.

February, 1865.—In every piece of intelligence from our lines before Richmond, there was now matter for discouragement and apprehension. It was plain that things were not going favourably; the enemy with ever increasing numbers pressed our thin lines, and worse than all, the men were becoming disheartened and many were deserting, as the dark and gloomy February days dragged along, everything seemed more discouraging, and though I did not permit myself for a single moment to apprehend a total defeat, I could not see or imagine how we were ever to hold out.

I felt when offering up my prayer for our deliverance from our

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[102]His name was Sublette. (K. McD.)

enemies, that that prayer must be answered; it was almost a frantic cry to Heaven demanding help and success. Defeat seemed such a calamity as was never known, and as no people ever survived, it would be so for us; our enemies were implacable, and defeat would be utter ruin to us all. How hard it was to say "Thy will be done"; how hard to feel that God knew best.

The thought of all our tremendous sacrifices being in vain; of the blood of our people shed for nothing; of the probable seizure and death of our leaders; it all seemed too horrible to think of for a moment.

The prolonged struggle, dreadful as it was, was better than defeat, and the scorn of our insolent enemies.

It was bitter when we were victorious, how would it sting when we should be vanquished; how could we endure their taunts? I knew how they could insult and gibe and call us sneering names. How furious have I grown at hearing the word "rebel" applied to our great and good leaders, and the brave men who followed them. I had no spirit for that now, but I had a heart for sorrow, and it ached with a ceaseless pang for the country as well as for my own griefs.

March, 1865.—March came in gloomy and melancholy, and brought with it a dreadful certainty of disaster and defeat. One thing that almost quenched the last hope in me, was seeing the men coming home; every day they passed, in squads, in couples, or singly, all leaving the army. What must have been the anguish of Lee's great heart when he saw himself being deserted by his men when pressed so sorely by the enemy. Many stopped at my house asking for food. I gave them a share of such as I had, though I felt a scorn for giving up when defeat was near, instead of remaining to the end. It is hard to call them deserters, but such they were, and they knew it, for each one would tell of how hard Lee was beset, and how impossible it was for him to hold out any longer, as if to excuse his own delinquency. After all though, when I thought of it afterwards, I could not wonder that they did desert. The conscription had forced many unwilling ones to go to the army, leaving unprotected wives and children in lonely mountain huts to abide their fate whatever it might be, freezing or starvation. Though the conscription was made necessary by the exigency of the times, it was nevertheless a dreadful tyranny; and though I have never said so, I have often thought that no greater despotism could be than that government

was in the last months of its existence. To those whose education and habits of life made them enthusiastic, or whose pride acted as an incentive for them to endure and suffer, as was the case with the higher classes, it wore no such aspect, but to those who had but their poor homes and little pieces of ground by which they managed to provide very little more than bread for their families, who knew that they would be as well off under one government as another, it was oppression to be forced into the army, and not ever to be free from the apprehension that their families were suffering.

One man told me that he had remained in the trenches till a conscript who had lately arrived from his neighborhood told him that his family was starving. All the winter hordes of deserters had been gathering in the mountains, and entrenching themselves; had resisted all attempts to arrest them. Indeed they sometimes captured officers and soldiers of the Confederate army and detained them.

One night Col. Richard Henry Lee was retiring from a fight in which he had been separated from his command, and was captured by them and held for several days. Those men had resisted the conscription, though they would not desert to the enemy, and were ready if attacked or pursued to defend themselves.

They proved rather formidable neighbors to the dwellers near their mountain dens, for they often descended upon helpless people and took all their grain and cattle.

No one was to be blamed for such a state of things, but the cruel circumstances in which we were placed compelled it. If the brave, the well born and the chivalrous could have done all the fighting there would have been no shrinking, no desertion; but alas! their boys lay buried on every battlefield in Virginia; a whole generation nearly, of young men of good birth and breeding had been swept away, and as many others who, though of plainer people, had true soldierly hearts, and bore themselves bravely in the shock of battle, and patiently and unmurmuringly in the long march or the weary watch. There was no house, high or low in the length and breadth of Virginia, that had not to mourn some lost boy.

One evening I went to a house where I was having some weaving done, and saw there an old woman who talked a great deal about the war, but did not seem to understand very clearly what it all meant. She spoke of having lost her only son in some battle in the valley near Winchester. She did not know the name of the place. "I

never knowed where it was," she said, "but they told me he was killed about there though I did not know he was killed for certain for more than a year after." I found out afterward that it was the battle of Kernstown.

One sad instance of the kind of tyranny that seemed a necessity in those hard times, made me feel very sorrowful. A butcher by the name of Hite lived in a nice little cottage at the lower end of the town. He had a wife and two small children. I often went there to get meat when he had it, which was not at all times now. He was conscribed and marched off. What became of him I never heard but in mid-winter (he was taken off in November), his wife finding it impossible to provide for her children where she was, sold her furniture and got a horse and wagon with which she set out with her children to try to make her way into the Federal lines to join her people who lived in Pennsylvania. When two days on her journey she was stopped by some lawless people who questioned her about where she was going, and when she said she was going to Pennsylvania, they said she was a traitor and enemy, and that her wagon and horse were confiscated. So they set her down by the roadside and took her property.

That was of course done by no authority, but it served to show how little law there was that was effectual in anything but filling up the ranks of the army. Now, however, it failed even in that, for men deserted faster than the conscripts were brought in.

Rainy, gloomy, muddy and sad was that month of March. Appeals began to be made to the townspeople for food for Lee's starving army, fighting as they were day and night in the trenches, they must be fed, so the citizens were called on to supply them. All responded who had anything to give, and I particularly remember Deaver, who Union man though he was, sent a barrel of flour and bacon, which I doubt not he could ill spare, as he was a poor man. Sometime in March Edward wrote me that in one of his raids he had made in the enemy's country, he had taken some beeves, some of which he was allowed to keep for himself after turning the others over to the government. One was to be sent to me, and we built our hopes on it, watched long and anxiously for its arrival. At last the news came that it was in Staunton, and Harry must go for it. He went, and on the third day it was reported that the beef was on the other side of the river, but could not be got across, as it was very wild. I thought if it had so much spirit left after so long a march

it must be in good condition, so I made my plans. I would send the Williamsons and Mrs. Powell a roast, and would corn all we did not want for present use. That would furnish us for a long time with meat.

The skin Shirley[103] might have for killing it, as well as some of the meat. And the tallow, oh what a treasure the tallow would be. If there were even six pounds, that would make thirty-six candles, and that would give us light for seventy-two nights. No more Confederate candles, and no more giving eighteen dollars for three miserable dips. I went into the cellar and searched and found an old set of candlemoulds, which some occupant of the house had used in former times, had them rubbed up, and even prepared the wicks as I had seen my mother's servants do years before.

All the children went down to the river to welcome the beef, Shirley going with them. They were gone six hours, and when they appeared with the beef I did not know whether to laugh or cry. It was so thin that the sides were transparent between the ribs, not a particle of fat on any part of it, and a teaspoon would have held all the tallow. Harry, hot and tired, declared that for two days he had done nothing but chase "that thing." He believed it had an evil spirit, for go along the road it would not, but galloped off in wide circuits on each side, and though he had a man to help him, it was as much as both could do to get it to the other side of the river. It was young though, and tender, and we were not very particular. I sent the Williamsons a roast, but had no candles.

Edward was always thoughtful of the wants of the members of the family when he had an opportunity of procuring anything on his raids in the enemy's country. Once during the past summer, that of 1864, I received the welcome intelligence that he had procured a parcel of goods, and had a set of hoops and a toothbrush for each female member of the family. They were great prizes, for money could not buy them in the Confederacy as they were not to be had.

My own boys had zeal enough, if not judgment in selecting, to supply us from the tempting wares they often saw abandoned after a battle or on the occasion of a panic, when the sutlers would effect a stampede. Their zeal, I say was sufficient, and perfectly equal to the occasion, but the diversity of good things would distract them to such a degree that it was difficult to settle on any one thing.

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[103]Shirley's Tan Yard was across what is now Henry Street from Anderson's wagon shop and Senseny's blacksmith shop. At the end of this street on top of a high hill was the Jacob Fuller residence, heretofore referred to. (K. McD.)

Once I remember, when the Yankees made one of their hasty retreats from Winchester, Harry and Allan went up to the deserted camp, and after helping themselves to a number of good and useful things, were about to bring them home, when they espied a family of young puppies. These were too great a temptation; they dropped the articles they had taken and after a severe contest with the mother of the puppies, came home, each with a dog under his arm.[104]

When Milroy had fled and all the depots and storehouses were on fire, Allan, who was always on hand if there was any agitation, saw many desirable things which he knew would be useful at home, and by turns he appropriated many different articles. After taking possession of one he would see another that he thought better so would throw down the first and appropriate the second. He threw down a whole piece of bleached cotton to pick up a roll of flannel; then threw that away for something else. At last a large cheese attracted his attention and its charms eclipsed those of all else. So he abandoned all for the new prize. He took it up, and finding it too heavy to carry on his arm put it on his head. The cheese was thoroughly warmed by the heat of the burning buildings, and after he had got it on his head it gradually sunk to his neck, where it finally seated, with only his eyes above it.

The 20th of March had come, and Harry was within three weeks of being seventeen years old. He said he was old enough to go into the army, and seemed so anxious to go, that I felt it would be wrong to refuse him. To get him equipped was the great consideration. He said if he could get the clothes that his brother Edward had promised to furnish him with a horse, and equipments. So I determined to let him go, and bethought myself of a remaining piece of finery, a crepe shawl. I took it up to a shop and exchanged it for a piece a grey cloth, such as before the war had been worn only by negroes, but which now was the only material used for soldiers'

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[104]The war had lasted about two years then, and a curious result was the numerous homeless dogs. A great many had gone into the woods and set up for themselves. During the absence of their parents we captured a litter of very husky pups and brought them home. Mother was not long in letting us know in no uncertain terms that she would not harbor four additional mouths to feed, so we could only keep one—"Boxer" was his name. He soon got big but never developed any good qualities. He made a bad mistake one day when he went into the dining room while dinner was being brought in, and, taking advantage of his great length, he reached over and got the ham, which we recovered after a chase. Mother said we had to get rid of him—so we hung him. (K. McD.)

clothes. Coarse and rough as it was, it was worn by the best of the land, and no gentleman thought himself above wearing it. Some were fortunate enough to get a finer quality of grey cloth, but grey it must be.

Broadcloth would have been considered disreputable on any but old men, and even they preferred the grey. White shirt fronts were seldom seen. It was perfectly *en régle* to visit in coloured flannel ones; these, however, were very fine and nice; some neatly ornamented by mothers, wives or sisters.

A white collar was indispensable, as it was then and must always be the distinguishing badge of a gentleman. Some ladies helped me to make the clothes for Harry; stockings were knitted by a neighbor, and he was soon equipped, and my boy was gone. His brother's regiment was over the mountains, and part of the enemy's cavalry was between him and the blue ridge, but he said he could get through, and I had to trust him to Providence.

Some time in February, as nearly as I can recollect, the attempt to take Richmond by Col. Dahlgren was made. He was after his death lauded as one of the noblest and bravest; was the son of the Federal Commodore Dahlgren, and is, or was considered a gallant officer and brave man, but the papers found on him at his defeat and death, showed him to be the meanest of cowards, as well as the blackest hearted of men. The papers revealed a plan which had been submitted to the Federal Government, and won their approval. The plan was for Dahlgren and his command, of one or more companies, supported by others at a short distance, to make a dash in the rear of Richmond, take the outworks by surprise, rush into the city, and hurl balls soaked in explosive or inflammable fluid in and over the houses and in the confusion, and amid the fire, they were to go to the prisons and liberate all the prisoners and instruct them to sack the city. The men being all in the trenches in front of the town, there would be no one inside to resist, so the women and children, and helpless and old were to be a prey to the fury of the long imprisoned soldiers. He thought to win for himself unfading renown if he succeeded in capturing the long sought and long struggled for prize, even by a stratagem so unworthy, for he knew his employers were not particular as to means. Happily he was found out and

circumvented in his stealthy approach to the doomed city, and his mean and unworthy life paid the forfeit.[105]

Great efforts were made to capture our forts at Drury's Bluff, to secure a passage by water to Richmond, for they had little hope of taking it by land, having been kept at bay for nearly four years. They had no idea how thin Lee's line was, and how near to its end the Confederacy was drawing. It became necessary to have another gunboat built to defend the approach to the city, and the authorities had called on the people for means to build it. Even the ladies responded, but with offers of their hair. A friend of mine a year or two after all was over, told me that she had determined to give her beautiful and luxuriant suit, and had taken the scissors to cut it off, when a relative sitting by suggested that she wait a few days. She did so, and those few days decided that the sacrifice would be in vain.

Each day our wants become more difficult to supply. I was easy about the house rent, for I had managed to pay it by the sale of half a fine set of china I had brought from home.[106] Getting food was the great difficulty. What I earned by teaching supplied little more than bread, beans and a little fat bacon, which last was nearly all consumed by the servant. The breakfast was bread and water, except the cup of coffee for me, which I believe I would have died without. The dinner was bean soup and bread, of which I never ate a particle, but got up as I sat down. The children ate it, and if they did not enjoy it, did not complain. Supper we had none, for there was not bread to spare for a third meal. I grew so thin and emaciated, and was so weak that I scarcely had strength to take my usual evening walk. When I did go out, as I passed by the houses, and by a glance within would see the pleasant tea tables set ready for the family, the nice hot rolls, and tempting fare, for many still had those comforts, I would feel

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[105]The above account is no doubt correctly deduced from those appearing in the Richmond papers. For the inception, planning, and story of the attempt, official correspondence between the heads of government and their military representatives, relative to copies of addresses found on the body of Col. Dahlgren, alleged mutilation of the body, claims of General B. F. Butler that the body was in the hands of Union friends, see War of Rebellion Records, Series 1, Vol. 33, indexed under U. Dahlgren. See also "National Cyclopedia of American Biography," Vol. 9, p. 380, for claim that the alleged addresses were proven forgeries. See also p. 176 of "Confederate Operations in Canada and New York," by John W. Headly, for complete story of the episode, including the contents of a notebook found in Col. Dahlgren's pockets and forwarded by Gen. Fitzhugh Lee with his letter March 31, 1864, to Gen. R. E. Lee, also President Davis' statement that the body was decently buried in Oakwood Cemetery at Richmond.

[106]Walz, the baker and confectioner, was the purchaser. Several pieces of the other half survive to this day in the hands of her descendants.

almost rebellious at the thought that I had no pleasant tea table to return to. My servant would cook our poor dinner and then go away to visit her friends, for I could not afford her light and fuel to sit by.

April, 1865.—As March drew to a close the news from the besieged city was more alarming. The condition of the army was such that no one believed or hoped it could be kept together long, and one terrible circumstance was that the enemy had forced his way down the Valley, had crossed the Blue Ridge, and appeared in a quarter that threatened Richmond in the rear, and there was no force to repel them. Stragglers and deserters now came in in parties of ten or twenty, and we could no longer doubt that the end was at hand.

At last the crash came. Richmond was evacuated, and Lee retreating before Grant, who threatened to surround him. The horrors of that evacuation I have often heard recounted by eye witnesses; the flaming buildings fired by thoughtless hands, as if it could do any good to burn our poor stores to keep them from an enemy who could command, and the world would lay its resources at his feet. The lawless bands of prisoners and negroes, the frantic ladies and children deserted by their protectors and left to take care of themselves in all that dreadful confusion.

I could imagine all the dreadful scene, and was thankful I was spared participation in it. Flora related to me a part of her experience at the time. Mary had with her family, Susan and Flora, occupied a house rented from Dr. Cullen, an old Englishman, and when the evacuation began, he insisted on their leaving his house, as they being rebels, might cause the fury of the victors to destroy his property. Mary warded off the blow till the Federals came in, and then Flora went out to try to find quarters.

This she did in the course of the day, and they determined to move their effects on the following morning. A wagon to carry the things was not to be found, and they were obliged to tell Dr. Cullen that they could not get away. He declared they should go, and as there was nothing to prevent his putting their furniture in the street, Flora volunteered to go and try to get the Yankees to help her. So she sallied forth and found her way to the quarters of some general officer who listened kindly to her story, and ordered an officer to go out and stop the first wagon that passed, whether loaded or not.

Very soon a luckless countryman with a load of corn that he had perhaps hidden from the Confederates, and was now bringing to sell to the Yankees, passed by. He was stopped, and his load emptied in

the street, two soldiers directing the operation. He was then ordered to proceed to the place designated by Flora, and move their furniture. The man rebelled, and swore lustily, but it did not benefit his cause, for he was made to drive on immediately, the armed soldiers on each side of him, Flora leading the way to show them which way to go. She walked beside the wagon after it was loaded, till it was driven to the place where the furniture was to be taken, and all day walked with it, back and forth as each load was carried, for fear the man and the soldiers would make away with the things.

We who were away from the scene knew nothing at the time of the horror of it, and I can only tell of the despair with which we heard the ill news, and of the fear and terror with which we looked for what must follow. Nothing was wanting to our misery; we heard tales of blood and horror, accounts of the numbers and power as well as the unresting activity of our pursuing foes, and nothing but destruction seemed to be in store for us.

The struggle had been desperate, all along that line of nearly forty miles, at Petersburg as well as at Richmond, and in those dark and desperate days the boys and old men were obliged to go out and join in the defense of the city.

I heard some one describing the pitiful sight of a school boy brought in mortally wounded, from the outworks of the city; and a grey haired man, his white hair dabbled in blood; but I had seen the fair dead faces of the boys, in the early days of the war, when all were eager for the fray, and our cause seemed so prosperous; so it was no new thing to me. I had seen so much of real suffering, of conflict, danger and death, that for years I could read neither romance or history, for nothing equalled what I had seen and known. All tales of war and carnage, every story of sorrow and suffering paled before the sad scenes of misery I knew of. As those early April days went by, more and more stragglers came from the army. They said it was melting away. Though I pitied the men who had done so much and suffered so long, I could not help despising them for giving up while Lee was still there.

The eventful 9th of April came, and the day after we heard of Lee's surrender. I can never forget the effect the intelligence had on me and on my family. I felt as if the end of all things had come, at least for the Southern people.

Grief and despair took possession of my heart, with a sense of humiliation that till then I did not know I could feel. The distress of the children was as great as mine; their poor little faces showed

all the grief and shame that was in their hearts, and each went about sad and dejected as if it was a personal matter. I remember once glancing out at the window and seeing Donald who was too proud to show his concern to the family, walking up and down under the window with his fat little face streaming with tears, and wringing his hands in utter despair.

By and by the dismal train of returning refugees began to pass by. Mr. Sherrard[107] and Mr. James Marshall[108], came, and called to see me as they passed by. Their white hair was whiter than ever and their faces hopeless and sad. They were on their way to their ruined homes, which they had not seen for three years, to try and gather up the remains of their scattered fortunes, or to find some place of rest where they could be with their families. Every day came by returning soldiers and refugees and some among them were glad to have the privilege of going back to reunite their broken households.

Though it came in so dreadful a shape, it is certainly true that the return of peace brought joy to many; to them at least, it was a "white winged angel," and they were glad to bury pride, patriotism, all, if they could see an end to destruction and bloodshed. And so, of the crowds that lined the roads, though some were gloomily going up, not knowing if they should find any house remaining, others were happy at the thought of being released from danger, hunger and weariness, and of seeing their homes again, even if they were robbed of so much that had made them happy, and though death had left its shadow there.

By far the greatest number, however, seemed to regard peace as a dire misfortune, and many had resolved, and were on their way to leave the country. Among those who were returning came old Dr.

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[107]John Broome Sherrard, born 1822, son of Col. Robert Sherrard of Bloomery Gap in Hampshire County, by his first wife, Elizabeth Parke Wilson. He married Susan Gibson. After the war, he moved to Texas. His son, David Gibson, was living in Burnett, Tex., in 1832.

[108]James Markham Marshall. He was the son of Robert Morris Marshall of "Happy Creek," near Front Royal, Va., and grandson of James Markham Marshall, brother of Chief Justice Marshall. He was first cousin of Charles E. Marshall, aide to General Lee, and his brother, Brig.-Gen. Humphrey Marshall, C. S. A., of Kentucky. "Happy Creek," a stone mansion, was built by James Markham Marshall in 1797 and was destroyed by fire on Dec. 25, 1922. James Markham Marshall II entered the Confederate Army as a Captain 12th Virginia Cavalry. He was in command of the 12th Virginia Cavalry in the latter years and surrendered at Appomattox. He married Miss Lucy Steptoe Marshall, daughter of Charles Courtsworth Marshall, and his wife, Judith Ball Marshall, of Fleming County, Ky., and their children were Lucy, Judith Ball, Hester, Morris, Charles C., Robert Morris, James Markham, Mary Morris, Susan Betts, Ann Maria, and Jane Andrews. He died in 1908.

Foote[109] of Romney, one who in earlier and happier days I had cordially disliked, and who, though he was a Presbyterian minister, was very bitter and inimical to my husband on account of some difference about the management of a public institution. This difference and bitterness extended itself to the two families, and had arrived at such a pitch that the different members of each ceased all intercourse. My surprise was great then, when the door opened and Dr. Foote entered. A feeling of sympathy prompted me to offer my hand; he did not speak, but burst into a flood of tears.

For some time nothing was said. At last he sobbed out, "I could not believe it, I would not believe it, when they came to tell me Lee had surrendered. I told them I could not hear it, that it was false. I laid on my bed and covered my face and would not see or speak to any one for fear they would tell me that false and harrowing story. I prayed that God would take me then. Yes," he said, "I laid for days. I would not look out to see the sun shine if it looked on our wretched country and ruined people."

I wept, too, with the old man, and loved him then as much as I had once hated him. What was remarkable was that he was a Connecticut man. He had come to Virginia in his youth to teach, and had been living there for fifty years. He told me the coat he had on was made by his daughter of the skirt of her riding habit. He told me of privations that were great for any one, but for an old man dreadful. "And all for nothing," he said. "I would have borne ten times more if I could only have seen our country free from her enemies."

My house was full day after day, of passers by; friends, on their way, some to go home, others to leave the country. Not all of them were dejected, some seemed relieved to be rid of the awful strain, and to be content with defeat if it brought rest and peace. Many young men came, members of the different regiments that had been disbanded. The Maryland Line, my old friends and neighbors, was represented by Mr. Thomas, young Sully, the son of the great

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[109]Rev. William Henry Foote, born Colchester, Conn., December 20, 1794. Graduated Yale, 1816. Left Theological Seminary, Princeton, account ill health. Missionary in Northern Neck of Virginia. Pastor, Presbyterian Church, Romney, 1824. Established Potomac Academy, a co-educational school. Missionary for foreign board of Presbyterian Church, 1838-45, during which time he traveled in many counties of Virginia and North Carolina and collected material for his "Sketches of Virginia" and "Sketches of North Carolina." Pastor at Romney, and Superintendent Potomac Academy, 1845-61. Hampden-Sidney College gave him D. D. degree in 1847. Agent, Hampton-Sidney College, 1861. Chaplain for a Confederate regiment at siege of Petersburg. Died Romney, November 18, 1869.

painter, and a few others. I inquired about the rest of them. Only a few were left of the groups that used to gather about my fire on the cold winter evenings at Winchester. Mr. Iglehart who, on marching away had given me his Bible to keep, was killed in the trenches. Those of them who lived could be counted on the fingers. One day a commotion among the children announced Harry's arrival. He looked worn and weary, and before he spoke, on coming in, he covered his face with his hands and wept. "To think it is all over and I did not strike a blow," were his first words.

He had reached Lee's army as they were on their retreat, and was set to guarding wagons. He worked on with the dispirited and starving throng till the end came. An officer offered him his horse as he did not care to surrender it, and taking it gladly he made his way home.

When the news of Gen. Lee's surrender was made known at Lexington, the quartermaster there divided among those persons who had been connected with the army the stores and provisions that were left there. Some fell to my share, some bacon and beans, and so I had something to give to the hungry men who daily came to ask a meal. Mr. Sherrard told me that his whole fortune being in bank stock, was gone when the currency became so depreciated, and that only a few months before he had received from California $7,000, left him by his son, Robert,[110] who had died there; that to show his confidence in the cause, and inspire others with the same, he had invested it all in Confederate bonds. "Now," said he, "I have not a dollar." I could fully realize what that meant when I looked at his aged, withered face and snow white hair, and thought of the old wife, and the daughters who had for months been wanderers, driven from home by the enemy.

After some days I learned that Edward had been dreadfully wounded on the last day of the struggle. Retreating with his command, he fought as he went, turning to fire on his pursuers. Once as he turned, he received a ball in his face which passed through his jaw,[111] splintering and tearing it fearfully. Finding himself severely wounded he made his way off from the scene of the fight, and determined to get to a place where he could receive attention, he rode

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[110]Robert Baldwin Sherrard. See Appendix G.

[111]The ball cut off the end of his tongue, broke the lower jaw, and lodged in the windpipe. The doctors hesitated and told him of the danger and pain of operating without chloroform. He could not talk, but wrote: "Cut it out, I can stand it. I am dying by inches." It was done. The scars were thereafter hidden under a beard.

on, weak and bleeding as he was, for sixty miles, in all that time not able to take a mouthful to nourish or revive him. He reached Charlottesville, and there lay for many weeks with scarcely a hope of recovery. I sent Harry as soon as I heard he was there to take care of him, but finding his brother Angus already there, he returned home.

All the Northern papers I saw were full of joy and exultation over the great victory; and there was much less bitterness expressed than I supposed would be; indeed, they seemed ready to welcome the poor Southern rebels as friends, now that they could fight no longer, and compel them to waste their money on the sinews of war. Now they could return to their money-getting, thanks to the poor rebels who had been whipped.

Some papers even ventured to suggest that Gen. Lee should go to the North and show himself, saying that if he would do so, he would receive an ovation such as no Hero ever had, not even Grant. They admired his high character, and appreciated his soldierly qualities, as well as his military greatness, and I believe that if his proud humility would have suffered him to make himself a spectacle to be gazed at, they would have showered honours on him. They were accustomed to such coarse-minded heroes as Grant, and such vainglorious boasters as McClellan, and Pope, and they could not understand such a man as our Hero was.

In a very short time the kind and forbearing feelings our late enemies seemed to entertain for us were displaced by bitter hatred and furious rage, for when the bullet of Booth took away the life of Lincoln they took for granted that it was the act of the Southern leaders and people who had, as they were persuaded, prompted the deed. I cannot deny that when I first heard of the taking off of Lincoln, I thought it was just what he deserved; he that had urged on and promoted a savage war that had cost so many lives; but a little reflection made me see that it was worse for us than if he had been suffered to live, for his satisfaction had been great when we were disarmed, and he was disposed to be merciful. Now no mercy was to be expected from a nation of infuriated fanatics whose idol of clay had been cast down.

We expected nothing but that the Southern people would be accused of planning the murder and procuring its execution; we knew that vengeance would be taken and that the crime would be visited upon our leaders, and prominent men who would be the most assail-

able objects for their vengeance; but were not prepared for the extent of diabolical rage which they manifested in their treatment of President Davis when he fell into their hands, or that their pitiless fury should demand that a helpless and innocent woman, innocent, as their own failure to prosecute her son proved, should perish at the hands of the hangman.

We had heard nothing from Marshall since the surrender of Gen. Johnston's army. He had been with Johnston, and had gone, no one knew whither. We afterwards found that he had traveled partly on horseback and partly on foot from Greensboro, N. C., where Johnston's surrender took place, to the Mississippi, where he remained on a plantation, employed by a Dr. Taylor to teach his children with others of the neighborhood.

I had intended to return to Winchester as soon as the way was opened, where I had a house at least, but without money for the journey it was impossible; so I had to remain, and wait for whatever time might bring of better or worse fortunes. No one of the family had means or leisure to come and see about our welfare. As soon as Edward began to recover from his frightful and dangerous wound, William set out to go to the lower valley to find out if anything remained to us of property in Winchester, and to try to do something for a maintenance. On his way, being without money, and his horse requiring a shoe, he had to defray the expense by giving to the blacksmith one of two pairs of socks which, with a very few other articles of apparel he had saved from the general confusion of retreat and surrender. From that some idea may be formed of the moneyless condition of the whole family, and of the gloom of its present prospects.

He found the house at Winchester so ruined as to be uninhabitable and even if I had had the means to get there, there was nothing to live on, nothing could be cultivated as there was not a fence on the place, and we could by no possibility replace them. So therefore I remained in Lexington, seeing no prospect of relief, and having no hope of assistance from any source.

May, 1865.—Our condition had been desolate before, but now was forlorn to the last degree. Not even the poor sum of Confederate money we sometimes had was to be hoped for now. I did not give up, but kept my drawing class and devoted its poor proceeds to supplying our most urgent needs. A man offered to take my garden and cultivate it, half for me and the other half for himself, allowing

me to select my half. On one side grew two apple trees, which had served a good purpose in supplying apples to roast, so I selected the side on which they grew. It was cultivated carefully but produced nothing but the apples, while I was all the summer daily tantalized by seeing the men come and gather and carry away nice baskets of fresh vegetables, peas, beans and new potatoes, while I and my children sat down to our dinner of dried beans and roasted apples.[112]

Our afflictions at that time, however, were not want of food alone. In every way possible the town people were annoyed and persecuted, I among the rest. Some new and oppressive prohibition or arbitrary command would be inflicted on us every day, so that at last we began to lose patience. Small tyrants in the shape of Freedmen's bureau men were our principal persecutors. The negroes were at all times encouraged to be impudent and aggressive, and there was danger of their coming in contact with the whites in a hostile manner at every place where they happened to meet, for passions were excited that only a small cause would kindle to a flame of resentment and retaliation. At the slightest offense given to a black, or a bureau man, the wrath of the officials would be brought down on the head of the luckless offender. One afternoon a clerky looking man in a round hat and a jaunty coat stepped up on my porch as I stood there and requested in an impudent manner to know which of my sons had torn down a handbill which had been pasted on our garden fence by his order; saying if he could find the offender he would have him severely punished.

I had seen yellow bills posted over the town with some warning or admonition respecting the negroes, and had also seen Roy busying

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[112]During the spring and summer that Pa was at home we had already started a garden, but it was Mother who held us to our duty as garden hands. One of the hardest jobs I ever had to do was to procure pea sticks and bean poles from the cedar thicket. I tried to make Mother understand that it was almost an impossibility, but she couldn't see it, so the pea sticks were gotten. As much as we needed kindling during the next winter, Mother would not allow us to burn the pea sticks. As little as they were, Don and Roy tried to do their part. I have seen Don leaning on his hoe handle fast asleep and Roy, who was full of energy and enterprise, waking him up by throwing clods of dirt at him. Everything which could be made to keep during the winter was put away. Under Mother's direction we laid the cabbage, which was very good, in a ditch about three feet wide and a foot deep, heads down and covered them with about nine or ten inches of earth. They kept in perfect condition for our use during the winter and far into the spring. The gardening kept up during the entire time we lived in this house, three or four seasons. Cousin John Peerce of Hampshire County sent us a cow which was indeed a comfort to the family at large, but a curse to me, as I had to escort her to and from the pasture twice a day. Mother made us feed her at home during the winter. She conceived the idea of boiling the hay in a large iron pot. The cow got so fond of the stuff that she often burned her mouth in her haste to devour it. She gave a quantity of milk, however. (K. McD.)

himself tearing down those on our place. I, thinking that when he saw the small size of the offender, it would make the great man regard it rather as a subject for laughter than otherwise, went into the backyard and called Roy and presented him as the culprit. He turned on him a threatening brow, and began to scold him severely, saying that if the offense was repeated he should suffer for it. Turning to me, he said, "You should know better how to bring up your children than to encourage them to break the laws." This outburst was, I think, occasioned by his seeing in the little mocking face and fiery black eyes as they looked up from under the yellow curls, something that did not express contrition for his offense, or promise that it should not be repeated; so his reception of his admonitions had a most provoking effect. Turning to me, he said, "You must learn how to control your children, and I can tell you that if the offense is repeated you may find yourself in the Old Capitol prison." Before I had time to reply Harry came riding by, and looking in and seeing the Freedman's bureau man there, concluded that something was wrong.

He dismounted at the back gate, and coming through the house appeared at the door with his whip in his hand. I heard him come behind me and was not surprised when he advanced towards the man with the whip upraised in his hand, saying "Get out of this house, you rascal." I was afraid he would apply the whip or kick him out, so held him by the arm and exhorted the man to go while he was unharmed; he said he would if I would "keep that man off of him." He hastened away while I held Harry, effecting a rather disorderly retreat.

June, 1865.—In our great straits some weeks before, my two dear boys, Harry and Allan, knowing that every penny that could be made was of consequence, had volunteered to go and try to get work of some kind to do. Harry found employment at Col. Reid's farm, and ploughed from six in the morning till seven at night. Whatever he did he did well, and faithfully, and though his earning were trifling, he determined to do what he could. The thought was terrible to me, of his working for the same wages, and by the side of negroes, but he insisted, and I suffered him to do it; but how my heart would ache when he came home at night with soiled and hardened hands, and rough working clothes, and would fall down asleep anywhere from utter weariness. Not a word to say, and never, as he was ac-

customed to do, taking a book to read as soon as he came into the house.

Allan was more fortunate, being smaller and not so strong, he found some light work to do for Mrs. Cameron, making hay, I think, but his sprightliness and fondness for talking won him such favor in the sight of the young ladies, Mrs. Cameron's daughters, that he was adopted by them as a companion and protector in their drives through the country, as well as entertainer in the parlour.

How often I wished then that of all the land their father had owned, I had only a few acres on which I could live with my children and try to make a living.[113] That would have been independence, and none of us would have shrunk from labour. But to have my boys work as hired labourers for other people! It almost broke my heart. Others worked, the first young men in Virginia went cheerfully to the plough; but the land was their own; the farms they had been born and bred on, and that was so different. It seemed as if there was nothing left for us in the world but to starve or descend to the lowest level by working as labourers; and even then we could expect nothing but squalid poverty. To see my noble sons, little daughter, and pretty little boys dragged down so low, how could I bear it.

With all these tormenting anticipations and fears, there was the ever-present wolf to keep from the door; but he was always there, for at times I was so weak from hunger that I could scarcely go up and down stairs. Others had enough, but no one had time then to think of us, for all were trying to care for their own; and they were at home, and had all their possessions around them, and I was a stranger, in a strange land, and there was no ear into which I could pour my tale of suffering and poverty, but that of God. and He heard, and in His own good time sent relief.

July, 1865.—Gen. Pendleton had come home and when all was over, and had set himself to provide food and a support for his family. With his own hands he ploughed his fields, and his daughters, accomplished ladies as they were, went into the fields and planted the corn and potatoes. Poor old gentleman, I often wondered if he did not almost break his heart for his only son whom the grave had hidden from his sight; and who would have been his natural helper and staff to lean on in his old age.

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[113]At Hannibal, Mo., and in the Piedmont Region of Virginia. Mostly sold for taxes during and after the war.

In those dreary days I used to go and see Mrs. Dailey, the one person left to whom I could speak of my situation. Her's was little better, for her husband had gone back to his old home to see if a living could be made, and to try to establish his family. While he was gone they were in a great state of distress, being even for a time without bread. One morning when I went there I found her eyes red with weeping, and she told me she had just sent her mother's silver bowl to the mill to exchange for a barrel of flour; it was a great trial to her to part with it and she was of course very sad. I had been obliged to do the very same thing, only it was a ladle that we bought bread with. Her messenger soon returned with the bowl and the flour also; he brought also a message from Dr. Leyburn,[114] owner of the mill, that she must keep the bowl and send for flour whenever she wanted it.

It seemed to me at this time that matters were so bad that they could by no possibility be worse, but I found that they could be much worse; and I found also that God was so good, that with the trial he provided the needful help. One morning when the servant was engaged in another part of the house, I had taken her place in the kitchen.

There was a large fireplace but no stove, and it was very difficult for my inexperienced hands to take the kettle from it without setting fire to my clothes. With great effort I succeeded in taking it off full of boiling water, and having poured it into the tea pan took the pan by the handles and attempted to carry it upstairs to the dining room for the purpose of washing the breakfast things.[115] It fell from my hands, I know not how or why, but all the boiling water poured over my right foot. Of course I shrieked out with pain and fright, and in a moment many persons had gathered around the house to see what the trouble was. I ran by them all up stairs, and on taking off the stocking all the skin came with it.

For many weeks I was confined to the bed and suffered greatly. My boys had to remain at home to take care of the younger children and attend to me. I could not turn in the bed, and could not endure

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[114]Alfred Leyburn, M. D., son of John Leyburn, and grandson of Alfred Leyburn, M. D., Rector Board of Trustees Washington College, 1872-78. Graduated Washington College, 1822, physician and farmer. Member Board of Trustees, 1841-78, died 1878. The mill stood on his farm, of 300 acres, about one mile above the Staunton Road Bridge over North River and on the north side of the stream. It was built some years before the war by his son, Edward J., and escaped destruction. It is now known as Furr's Mill.

[115]The stairs led down to the basement from the back porch.

a footstep that would occasion the slightest jar. A door shut too suddenly, would occasion a nervous shock and intense pain. All this time my good boys, Harry and Allan, lifted me, and did all they could to keep the house quiet and me undisturbed.

How they fared, poor things, I did not know. I could not even think of them. I was remembered by my friends in the village, who sent every day nice breakfasts and dinners, so that I suffered for nothing in the way of food.

All my friends came to see me and were very kind. The Pendletons especially were more like relatives than strangers. Little Madge Paxton[116] came every morning, and with her neat ways and pretty gentle face made me feel happy and cheerful as she moved about the room setting things in order and arranging all as nicely as possible.

She also superintended the washing and dressing of Nelly and Hunter, and when Nell had diphtheria during my sickness, Madge attended to her and washed her throat out every morning with the utmost care. Whenever she came in the morning she brought a bunch of grapes or an orange or something else nice for Nell and me. Dear little Madge, good and sweet she is, and I hope she may be as happy in this world as she deserves to be, and meet with her reward in the next one. Dr. Graham[117] attended my injuries with constant care and skill, and in two months I was able to move about the room on crutches.

In the meantime, Dr. Dailey returned and prepared to take his family away to Romney. Mrs. Dailey spent the day before she left with me in my room, and I felt that I was losing my only real inti-

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[116]She was a daughter of James Gardner Paxton, graduated Washington College, 1840, lawyer and Member Virginia Legislature, Major C. S. A., Superintendent Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad. Killed in a railroad accident, 1870. Her two uncles, A. J. and Alex McN. Paxton, were also graduates of Washington College, and each became a Major in the C. S. A. After the war Miss Madge taught in Kentucky and later became principal of the Anne Smith Academy in Lexington, her Alma Mater. She conducted this school very successfully until it became a part of the County School System and passed from her hands. She never married. Their home was on the same hill as "Col. Alto," and opposite the terminus of Washington Street.

[117]Dr. Edward L. Graham, son of Archibald Graham, A. B., Washington College, 1823, and grandson of Edward Graham, member Board of Trustees Washington College, 1807-40. He graduated at Washington College, 1846, and became a physician and surgeon in Lexington. 1861, Captain 6th Virginia Regiment, C. S. A. His children were John, Edward, and Mercer, sons, all living in Lexington, and a daughter who lives in Staunton. He died in 1876. He was a brother of Dr. John A. Graham, Washington College, 1851, Surgeon, C. S. A. After the war practiced in Lexington and surgeon of Post Virginia Military Institute. Died 1895. Dr. John's home was on Washington Street, adjoining Grace Episcopal Church, where his daughter, Mrs. N. Beverly Tucker, still lives (1932).

mate friend; one who knew all my circumstances, and to whom I was not ashamed to confess my destitution. I wished to go when they went, to go anywhere that some change might be effected in our sad, hard lot. When they were gone I felt doubly forlorn and undone, and when I could go about the house, the sight of the destitution, the want of every thing was more than I could bear. Then came the darkest and saddest of all those sad times. I had no one now to whom I could confide any part of my misery.

Mrs. Powell had been long gone, and now Mrs. Dailey and the Doctor, who had been my friends for long years, ever since I was married, and to whom I had no hesitation in speaking of my trouble, were also gone, and I felt forsaken. It is true I had many friends, but though they were kind, and would have helped if they had known the condition of things, yet they were friends of a very recent date, and how could I, when they came to pay a visit, make them uncomfortable by telling them we had nothing to eat! No, I would sit and talk to them, and be as cheerful as I could, but not the less did I when they were gone, go up stairs and throw myself on my knees and cry to God for food.

August, 1865.—One day, I can never forget it. I had been sitting at the table eating nothing. How could I eat bean soup and bread? I loathed it and could not taste it. The children did, however, though it was easy to see they disliked it. But I was starving; I felt so weak and helpless and every thing seemed so dark, that for a time I was seized with utter despair. I felt that God had forsaken us, and I wished, oh! I wished that He would at one blow sweep me and mine from the earth. There seemed no place on it for us, no room for us to live.

I laid on a sofa through all those dreadful hours of unbelief and hopelessness; I had lost the feeling that God cared for us, that He even knew of our want. The whole dreadful situation was shown to my doubting heart; the empty pantry, for even the beans and bread were exhausted, and I should have to send the servant away. The house rent to be paid, and no money for it, although it had been due and demanded some time before. The coming cold weather and the want of everything that could make life bearable, made me wish it would end. I did not think; nor did I dare to pray the impious prayer that God would destroy us, but I wished it; I desired at that moment to be done with life, for no one seemed to care for us, whether we lived or died. How long I lay there I do not know, but after

a while came the remembrance of the goodness my God had shown me in the former dark hours I had passed through; how He had been near, my Heavenly Father, and how I had leaned on and trusted Him; with that remembrance came the resolve, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." I got up, saying, or trying to say:

"Although the vine its fruit deny,
The budding fig tree droop and die,
No oil the olive yield;
Yet will I trust me in my God,
Yea bend rejoicing to his rod,
And by His stripes be healed."

For days the remembrance of that dreadful hour clung to me, and made me afraid to dwell in thought for a moment on my own miseries. I feared the attacks of the Tempter, and so tried to busy myself about something. But what was there to do, what had I to do anything with? My drawing class had melted away as the summer advanced, and when my foot was scalded, of course it had all to be given up.

One day a package was sent me from Winchester by some friends who had not forgotten me. Some frocks and shoes for Nelly, and underclothing for myself. I was thankful for it, but how many more wants were there for which there was no supply. I determined at last to try to get the class together again, and with the assistance of Miss Baxter succeeded in getting back two or three of my scholars. But how small a sum it brought, not enough to do more than buy bread.

The struggle went on seeming more and more hopeless every day as the cold days and nights drew near and no provision for them. When October came and brought its mellow sunshine, and the soft veil lay over the mountains and river, I used to walk, to take long walks, and try to enjoy the delight of breathing the pure air, and to get back a little of the pleasure I used to have in the woods and fields at that sweetest of all seasons. But I could scarcely lift my heavy eyes to the blue hills, or endure the light of the lovely sunsets. The sight of the smooth, peaceful river gave me no joy of heart, or the songs of the birds, the incense-laden air, nothing, for always the thought of the desolation of our penniless home was before me, and my heart ached continually.

September, 1865.—Gen. Lee having been invited to take the presidency of Washington College, and having accepted it, was daily

expected to come to Lexington. One afternoon Allan came into my room in an excited manner and announced his arrival. I went to the window and saw riding by on his old war-horse, Traveler, the great old soldier, the beloved of the whole country, and the admiration of the world. Slowly he passed, raising his brown slouch hat to those on the pavements who recognized him, and not appearing conscious that he more than any body else was the object of attention.

He wore his military coat divested of all marks of rank; even the military buttons had been removed. He doubtless would have laid it aside altogether, but it was the only one he had, and he was too poor to buy another.

The people loved and admired him more than ever when they heard that he had refused the gift of a fortune from some of the Southern people who were still wealthy, and requested the generous persons who offered it, to give what they could spare the families of the dead soldiers. How different from the great man on the other side who accepted a brown stone house and a hundred thousand dollars, though widows and orphans were plenty who needed help.

Allan flew up stairs and made himself presentable, and betook himself up to the hotel to be present when Gen. Lee dismounted. When he returned he had a lock of horsehair in his hand which he said he had pulled out of Traveler's tail, and announced his intention of preserving it for his wife to wear in her breastpin. It became quite common afterwards for the students to rob Traveler's tail, and Gen. Lee said one day at my house that he would allow no one to go behind him without becoming restive.

While everyone else that I knew was interested in, and assisting with the preparations for Mrs. Lee's reception, I was wholly occupied with my own trouble and distresses. I could have helped when the other ladies went to the house to put down the carpets, make up the linen, and arrange the house, all of which was a labour of love, done by willing hands; but how could I go among them with my sad face and sorrowful heart. So I kept away, feeling that I had no part in working for their comfort, or of welcoming them when they came.

The misery of those weeks in October, I must remember always, for with the pressure of present want and the knowledge that though I was there close to a college where the sons of my neighbors would go and be educated, that mine could not have the benefit of an education, as they could not pay the fees, or procure clothes to wear. I had written to Missouri to a lawyer to employ him in collecting my

dower in land my husband owned there, but as yet had received nothing.

One evening I went out to walk, as much to get away from the gloomy house as for any thing else, and as I passed up the street, saw into the pleasant houses the bright fires, looking so cheerful, and the people that sat by them looking so contented, that it made me feel all the more desolate.

October, 1865.—I felt too wretched and forlorn to go where people were, but turned and went into the cemetery. I sat there by Sandy Pendleton's grave for some time, trying to regain courage and hope. The evening was cold and clear, and the shadows were darkening over the lovely mountains opposite where I sat. The deep purple became deeper, till at last their huge outlines began to grow dim, and though the silence and darkness was more suitable to my mood then, I could not stay longer, but turned and came out.

Near the gate I met Mrs. Pendleton going to visit her only son's grave. She met me and as she looked in my face she exclaimed: "What can be the matter, you look so dreadfully? Come home with me now, I will go back."

I only burst out crying, for her words of kindness upset all my composure. She held my hands and begged me to tell her. I smothered pride and said, "We are starving, I and my children." "Comfort yourself," she said. "I meant to have come and told you that help is coming for you. You are to receive a sum of money in a few days. William has given in your name to those who have charge of it, and you and Kate will each receive one hundred dollars. You must not ask where it comes from."

I went to bed that night with a happy heart and a thankful one.

I learned long after that the money was a part of a sum that had been sent to Canada for secret service; that after the surrender those in whose hands it was, determined to devote it to the relief of the destitute widows and orphans of Confederate soldiers. Gen. Edmund Lee[118] was there, and gave my name and Kate Pendleton's, Sandy's

[118]General Edwin Gray Lee, son of Edmund Jennings Lee of "Leeland," near Shepherdstowns, is the one intended. He was born at Leeland in 1835. He became a lawyer but promptly joined the Confederate Army at the breaking out of the war as Second Lieutenant, 2nd Virginia Cavalry; promoted to First Lieutenant, same regiment, and aide to Gen. T. J. Jackson, May, 1861. Next Major and Lieutenant-Colonel, August, 1862. Early in 1863 resigned account of ill health. Rejoined the army in fall of 1863. May, 1864, on staff of Gen. Robert Ransom and commander of Post at Staunton. June, 1864, called out reserves in the valley and resisted advance of General David Hunter, saving baggage and prisoners on evacuation of Staunton. October, 1864, made Brigadier-General and later sent to Canada on secret service. He married Susan Pendleton, eldest daughter of Gen. William N. Pendleton, November 17, 1859. After the war he spent his winters in the South. He died August 25, 1870.

Lexington Va July 1867

My dear major

Mr Harry McDonald
of this place is now a student of this
institution, but finds it necessary
to devote a part of the present session
to obtaining practical knowledge
in the field. I have thought you
might have some practice suitable
for him, & therefore write to ask
you to obtain his services. He is a
very promising young man, of great
energy & integrity of character, & is
willing to take any position in which
he can make himself useful, & earn
his subsistence for the time. You
may probably have known his father
(Col Fergus McDonald) who died
during the war, & left a widow & seven
children of whom he is the eldest. Six
others are to be educated.

Mr McDonald will resume
his studies the last of September
& will pursue the course of Civil
Engineering which he began the
past session. I hope you may
be able to aid him.

Very respt your obt Servt
R E Lee

P. S.

I enclose a letter to this same
person Mr D. H. Maulsby (whom I do
not know). If the people in the
Md could be induced to take
an interest in the Canal & contribute
their aid, the work could be accom-
plished. If you think proper will
you answer Mr M. for RE L

Major Chas; S. Cameron

Courtesy of Dr. Douglas S. Freeman, Richmond, Va.

AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE.

RECOMMENDING HARRY P. MCDONALD, A STUDENT AT WASHINGTON COLLEGE, FOR EMPLOYMENT DURING VACATION IN 1867 ON ENGINEERING WORK.

widow, to them. General Pendleton having suggested it in writing to him.

The next morning I felt cheerful enough to go and see Mrs. McElwee, intending to spend the day, not to get something to eat, but to enjoy her kind and friendly talk. After staying a while she told me she had just had a quarter of beef sent, and insisted on giving me a roast. I accepted it gladly, and immediately decided on returning home to have it cooked for the children's dinner. This I did, wrapping it in paper I put it under my shawl and carried it home.

Mrs. McElwee had received a sum of money from the estate of her brother who had been killed at Chickamauga, and a few days after she came and offered to lend me three hundred dollars. I accepted it, and with a light and happy heart set about making provision for the winter. Some time after Edward came and brought me money to pay my rent. He had found and collected a bond of his fathers, and brought me part of the money. He and William had rented a farm in Clarke County, and he farmed while William taught school.[119] Susan and Flora kept house for them. Edward wanted one of the boys sent to them, so I decided on sending Allan, as Harry was old enough to go to college, and I had determined to send him.[120]

And here ends my account of my trials; and though they were not at an end entirely, I was able in various ways to take care of my family till they were fitted to be of use themselves; and when they were able to bear the burden they took it up manfully and acquitted themselves well.[121]

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[119]"Cool Spring," one of the largest farms in the county. The school was for boys, but many of the pupils were ex-Confederate soldiers.

[120]He graduated in 1869.

[121]Washington College was opened in the fall of 1865. Many of the students were bearded men, veterans of the Confederate Army. The Virginia Military Institute began classes in 1866 with the cadets boarding in private residences. Mrs. McDonald filled her house with boarders from each institution. In the fall of 1867 she moved to the Jordan House (see illustration opposite p. 187), where Marshall, then a Professor at the Virginia Military Institute, came with his bride to board. In 1870, finding that although with the boarders she could feed her family, she was running deeper and deeper into debt, she moved to town and began teaching the public school for girls in the vestry room of the Episcopal Church. She continued teaching until the close of the school in 1873 when the family moved to Louisville, Kentucky, whither Harry, Allan, and Kenneth had preceded her. The debts she left were all settled to the satisfaction of her creditors.

APPENDIX A

A MEMOIR OF GEN. R. E. LEE

BY MRS. CORNELIA McDONALD, 1875

Associated with the recollections of my life in Lexington will always be the memory of General Lee. When I picture to myself the old, steep climbing street, it is always with him on his old horse, Traveler, riding through the town, his form erect and straight, looking like the great soldier that he was, and his bright, dark eyes and kind, sweet smile lighting up a face that was truly noble as well as handsome and striking, a smile and pleasant word he had for everybody—every child knew and loved him, and he seemed to know them all by name. Courteous and elegant in manner, there was still a sort of unapproachable majesty about him that made all feel his superiority. He always took a great deal of notice of my little boys and Nelly, and once I remember his telling me of Roy's persistent obedience to a command of mine in opposition to one of his.

He had some fine tomato plants, and when they were setting them out he thought of sending me some; so when passing our house on Traveler he stopped at the fence and called to Roy who was playing in my yard, to come over to his house and get some of them for me. "No," said Roy, "Gen. Lee, Mother told me not to leave the yard till she came back." The General told him I would not mind his going only that far and for such a purpose, but he resolutely declined.

He often came in late in the evening to see Donald when he was confined with his broken leg, and would sit and talk in the twilight. Once, I remember he sat still for some time by the window and his face looked so sad. He spoke of the Southern people, of their losses, privations, and sufferings, and also of our vain struggle. "I cannot sleep," he said, "for thinking of it, and often I feel so weighted down with sorrow that I have to get up in the night and go out and walk till I thoroughly weary myself before I can sleep." That was the only melancholy sentence I ever heard him utter, and the only time I ever saw that heartbroken look on his face. That he died of a broken heart I have always believed.

He took a great deal of notice of a little girl whose mother was a friend of one of his daughters and who was visiting at his house.

All his advances, however, were steadily repulsed by the child. Some weeks passed, and he had not succeeded in winning a smile or kiss from her, when one morning she passed his study door and, pausing before it, was invited to come in. She did not do so, but stood and glanced around the room. Suddenly she spied a figure of a man in a costume of a century back made of pasteboard and stuffed and very showily dressed, hanging on the wall—it was meant for a pen wiper, and was hung up over his table by some of his zealous lady friends. She looked at it, and then at him, and advancing a few steps toward him, asked, "Is that your doll baby?" "Yes," he said. His possession of a doll baby seemed at once to establish a feeling of fellowship with him, and going to him, she at once sat on his lap, and was always his devoted friend.

When the news of his sudden attack and great danger was spread over the town, it cast a gloom over every countenance. All seemed to feel it as a personal distress, no one talked of anything else, and few thought of anything but the beloved hero stricken and helpless, waiting the summons to a world when his weary spirit would find rest.

About that time, while his life was seemingly hanging on the event of a moment, the attention of many persons was attracted by the singular appearance in the sky at night—for several nights the zenith would be aglow with a blood-red light, while at the north and northwest long streams of colored light shot up toward it, trembled, faded, glowed again, and again streamed up toward the red light above. The whole sky seemed to throb as if a mighty pulse was stirring and beating within it. Molly Maury (daughter of Commodore Maury) told me that while she looked it seemed as if they beckoned, as if there was a method and a meaning in it all.

One afternoon I went to see a friend, an old lady whose company I liked, because she was well read and agreeable. We talked over the aurora, and she got an old romance, "The Scottish Cavalier," the book of which Annie Laurie was the heroine. Opening it, she read a verse, I think it was the heading of a chapter recounting the death of some great person:

> "All night long the blood-red banners
> Shot across the gleaming sky,
> Fearful lights that never beckon
> Save when kings and heroes die."*

**Edinburgh after Flodden.* (Aytoun.)

I told her of Molly Maury's idea that the shaft of light seemed to beckon.

All this while General Lee lay before the fire on a couch, with his sad eyes fixed in the fire, never moving them, and never speaking all those long days and nights, as Mildred told me afterwards.

His life was fading slowly out without suffering, and still hopes were entertained by those who did not see him, that he would recover.

Poor Mrs. Lee. I saw her every day, I felt so for her, her own infirmities prevented her from being with him, and she did not realize his condition. Her talk was of "When Robert gets well again." She seemed to think he would be infirm, and could not be with her, as he occupied usually a room upstairs and she could not get to him. She seemed to dread his being a paralytic.

One day when I went to her room, she said, "If I was at all superstitious, I would feel disturbed at an accident that happened this morning. Robert's large portrait fell from the wall where it hung, to the floor, and injured the frame very much."

Deep was the grief when he at last went—not a mirthful or careless face could one meet. The shops were closed, and all hung out mourning draperies.

A dreadful storm or series of storms occurred just then, and all communication by stage coach or packet with the outside world was cut off. Whoever went or came had to come in wagons or on horseback, for the floods had destroyed all the roads and bridges and broken up the canal.

In the meantime, his body lay in state in the chapel of the college and every morning those that loved him brought fresh wreaths and flowers to cover his coffin, and as the sun slowly moved around, the beautiful light from the stained windows would rest on the coffin, and light up the flowers with a radiance that earthly flowers do not have. Every morning services were held there, by the coffin, and never a dry eye was seen among the throng that came each day. At night there was a guard of students and cadets, and many persons during the sad dark hours, would go in, and share their vigil by the dim light that stood at his head.

It was a moving sight, that throng of rough plain men, his comrades in arms, those who had followed him through those hard-fought battles and had come to show their love and devotion to

him. Such was the state of travel that none or few came from cities and towns, but the mountains and the adjoining counties poured out their population to do him honor. It was pitiful to see their ragged clothes, worn-out shoes and battered hats, but more so to see tears streaming from their eyes, and their rough faces convulsed with weeping as they filed through the chapel and gave their last looks at the beloved face. For me, I could not look at his dead face. I knew his shrinking sensitiveness and somehow thought that if he knew, he would not wish his faded features to be gazed at.

Well they laid him in the vault under the chapel, and the whole green slope leading to the entrance was crowded with men, the old Confederates.

The first line of the hymn, "How Firm a Foundation," was begun by a voice and the whole multitude took it up, and with uncovered heads they sang it. No music ever thrilled me as that did, as it rolled up from a thousand throats, sometimes broken by sobs, while the tears rolled over the rough faces of those men who had been his soldiers.

That night I was at Gen. Pendleton's. He was the Rector of the Episcopal Church. He had been a classmate of General Lee at West Point and his Chief of Artillery. He seemed deeply dejected, sat with his head leaning on his hand for a long time. At last with a sigh I heard him say, "We shall never see his like again."

His like I never saw, so gracious and winning, so noble and majestic, so kind and true, so great and good and so patient and true a Christian.

After the funeral of General Lee, many of the flowers and boxwood leaves were preserved and pressed by the ladies of Lexington. Mrs. McDonald mounted these on bristol board, with a colored inscriptions, "FROM THE BIER OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE." They were framed in dark elliptical frames and sold for the benefit of the Lee Memorial Association, which was formed promptly. Many of these frames are still to be found in Southern homes.

APPENDIX B

Copy of letter from Colonel A. W. McDonald, P. A. C. S., to Major-General Crook, U. S. A.

ATHENEUM PRISON, WHEELING, VIRGINIA.

September 6, 1864.

Major-General Crook.

General: If common repute among the citizens of the Valley of Virginia has done you no more than justice, I may comfort myself with the assurance that this communication, if permitted to reach your hand, will promptly receive the attention of an educated and brave soldier, an intelligent gentleman and humane man. I am laboring, General, under painful and depressing difficulties; weakness of body disabling me from sitting up while I struggle to indite this for another to copy, with the conviction made stronger, each succeeding day, that on the morrow I shall be still more disabled and disordered. Without access to any intelligent friend, who could advise what should be said and what left unsaid, conscious that my memory is greatly impaired, my judgment muddy and obtuse—with no power of arrangement and no capacity to bring to my aid appropriate, much less forcible language—I feel that my only course is to speak right out what I know, as well as what I feel to be true, waiving any effort to marshal or select the most important facts.

Much must now remain untold; my present strength being inadequate to the labor of writing down even in the briefest manner, the half which should and shall be recorded, if God permits the restoration of my health.

I graduated at West Point in the summer of 1817, with I. D. Graham, William M. Graham, Ethan A. Hitchcock, and thirteen others, forming a class of seventeen.[1] Why state this? Because

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[1]This letter was written secretly and sent by private means to the Confederate Government at Richmond, Virginia, to be read and forwarded through military channels to General Crook. It is not known whether it ever reached General Crook. It was first published under the title "Memoir of Colonel A. W. McDonald," beginning at p. 318 of "Ashby and his Compeers," by the Rev. James B. Averett, Chaplain of the 7th Virginia Cavalry, P. A. C. S. (Baltimore, Shelby and DuLaney, 1867). This memoir was written by Captain William N. McDonald, C. S. A., son of Colonel A. W. McDonald. The letter begins at p. 347.

it refers to a record, to which any may obtain access, indicates my age, and announces my antecedents as those of a soldier and a gentleman. I refer to any and all of the class, and ask their testimony and judgment upon my claim to being "a soldier and a gentleman." Why put forth the claim? Because Gen. Hunter ignored it, and has treated me as though I were a convicted felon and blackguard.

After graduating at West Point I remained in the service upward of two years, doing duty at Mobile, Mobile Point, and the greater part of the time with Major-General Hitchcock, now U. S. Commissioner of Exchange. In June, 1861, I received from the Confederate Government the appointment of Colonel of Cavalry, in the P. A. C. S., with orders to raise and organize companies of volunteers for a particular service. My first service in the field was in Hampshire County, Virginia, and commenced June, 1861.

About the 18th of July, I left Hampshire with my command and did not return till about the last of August. On the 25th or 26th of October, my force of cavalry, becoming dismayed and panic-stricken by the presence of some ten times their number (of all arms), without having a man killed or wounded, retreated from Romney, leaving my entire baggage train to be captured by the enemy. At the time of this disaster and for several months previous thereto, I was so disabled by rheumatism as to be able only with great pain and difficulty to mount my horse.

Early in November I was relieved from cavalry service and assigned to post duty and from that time till I was captured did no service in the field. On the 11th of last June I was in command at Lexington, Rockbridge County, Virginia. On the morning of that day I learned that Gen. McCausland did not expect to attempt the permanent defense of that post against the army under Gen. Hunter, then advancing against it. Having no troops under my command, and having already sent the Commissary and Quartermaster's stores away, and being unwilling to impose upon Gen. McCausland's small force the care of an invalid, I determined to shift for myself and as best I could escape capture.

I had provided myself with an ambulance, a pair of horses and driver, and had it loaded with my bedding, wearing apparel, and public and private papers as well as all the arms I had, intending to defend myself as long as I was able, against any squads of stragglers, marauders, or scouting parties who might chance to

come upon me. I aimed to keep as far from the line of march of your army as I could. About an hour before the fire was set to the bridge opposite Lexington, I left there in my ambulance. The negro driver who had been sent by the Quartermaster to drive the ambulance failing to make his appearance, my son Harry, a youth just turned sixteen, and who had been my nurse for nearly the whole of the preceding twelve months, helping me to dress and undress, became also my driver.

Using my best judgment to avoid the route upon which Hunter's force would advance, I went that day to Mr. Wilson's, residing between the roads, leading, one to the Natural Bridge, and the other to Buchanan. Spending the night there I learned next day that the enemy would probably go by Buchanan, at least with part of their forces. I selected a place for concealment and defense and with Mr. Wilson, his servants, wagons, etc., moved to it the next day. It was about three miles and a half from the road leading to Buchanan, by which Hunter's force marched to that place. On the day that Hunter entered Buchanan about twelve o'clock, Lieut. Lewis and private Blake charged with a war shout about my camp. They were fired upon and repulsed but returned about sundown in force (as Capt. Martindale and Lieut. Lewis afterwards informed me), about twenty-two in number, and again attacked my camp. After fighting them till my gun stock was broken and my right hand was paralyzed by a bullet wound, I surrendered myself and son as prisoners of war.

When I so surrendered, the enemy were distant from us about forty yards. Lieut. Lewis answered my proposal of surrender in the affirmative. After receiving our arms and learning that my son and self constituted my entire force (old Mr. Wilson having been killed, and the negroes and two other lads in Mr. Wilson's employ having run off), the men seemed much provoked that I had fought them at all (some of them having been wounded).

They took all of my property, private as well as Confederate, leaving me nothing whatever except the clothes on my back, one great coat and blanket. All of this I expected and do not complain of, especially, as after discussing the matter, they came to the conclusion that I had a right to resist being captured. They all treated me as brave men treat those who have bravely resisted, as long as the power of resistance lasted.

I was hauled in my own ambulance with one of the wounded

enemy and delivered to Major Quinn, of the 1st Regiment of New York, Lincoln Cavalry, whose behavior to us was that of a soldier and a gentleman. I expected no difficulty in obtaining a parole, and Major Quinn went with me next morning, at my request, to Gen. Hunter's headquarters, to introduce me.

After exacting the homage of making me wait at his door for some twenty minutes, Gen. Hunter opened the door and briefly inspected me, without any salutation or recognition of my presence in any way, and then closed the door and retired. After a few minutes, Col. Strother (Gen. Hunter's aide, I was informed) opened the door, looked at me with apparent ferocity and hostility, insulted me by his manner and questions and closed the door. After the lapse of a few moments more, Capt. Alexander, a gentleman, came out and informed me that Gen. Hunter would not admit me to see him and when asked the reason, he said that Col. Strother had declared that I had treated his father badly when he (said father) was a prisoner at my camp; which assertion I here pronounce entirely false, and a most foul slander upon my character, fabricated by Col. Strother (as I believe and have reason for so doing) to provide himself with a pretext of excuse to his Southern kindred and friends, for having joined the North rather than the South.

I have been told by one of his former friends, that Col. Strother had given him such a reason for having joined the North.[2] It was essentially false, for he piloted Patterson[3] before his father had ever been arrested, charges preferred against him and sent a prisoner to my camp near Winchester, which was in the middle or latter part of August, 1861.

I take occasion here to most solemnly declare, in the presence of Almighty God, that I never treated old Col. Strother with unkindness of any description; that I never felt a sentiment of the slightest unkindness or ill will against him; that, so far from it I have from my boyhood entertained for him the kindest regard, and the highest respect for the fidelity and truthfulness of his char-

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[2]This was most likely Henry D. Beall, a fellow prisoner with him for a short while on the march toward Lynchburg. In his article, Appendix C, he recounts a friendly interview with Colonel Strother when he met him as a prisoner at General Hunter's headquarters in Lexington.

[3]Colonel McDonald here refers to General Robert Patterson's attempt on Winchester which was frustrated by General Ashby and resulted in a retrogade movement to the north side of the Potomac. David Strother did accompany this march, guiding him and assisting.

acter. He had been kind to my father, was his fellow-soldier, tended him on his death-bed and was kind to me as his son. I never forgot it and was never ungrateful.

The most painful duty I have been called upon to perform since the war commenced was that which required me to hold Col. Strother a prisoner in my camp and have the testimony taken upon the charges preferred against him.

General Hunter's ambition is not of the archangel type. Low-reaching and coarse, he is satisfied to achieve notoriety rather than noble deeds. In his judgment, the quality of bravery would be indicated by the amount of blood and carnage a soldier could cause and contemplate unmoved, rather than by the risk he would voluntarily incur of suffering wounds or death in his own person. Punishment with him would be felt and measured in proportion to the number of stripes and the depth of color with which the epidermis might be marked, rather than the mortification inflicted by an insulting touch. Thirty-nine lashes on his bare back would give him just three times as much pain (and no more or less) than thirteen laid on with the same force.

With such an ambition, endowments, and tastes in harmonious accord, perfected in action by a cultivated experience, Gen. Hunter required but the very brief space of time he had given to weigh me in his judgment and satisfy himself of the amount of suffering he might inflict by indirection and stop safely short of the evidence requisite to convict murderous intentions of dealing assassin blows and injuries.

He declined to see me and consigned me to the care of his Provost-Marshal-General, one Major Harkins, whose constant practice in the duties of his office, as required to be performed by Gen. Hunter, had made this officer an adept in comprehending the wishes and appetites of his master, as well as in the selection of measures best suited to attain the object desired by him.

By Major Harkin's order I was placed under the more immediate charge of a man bearing the title of *Captain* Berry, whose coarse, unfeeling, and insulting behavior made life a burden, without the aid of the physical tortures he inflicted. He, too, had his inferiors; lower in office, but not in wicked characteristics and tastes than himself. To such he turned me over, with orders, given in my presence and hearing, that I was to be hauled in a baggage wagon and was not to be permitted to get into an ambulance or any spring

vehicle. My son being with me to carry them, I was permitted to keep a blanket and great coat; my ambulance horses, bedding, etc., were left at Buchanan, and I was started in a baggage wagon to grace Gen. Hunter's triumphal advance upon Lynchburg. Sustained by the strength and kind care of my son, I was enabled to bear, without fainting, the great suffering to which I was subjected by so rude a mode of conveyance.

On the morning of the day after we passed Liberty, on the way to Lynchburg, I was informed that my son was to be sent back with the other prisoners, and that I was still to accompany the army. But being unable to carry my blanket or great coat, I had to go without them. As an example of Capt. Berry's treatment of me, I will here state that on the morning I was parted from my son, Capt. Berry came to the prisoners' camp and in a loud voice announced that "old man McDonald was to march with the army." I replied that I was not able to march. Whereupon he declared that "Gen. Hunter's orders were that I should march, and by G-d! he intended that they should be obeyed."

I then informed him that I was not able to march and would not attempt it. To which he replied, "If you don't, you shall be hauled with a rope," and ordered ropes to be brought. After some delay and his telling me that "Gen. Hunter had not yet decided whether he would hang me or not," he inquired if I could not walk half a mile. I replied "that if sufficient time were allowed me I could." He then ordered me to move on and at that distance said I could get into a wagon, reiterating his order to Sergt. Owen Goodwyn (of Baltimore I understand) that I was not to ride in an ambulance or any spring vehicle and this, he said, was Gen. Hunter's order. I tottered on till we came to the train and was then put into a wagon, the bottom of which was covered with boxes of nails and parts of boxes of horse-shoes and horse-shoe nails, with quantities of the same lying loose.

Such was the bed upon which a field officer and an old man, upwards of sixty-five, paralyzed with rheumatism of spine, hips, and knee joints, his right hand disabled by a recent wound, and reduced in health and strength by the three preceding years of disease, was by Gen. Hunter's orders to lie, while being hauled with his ordinance and other baggage. The wagon in which I was carried was nightly required to stop near Gen. Hunter's headquarters; and special orders given that I was to receive only the ration which the private

soldier received. In addition to this, that all human sympathy should be denied me. I was, by his minions and bootlicks, denounced as a bushwhacker, bridge burner, and the cruel jailer of old Col. Strother. The field officers, whom I sometimes approached for food, all seemed averse to any intercourse with me, throwing up to me as true the alleged ill treatment of old Col. Strother.

Of such character was my treatment (varied occasionally, by insults, curses, and threats from Sergt. Goodwyn) from the time I was separated from my son until, upon his retreat, Gen. Hunter reached Charleston.[4] Then the guard handed me over to the Provost-Marshal of that post—a Capt. Harris of New York I learned—who, being a gentleman, and knowing the responsibility of his position as well as commiserating my situation, took it upon himself to suffer me, on my parole and in charge of a sentinel, to go to the house of an old acquaintance to get my supper and lodge for the night. Gen. Hunter coming to a knowledge of these facts, sent for Capt. Harris and rebuked him for his kindness and required him to have me brought back and kept in the guard room, where on a board shelf, knocked up for my comfort by the officer of the guard, I passed the night.

Such were my accommodations while we remained at Charleston. From my capture until we arrived at that place, some eighteen days, no means were ever afforded me to even wash my face. All my clothing had been taken, not even a clean shirt allowed me. My treatment until I reached Cumberland continued equally harsh and insulting. Aboard the steamer from Charleston to Parkersburg, I was put on the boiler deck under Capt. Reynolds, of New York, who at the risk of displeasing his superior officers, treated me kindly.

At Cumberland orders were given by Hunter that I was not to be permitted to receive any food or refreshment from the citizens, or allowed to purchase any; that my fare was to be only the ration issued to privates in prison. From the military prison of Cumberland I was ordered to be taken to the county jail, then handcuffed and locked within a cell eight feet by ten, with a guard of four men to watch over me and see that I did not escape, or receive

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[4]The *New York Herald* of June, 1864, comments thus on Gen. Hunter's foray into the valley: "The official reports are far from satisfactory. Hunter is destroying important bridges and roads, burning his relatives' and friends' houses, capturing men like Col. McDonald, by the aid of his Chief of Staff . . . burning the Virginia Military Institute and Gov. Letcher's home."

any prohibited comforts from outside. The cell in which I was confined was one next to a felon, who was taken out of his cell and hung a few days after I arrived there. From Cumberland, on or about the 14th of July, I was sent to this prison (under a guard who treated me with kindness en route) and locked up in a large room with some fifty men of all kinds, when I arrived; but as many as three hundred have been confined therein since my arrival.

For one day after my arrival my handcuffs were left off, but on the second night the jailer informed me that he had received from Gen. Hunter a telegram, saying that I should be handcuffed and allowed no more accommodation than a private prisoner. I was kept in irons and upon prison fare for thirty days, during which time Gen. Hunter was deprived of the command of this department. A soldier succeeded him and my fetters were removed; and since the date of such removal I have been treated as all other prisoners of war are treated in this prison.

General Crook, the privations and sufferings to which I have been subjected have made such inroads upon my health that I have not been able to sit up and write since the date of this letter, now some sixteen days. I have been informed by the newspapers that Col. Crook of the U. S. Army, a prisoner in the Confederacy, has been taken into special custody to receive parallel treatment to such as I may receive. As soon as I heard of it I wrote a letter to President Davis of which the inclosed is a copy.

Now, General, if he has suffered the half that I have, he and I have suffered far more than falls to the lot of one prisoner of war in a thousand, and our respective governments should not delay our parole or exchange. The stabs which I have received continue their effect upon my general health, and I can scarcely hope ever again to see my family, if am kept a prisoner much longer. I fear that even now, though I may start, I can never reach my home. I inclose a copy of a certificate of the surgeon of the prison, given me at its date, since which I have not been able to get out of my bed and dress, or even to sit up while writing this letter.

May I not, General Crook, ask your aid to have me released either by exchange or upon parole, at the earliest possible time; and in the meantime that I may be sent a prisoner to Point Lookout, Baltimore, or Washington, on parole, that I may recruit health

sufficient upon which to pursue my journey home when exchanged, or if allowed to go home upon parole.

I remain, sir, yours respectfully,

A. W. McDonald,

Colonel P. A. C. S.

N. B.—I inclose the surgeon's certificate, in the hope that I may receive the liberty of the city on my parole, and if nothing more, transferred to the post hospital.

A. W. McD.

APPENDIX C

War Reminiscences: Brave Old Colonel McDonald and His Heroic Young Son, Harry

BY HENRY D. BEALL, 1889

(*From the Baltimore Weekly Sun*)

(Reminiscences of Hunter's Campaign — Col. McDonald's Capture and Harsh Treatment — Harry McDonald's Escape)

The kindly reception extended by some of my Confederate Army associates as well as others to the sketch published in the *Weekly Sun* a couple of months ago, entitled "A Confederate Scout's All-Night's Ride and Its Reward," induces me to write up another war incident, which occurred in the month of June, 1864. Though nearly twenty-five years have elapsed since the incident transpired, it was so indelibly impressed on my memory that I think it can be reproduced almost in the exact language of the actors in it.

On the 12th of June, 1864, it was my misfortune to become a prisoner of war. Maj.-Gen. John C. Breckenridge, in charge of the Confederate forces in the Valley of Virginia, was at Waynesboro, Augusta County, near the western base of the Blue Ridge Mountains, whilst Gen. David Hunter, commanding the Federal advance in the Shenandoah Valley, had the day previous left Staunton and moved in the direction of Lexington. General Breckenridge directed Lieut. Bushrod C. Washington, private Creighton and myself, of Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry, Rosser's Brigade to follow in Hunter's rear and keep him posted in regard to the movements of the Federal forces. In pursuance of instructions we had reached Midway, a town about equi-distant from Staunton and Lexington, when we halted for a brief rest. It was an intensely hot day, and the passage of Hunter's army over the road had made it dusty and disagreeable. On inquiry we were informed that a detachment of Confederate cavalry was an hour's ride in advance of us. Being tired and thirsty I dismounted, left my horse in the road, and got over a fence to quench my thirst at a spring of crystal water gushing from the side of a hill near by. Just then a squad of fifteen cavalrymen, dressed in Confederate grey, with the familiar Confederate

saddles and bridles, came in view over a steep rise in the road not over one hundred yards distant. They were coming toward our little party from the south, and my impression was that it was the Confederate force of which we had been informed, and as a consequence was in no haste to leave the cool shade of the spring.

Lieut. Washington halted the approaching squad and urged me to hasten to my horse, but still my suspicions were not aroused. The Lieutenant's challenge was answered by the inquiry, "Who are you?" To which the response was, "We belong to Rosser's command." This was promptly answered by a volley from the men in gray, who afterwards proved to be a detachment of "Jesse Scouts" from the 15th New York Cavalry, under the command of Capt. Ellicott. Washington and Creighton, two as brave men as ever put on uniform, gave the enemy "the best they had in the shop," with the hope of "holding the fort" until I could reach my horse. But the enemy bore down in overpowering numbers, and my comrades had to retreat or share the fate which was in store for me. I had just mounted to the top of the fence, when Capt. Ellicott, with a private by his side, rushed down on me. The Captain was mounted on a splendid gray animal, which made him a conspicuous figure, and I fired at him with my revolver at about fifteen paces, and he "plugged" at me at the same moment. His shot went through the left sleeve of my coat, merely grazing my arm, whilst my shot inflicted a slight flesh wound in the upper part of his left leg, went through his saddle skirt and entered his horse's flank. By this time the beardless private had closed in on me and was snapping his revolver almost in my face. Deeming "discretion the better part of valor" at this stage of the game, I threw up both hands, and had the mortification of surrendering to the little private, perhaps the most insignificant looking Yankee in Hunter's army of invasion.

Capt. Ellicott seemed so delighted with his "prize" that he determined not to pursue my comrades, but ordered a face-about and returned to Lexington. I was mounted behind my captor, on my own horse, whilst his scrub was turned out, to fall into the hands of any Confederates that might follow on. Capt. Ellicott treated me with great kindness, and afterwards, whilst he was in camp in Pleasant Valley, Washington County, Maryland, sent me word through a valued lady friend that if I needed the services of a friend to address him, care of the War Department, Washington, and that he would quickly respond. He left the same message afterwards

with one of my sisters in Charles Town, W. Va., and I have no doubt he would have redeemed his proffer.

Arriving in Lexington about twilight, Sunday evening, June 12, a scene of desolation was presented to my eyes. The splendid Military Institute building, from which some of the most brilliant soldiers of the Confederate Army had graduated, and from which General Stonewall Jackson had entered the Confederate service, was a smouldering ruin, having been fired by order of General Hunter, himself a Virginian by birth. Gov. Letcher's residence had also been burned. I was taken to the headquarters of Gen. Hunter, which was in the residence of Superintendent Smith, of the Institute, and ushered into the presence of that redoubtable general, who had been more of a terror to women and children than to the Confederate battalions. He did not give me a very cordial reception, and at once commenced questioning me in regard to the strength, position, etc., of General Breckenridge's forces. He showed considerable irritation when I called his attention to the fact that I was a prisoner of war and not a deserter from the Confederate Army, and that he could not reasonably expect me to give him any information which could be used to the hurt of a cause in which all my sympathies were heartily enlisted. Fortunately for me, I had requested Capt. Ellicott to present my compliments to Col. D. H. Strother ("Porte Crayon"), General Hunter's chief of staff, who was in another room, and he opportunely came in just as the General was, to all appearances, getting ready to give me a sample of that roughness of manner and speech for which he had an unenviable notoriety. Asking if Mr. Beall was in the room, I advanced and shook hands with Col. Strother, who was a friend of other days. "Porte Crayon" greeted me cordially, and informed Gen. Hunter that he desired my presence in his room as soon as the General was through with me. Hunter roughly answered, "Take him now, I do not wish to have any further conversation with him." In this case there certainly was a reciprocity of feeling, and I bowed myself out of the General's presence, experiencing a great sense of relief as I put two doors and a wide passage between us.

On reaching Col. Strother's quarters, the dining room, he ordered supper prepared for me, and then asked if I ever drank anything. My answer was that I seldom "indulged," but that if there ever was a period in my life when there was an inclination that moment was upon me. Then he produced a canteen, which, he said, contained

some of their commissary whiskey, but he guessed it was about as good as we were used to down in Dixie. I poured out a drink which would, perhaps, at the present stage of my life, upset me, and the Colonel helped himself to at least "three fingers." Feeling called on to propose a toast, suggested: "Here is to a speedy and honorable peace." "That is what we want," said the Colonel, and I responded, "And that's what we are fighting for." Then remembering that my pockets were filled with letters gathered all along the way from the Potomac River to Waynesboro from anxious friends to the dear ones in the army, I produced the batch and stated the circumstances of their reception. Colonel Strother promptly placed a white band around the package and indorsed on it, "Examined and permitted, D. H. Strother, Colonel and Chief of Staff." This he handed me, much to my relief, and it was replaced in an inner pocket of my coat. Then followed a long conversation on old times and about the Colonel's relatives in Charles Town and Jefferson County, all of whom were strong in upholding the Confederate cause, but of whom he spoke in the kindest manner, with perhaps one exception. Finally, at a late hour, I indicated a desire to retire. A guard was called and I was escorted to the courthouse and dumped in with about 125 companions in misery who had been picked up by Hunter's men, most of whom were wounded men or at home on sick leave.

Monday was passed quietly. Two sweet young girls, acquaintances of mine, heard of my capture and brought me an elegant breakfast, to which I did full justice, and availed myself of the occasion to pass the package of letters to the girls, who promised to speed them on their way. During the day a Yankee file of soldiers made a tour of the court room, and noting that I had on an extra pair of new cavalry boots, I was quickly made to "shuck" them, and was left with a badly damaged pair of socks as the sole covering of my feet. Fortunately the thermometer was about 95 in the shade! A few hours later Col. Timothy Quinn, the gallant commander of the 1st New York Cavalry, who knew some of my friends in Jefferson County, and who had learned from Capt. Ellicott of my capture, called to see me. Noting the condition of my feet, he asked if I was shoeless, and on hearing how I had been despoiled he uttered an oath, which might offend ears polite, but which expressed my sentiments exactly, and went out. In a few minutes he returned, bringing with him the "Yank" who had robbed me and the boots were restored to me. With a proffer of his purse and the tender of his good offices, should they ever be needed, Col. Quinn took his departure,

and I did not meet him again until September, 1866, when I came across him in Winchester, Va., where he was then engaged in business. I have always retained a grateful recollection of Col. Quinn's kindness. The remainder of the day in the old courthouse at Lexington was uneventful.

I now approach the incident which I started out to relate, but from which I was side-tracked by old recollections. The reader will pardon digression, for it is constitutional with old soldiers to become reminiscent now and then. Tuesday, the 14th of June, we marched to Buchanan, on the James River, in Botetourt County, and one of the first prisoners I recognized, as an addition to our crowd, was Col. Angus W. McDonald, of Romney, Hampshire County. He was the Lieutenant-Colonel of Col. Turner Ashby's command before it was brigaded, and was at that time at least seventy (64) years of age.* When the war broke out he was a lawyer in extensive practice, and one of the most influential men in his section. His personal appearance was striking, being a man of heroic stature and every inch a soldier. Col. McDonald had been sick, and was getting back from the advancing enemy, accompanied by his son, Harry, a youth scarcely fifteen years of age, when overtaken by a squad of Hunter's Cavalry, between Lexington and Buchanan. Despite the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, Col. McDonald and Harry made a brave resistance, and the former was shot in the arm before surrendering. When I met him at Buchanan and introduced myself, Col. McDonald had his wounded arm bandaged and in a sling, but despite his wound and his venerable years, he was uncomplaining, partook of the same fare that was dished out to us, and by his cheery words encouraged others who had become faint-hearted under the depressing surroundings. Rations were scarce and inferior, and at best there was a long and exhausting march before us.

The next day we marched from Buchanan to the Peaks of Otter, Bedford County, Lynchburg being Gen. Hunter's objective point. Col. McDonald footed it all day, though there was an abundance of conveyances in which he might have ridden, had the Federal trainmaster so ordered. The next day was a repetition of the previous one, and we went into camp on Otter River, seventeen miles from Lynchburg. That night I found Col. McDonald ailing considerably. He was greatly exhausted by the long, hot march, and was suffering from his wound. But his spirit was as proud as ever.

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*(He was Colonel of the regiment and Ashby Lieutenant-Colonel. He raised the regiment when he was 62 years old. Mrs. C. McD., 1895.)

The next morning, bright and early, a mounted staff officer rode into the prisoner's camp, and ordered us to get ready to march to the rear. Then addressing himself to the venerable Col. McDonald, this coward in the uniform of a soldier said: "You will go with us, you old scoundrel. Gen. Hunter has not decided what he will do with you—whether he will shoot or hang you." At this brutal outburst Harry McDonald—as brave and noble a boy as ever lived—advanced a step and begged to be permitted to go with his father, urging his request on the ground that his father was aged, sick, and wounded, and needed his ministrations. But the Federal officer was obdurate, seeing which Harry commenced shedding tears. At this point Col. McDonald addressed Harry in a fatherly but firm manner, saying: "Harry, my son, do not shed a tear, but, if necessary, shed your blood in defense of your country." The scene I shall not forget as long as memory performs its offices. The Roman firmness of the old Colonel vexed the Federal officer, and he ordered the guard to march him off. But here Col. McDonald's superb courage again asserted itself, and he said not one foot would he march, as he was footsore and exhausted. Then the order was given to assist him to march by an application of the point of the bayonet, whereupon the old Confederate hero threw open his vest, exposed his bosom and exclaimed, "You may shoot and kill me, but you cannot make me march. Now do your worst." The Federal officer quailed under this superb exhibition of Scotch-Irish courage, and he relented to the extent of ordering up the "roughest wagon in the train," into which the guard was directed to throw what he termed "the old scoundrel," but who was in fact one of the bravest of the brave, a Confederate Colonel, and one of the most high-toned and respected gentlemen in the State in whose defense he had enlisted, despite his advanced years. I never ascertained fully the reasons for this inhuman treatment, but heard it intimated that one of the members of Gen. Hunter's staff claimed that his father had been unkindly treated by Col. McDonald whilst the latter was in command on the northern border of Virginia in the winter of 1861-62. But if such was the reason I am sure it had no foundation in fact, for whilst Col. McDonald was a man of soldierly instincts and bearing, he was a gentleman of genial, kindly feelings, and I wager that he was never intentionally harsh or unkind to any man whom the fortunes of war placed in his power.

I never saw Col. McDonald after parting with him that morning on the Otter River. When Hunter was hurled back from Lynch-

burg by Jubal Early's veterans he struck for the Kanawha Valley, taking Col. McDonald with him. I have heard that this venerable man was subjected to great hardships and cruelties on the march and afterwards in the Federal prison, and this is partially borne out by a letter recently received from his son, Capt. William N. McDonald, who resides at Berryville, Va., who writes: "My father died in Richmond a few weeks, not more than six weeks, and perhaps less, after his return from prison, the cruel treatment of the Federals being the cause mainly."

The Confederate prisoners left Otter River in charge of the 161st and 162nd Ohio Regiments, under command of Col. Putnam. On the first day of the backward movement Harry McDonald informed me that he intended to make his escape if opportunity presented. This occurred whilst making a night march over a mountain in Greenbrier County. The guards on the lower side of the road were not more than four feet apart, when the cry of "Halt! Halt!" rang out. Glancing back a few feet I saw Harry McDonald's blanket and canteen flying in the road, while he went down the mountain side at a rate of speed which would have done no discredit to a fast quarter horse, and disappeared in the darkness. The next evening we went into camp, and that night some one passed the guard, untied Col. Putnam's horse, which was picketed near his tent, and made way with the splendid animal. I afterwards heard that Harry McDonald fell in with some of Witcher's Confederate Cavalry, who were hanging on the rear, and that he was the fellow who deprived Col. Putnam of his war steed. I have not been able to verify this, but Harry was certainly just the boy to perform such a hazardous feat. He obeyed his father's injunction, and gave his best services to the Confederacy until the close of the war.

I shall reserve for a future article some reminiscences of the long and exhausting march to Grafton, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, a two days' incarceration in that miserable hole called the Atheneum, in Wheeling, our arrival at Camp Chase, Ohio, July 4, 1864, and a nine months' imprisonment there.

That a gentleman of Col. McDonald's sterling character should have worthy descendants is not surprising, and I note with pleasure the honorable stations in life occupied by his sons. Of these I may mention the boy Harry, who is now the senior in a leading firm of architects in Louisville, Ky., and a prosperous man; Col. Marshall McDonald, for many years a professor in the Virginia Military In-

stitute, now the United States fish commissioner, and a recognized authority in all matters connected with fish culture; Col. Angus W. McDonald, a resident of Berryville, Va., a leading lawyer in the Shenandoah Valley, and senior counsel for the Central Improvement Company, which recently won a suit in the Supreme Court of West Virginia against the Shenandoah Valley Railroad Company, involving $1,500,000; Major Edward McDonald, a prominent lawyer of Louisville, Ky., and Capt. William N. McDonald, a successful teacher, and one of the authors of a school history which is used in most of the Southern States. One of Col. McDonald's daughters is the wife of the Hon. Thomas C. Greene, a judge of the Supreme Court of West Virginia.

In conclusion, a word about my companions on the scout on which I was captured. Lieut. Bushrod C. Washington is a resident of Charles Town, Jefferson County, and one of the most energetic and popular citizens. Gen. J. E. B. Stuart once remarked to me that he regarded Washington as one of the finest horsemen and most gallant and dashing soldiers he had ever seen, and that was a correct estimate of the man. Daniel Creighton was killed in one of the numerous bloody engagements in which Rosser's Brigade engaged during the closing months of the war. He was a Marylander by birth, and a man of unflinching courage. He was greatly loved by his comrades in Company B, who sincerely lamented his death.

Henry D. Beall, private Company B, 12th Regiment Virginia Cavalry. Enlisted at Conrad's Store, April 17, 1862. Detailed as scout for General Stuart, April, 1864. Captured near Lexington, June 11, 1864. Sent with other prisoners from Buchanan to Wheeling, June 17, 1864. Confined in Atheneum Prison, Wheeling, July 1, 1864. Sent to Camp Chase July 2. Sent to City Point, Va., for exchange March 2, 1865. Paroled at Winchester, Va., April 19, 1865. (Letter Adj.-Gen. U. S. A., Nov. 2, 1928.) He was editor of a Whig paper, the *Republican,* of Winchester prior to the breaking out of the War. (Morton, p. 224.) He joined the Baylor Light Horse, organized at Conrad's Store April 21, 1862, which became Co. B. 12th Va. Cav. He had previously joined Bott's Grays and served with Ashby's Cavalry ("Bull Run to Bull Run").

APPENDIX D

ILLUMINATING DOCUMENTS AND COMMENT

BY HUNTER McDONALD

Appendices B and C were so treated because their length precluded their insertion as notes, and since I have found other documents which had not been brought to the attention of Mrs. McDonald up to the time of her death, it is fitting that these should be extracted and the relation of each to the other discussed.

Colonel McDonald on the back of his letter of July 10, 1864, from the Cumberland Jail (Note 68, p. 222) wrote as follows:

Not to secure but to torture and furnish color of evidence that Col. Strother was urged by private wrongs done his father to join the north in its war upon his native state. On the 9th of July, 1864, Gen. Hunter, instigated by Col. Strother, his aide and relative, had a *felon's handcuffs* locked upon the old, enfeebled, and rheumatic wrists of Col. Angus W. McDonald and incarcerated him in this cell.

On page 227 of her work, Mrs. McDonald makes a similar charge in the following words:

He (her husband) had learned that he was indebted for all his cruel treatment to a creature named David Strother, alias "Porte Crayon"; a cowardly renegade, who after having offered his services to the Governor of Virginia to help her in her need, became alarmed at the prospects of losing his gains as a writer and caricaturist in the Northern journals, as well as that of the hard fighting and privation he would have to undergo if he cast his lot with his own people, fled with the Governor's commission in his pocket beyond the lines of the Confederate States. The next time he appeared within those lines it was with the advancing hosts of the enemy, who entered his native town, insulted his parents (*his wife's parents, his own were dead) and friends, and destroyed his neighbor's property, the very people with whom and under whose protection he had left his wife. It was said that he went to the enemy because they offered him better pay and higher rank. To cover up this cowardly wickedness he pretended that he did it to avenge the ill treatment his father had received at the hands of the Confederates; and as my husband was the officer who had had charge of Col. Strother, upon him did he inflict all the indignities his evil nature could suggest.

There follows a denial of any ill treatment to Col. Strother, which it is not necessary to repeat here.

The foregoing charges should be separated into two parts for the purpose of intelligent analysis. These may be properly termed (1) The conspiracy, and (2) The motive.

Regarding these, we are not dependent entirely upon circumstantial evidence.

In addition to Appendices B and C there are other documents which throw light on both charges and among these are the following:

(1) "Baked Meats of the Funeral," by *Private Miles O'Reilly,* Charles G. Halpaine (Carleton, Publisher, New York, 1866). This book has been heretofore referred to in note 67, p. 221. It was first brought to my attention when it was cited as an authority in,

(2) "Campaign of 1864 in Valley of Virginia and Lynchburg "Expedition," by Colonel Henry A. DuPont, U. S. A. (National Americana Society, New York, 1925).

(3) "Personal Recollections of the War by a Virginian," Vol. 33, *"Harpers New Monthly Magazine."* In four parts, beginning at pp. 1, 137, 409, and 545, respectively. The author's name is David Hunter Strother.

(4) "David Strother's Journal." An original manuscript book kept at Berkeley Springs (Bath P. O.), Morgan County, Virginia, now in the Handley Library at Winchester, Virginia. The Journal entries begin December 17, 1860, and end June 16, 1861. This is evidently the foundation for part one of (3) above.

(5) "Virginia Illustrated," by *Porte Crayon* (Harper Bros., New York, 1857.) The author's name is David Hunter Strother.

(6) "National Cyclopedia of American Biography," Vol. IX, p. 365.

(7) "Appleton's Cyclopedia of American Biography," Vol. V, p. 725.

(8) "Library of Southern Literature," Vol. XI, p. 5132.

(9) "The Seldens of Virginia and Related Families," by Mary Selden Kennedy, p. 140, a biographical sketch by Gen. D. H. Strother's widow (b. Mary Elliott Hunter), of Charles Town, W. Va.

(10) "From Bull Run to Bull Run," by Captain George Baylor, Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A.

Charles G. Halpaine was born in Ireland, the son of an Episcopal clergyman. A graduate of Trinity, student in medicine and law

and admitted to the bar. Emigrated to America and at Boston edited *The Carpet Bag*. Later Associate Editor *New York Times* and a contributor to other papers. Published "Lyrics by the Letter H," 1854. He was private secretary to Steven A. Douglas and deeply concerned in New York City and national politics. At the breaking out of the war "he laid down the pen and took up the sword." Enlisted as a Lieutenant in the 69th New York Regiment.

"His peculiar talents led to the promotion to the staff of General "Hunter, with whom he served throughout the greater part of the war."

His duties as Adjutant-General were to prepare all official correspondence and prepare much literary work for the papers in molding the public mind to military necessities. He prepared for General Hunter the first order ever issued directing the enrollment of a negro regiment and was included in the outlawry declared against General Hunter by Jefferson Davis. Later he served in the same capacity for General Halleck.

He surrendered his furlough to accompany "Hunter in his perilous expedition down the Shenandoah Valley."

His last work in the army was under General Dix in New York City. Although recommended for promotion by Generals Hunter and Halleck, the recommendations were ignored and he was left a Major. He supported McClellan for President but was finally brevetted Lieutenant-Colonel, Colonel, and Brigadier-General. The above sketch is taken from "Biographical Sketch of Charles G. Halpaine," by Robert B. Roosevelt (Harper Bros., 1864). This volume includes much of Halpaine's poetry.

In 1864 Halpaine published "Miles O'Reilly, His Book" (Carleton, Publisher, New York), a volume of prose and poems of political and military humor and satire of men and events, all previously published in newspapers and magazines. In 1866, "His Book" having had eight editions, it was followed by "Baked Meats of the Funeral," along the same lines but essaying considerable historical matter concerning events of the war. It is replete with expressions of ridicule and violent hatred to the South and its people.

From p. 323 of his last named book the following is quoted:

> At Buchanan we captured, amongst other prisoners, Colonel Angus McDonald, formerly of the Union Army—a cruel and hoary-headed rebel commissary, who had caused the death of Colonel Strother's father by arresting that gallant old patriot

> for his avowed Unionism, and casting him, an old man over seventy years of age, with whom his tormentor had previously held most friendly social relations, into a dark cellar-cell in the common jail at Martinsburg, there to languish on damp straw for a few days, until death put an end to his life and miseries together. "I can only regret my civilization," said the Colonel, when the capture of this miscreant was announced. "Just for this one morning, Miles, I should like to be a Comanche or Sioux Indian, and have their privilege of vengeance." Not being a Comanche but a gentleman, however, he took no other notice of the prisoner than to see that he was no better and no worse treated than his fellow-captives of higher and lower rank.

At the time to which the above quotation refers Halpaine was serving as Assistant Adjutant-General and Strother as Adjutant-General and Chief of Staff under Maj.-Gen. David Hunter, with headquarters in the residence and offices of General Francis H. Smith, Superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Virginia, June 12, 1864.

It requires no stretch of the imagination to conceive Colonel Strother, after inspecting Colonel McDonald, a prisoner of war, at the door of General Hunter's office and shutting the door in his face, turning and denouncing Colonel McDonald to the General and his assistant, Halpaine.

It is significant that General Hunter's refusal to admit Colonel McDonald to a conference, after first having seen him at the door, was announced by Captain Alexander, an aide, and not by Colonel Strother, who made the second inspection of the prisoner.

A perusal of Halpaine's last book will reveal the fact that he and Strother had become very intimate, which was quite natural for two such kindred souls, the one an author and caricaturist and the other a poet, politician, and newspaper correspondent, both having achieved notoriety in their respective employments. This comradeship is shown elsewhere in "The Baked Meats," particularly on p. 328 where in an eulogy on General Hunter he refers to him as "Uncle David." Glaring inaccuracies appear in his report of the story, told by Colonel Strother, but it is not possible to say whether these are attributable to the training in romance of Strother or the reportorial training of Halpaine.

If the story told General Hunter was that published by Halpaine, there can be no wonder that a man of General Hunter's characteristics should have been urged to violent methods in avenging the

wrongs done his relative. It is a just inference that Strother discussed Colonel McDonald's capture with Henry D. Beall, also a prisoner, in his private office later in the day, when they talked over their liquor, about people and things in Charles Town and Jefferson County.

The foregoing fully establishes the fact that Colonel David Hunter Strother instigated Major-General David Hunter to inflict degrading, cruel, and unsoldierly torture on Colonel McDonald, his prisoner of war. As to Colonel Strother's motive in such instigation the evidence is of a more circumstantial nature but furnishes ample justification for the charges of Colonel McDonald and his wife, outlined in the beginning of this article.

Any one who has read "Virginia Illustrated," or examined the list of *Porte Crayon's* illustrated articles published prior to the war, will be convinced that the author of these articles had a national and international reputation for attractive authorship which constituted a source of substantial income.

This was the achievement of exceptional talents, education and training and study, both at home and abroad, and the pursuit of his chosen calling under the most favorable circumstances with unlimited material, luxurious and attractive surroundings, and freedom to work or rest as the spirit moved him.

To have espoused the cause of the South would have meant the ruthless sacrifice of a successful career which, if undisturbed, might continue with increasing gain until cut short by age or death. Such was his dream and hope, and to that end he struggled on amidst the rising tide of political excitement, abolition, agitation, and finally war itself.

He was born at "Norbern," his father's estate near Martinsburg, Berkeley County, Virginia (now West Virginia), September 27, 1816, an only son of Colonel John and his wife, Elizabeth Pendleton (Hunter) Strother. His father later moved to Berkeley Springs, a health resort in Morgan County, Virginia, where David was brought up among scenes of gayety. He exhibited his talent for portraiture when only three years old by drawing a picture of the burning of his father's house in which persons present could be recognized.

Visitors came from the North in winter and the South in summer to enjoy the social life and healing qualities of springs and baths. David lent his artistic, musical and histrionic talents freely toward the entertainment of these visitors and thereby acquired a wide circle

of friends in many parts of the country. He was taught at a school at Martinsburg and attended Washington College, Pennsylvania, where he proved an indifferent scholar except in the classics. He studied art and engraving at Philadelphia, traveled in the West and South, and spent three years in Europe. His first work for pay was illustrating the books of others. About 1849 his literary ability was first made manifest. He was brought up like most of the sons of Southern land owners, amid negro slaves, specializing in leisure, hunting, and fishing. He was an expert with firearms, but if he acquired horsemanship he does not reveal it in his writings. He married Anne Doyne Wolf in 1849. Emily, the only child of this marriage, was born in 1850. His wife died in 1859. His first illustrated article in *Harper's* appeared over the pen name *"Porte Crayon"* in Vol. 15, 1849. This sketch of his life prior to 1861 is gathered from the publications listed above, hereafter referred to by abbreviation, and from some of his other works.

The following description of his personal appearance is quoted from pages 59 and 60 of "Virginia Illustrated." It is one of several such descriptions, viz: those of Sister Fannie and Cousins Minnie and Dora, all supposed to be fictitious names, and "Little Mice," a huge negro driver, hired for his skill, with the permission of his master. These composed the party traveling with him on the journey described in this book.

While he is thus sitting, let us sketch him. In person Mr. Crayon is about middle height, of slender make, but well knit and tough. His face is what would be usually termed " a hard one," angular and sunburnt, the lower features covered with a beard, bushy, and

"Brode as though it were a spade."

This beard he has worn from time immemorial. Old-fashioned ladies, who can't endure this savage taste, frequently tell Mr. Crayon he would be remarkably handsome if he would cut off that horrid beard. He laughs, however, *sotto i baffi,* in such a manner as to encourage the delusion, and modestly disclaims any desire to be remarked for his personal beauty. Crayon is neither old nor young,

"But his forehead middle age
Has slightly pressed its signet sage."

His dress is usually so little a matter of concern to himself that it is, in consequence, the oftener remarked by others. At present his wardrobe in active service consists of a double frilled shirt, a sack of Weidenfeldt's cut, stained corduroys, and a pair of stringless shoes, which exhibit to advantage his socks of gray yarn, darned with blue and white. This careless incongruity of dress is not altogether an eccentricity or individualism of Mr. Crayon, but belongs to the State to which he owes birth and allegiance. Nothing is more rare than to find a Virginian solicitous about his dress; and although he may sometimes effect the sloven, he is never a dandy. . . .

But to be fully impressed with Mr. Crayon's personale, he should be seen as he sometimes appears at a masquerade, in ruff and doublet, with a slouched hat and plume. One might then swear the great Captain John Smith had reappeared to look after his government, and ready as of yore, to battle with "Turk or salvage."

A portrait of him appears in the biographical sketch in the *"National Cyclopedia."* It may or may not be his work, but it displays a fan-shaped beard surmounted by a flowing mustache. The same sketch is also in the sketch in *"Appletons."*

No picture of him on horseback has been discovered except the one on page 224, "Virginia Illustrated," where the family carriage which is being driven rapidly along a corduroy road suddenly stops on account of a broken axle and he has been catapulted on to the back of the off horse.

The return of the party to "Norbern," the family mansion near Martinsburg, late in November, is announced by a swarm of negro children, emerging like bees from the whitewashed quarter houses of the "servants" and running before the carriage to the "big house," thus spoiling what was intended to be a surprise.

We will now consider his narrative as given in his "Recollections of the War."

Brought up in the valley of Virginia and near the northern border, he "became almost from necessity an interested observer of many of the opening scenes of the contest and subsequently an active participator in its armed solution. . . . I sympathized with neither of the extreme factions—mutually intent on breaking down the government and destroying the peace and prosperity of the country."

He began a diary in the fall of 1860, but during the winter months of 1860-61 he made only random notes of current events but later he became more methodical. He notes the secession of South Carolina, denounces the theory of state's rights and the calling of the Virginia Convention. He visits Charles Town on personal business and on the return stops at Park Forest, his father's birthplace, where he was served a cup of coffee by a negro cook while surrounded with seven small children, (illustration, p. 5). Riding on he muses "there will be war—there must be war."

He predicts the horrors of conditions on the border and denounces Southern editors for their abuse of Northern people; and Southern leaders for their ignorance and actions of self-interest.

He hears reports of a plot to sieze the arsenal at Harper's Ferry. Urged by several Unionists to take command of 500 volunteers, ready to march to defend the place, he advises delay until called on by the Government, in which event he promises to command them. April 18, 1861, in changing cars at Harper's Ferry on his way to Charles

Town, he is accosted by Turner Ashby and others and informed, confidentially, that they are just from Richmond where the Ordinance of Secession has passed and are awaiting arrival of 3,000 Virginians, now marching to sieze the arsenal and the town. He felt annoyed at being taken into the confidence of "persons with whom I had for- "merly had agreeable personal relations and some affinity in political "sentiment, but whose present position was abhorrent to me." Asked how many men could be brought from Martinsburg, he replied: "None at all. We are all Union men at Martinsburg." He went on to Charles Town, convinced that he had incurred the enmity of Ashby. He found "the Jefferson Volunteer Battalion, organized "and armed under pretexts founded on the John Brown Raid, paraded "in the street and in marching order."

To Captain Lawson Botts, "an ardent Unionist up till now," he denounced the whole movement as a swindle and illegal; advised him to march his troops to Harper's Ferry in support of the Federal Government.

After dinner he followed Colonel Allen and his troops to the rendezvous at Halltown, where the Colonel received a peremptory order to seize Harper's Ferry. He intended to go no further, but impelled by curiosity he followed them on their march.

While they halted to await further reinforcements the arsenal at Harper's Ferry was blown up and evacuated by Lieutenant Smith, U. S. A. He made pictures next day and returned to Charles Town, impressed at the inactivity of the United States Government and the increase of enthusiasm of the Virginians. He states that the "Border Guard" of Martinsburg, seven-eighths Unionist, marched to Harper's Ferry behind the United States flag, but furled it on persuasion.

On April 21 he went by rail to Baltimore on personal business. Here he witnessed the riots at Camden Station, fraternized with United States army and naval officers, and carried a message for the latter, advising those at the navy station not to hoist the national flag for fear it would be hauled down by the mob.

April 22, Monday, Colonel Hugee of South Carolina had quieted the mob and stopped the street fighting. He records that "shortly after the affair of the 21st a quantity of small arms were forwarded to the city from Harper's Ferry," thus confirming account in note 9, p. 16, of Mrs. McDonald's work.

April 27. His business at Baltimore having been completed, he

went to Annapolis and got a permit from General B. F. Butler to make observations. After three days returned to Baltimore by steamer and thence to Charles Town by rail. Found Colonel Jackson in command with 5,000 men, with regiments from several Southern States. Advised some of his friends to get out of the army.

May 6. Was married at Charles Town to a lady of that place (his cousin, Mary Elliot Hunter, daughter of Dr. David Hunter and his second wife, Rebecca Houston), and went to Berkeley Springs to enjoy his honeymoon in undisputed neutrality in his new cottage but with an arsenal for defense.

May 21. Went by rail to Charles Town. On the next day studied fortifications and camps at Harper's Ferry. On the 27th he dined with an old friend, a field officer from Alabama, and while sketching later was arrested on charge of espionage. He was released on the intercession of his friends and continued sketching, but stopped when he discovered that he was still being watched. He denounces the recent election on the Secession Ordinance, states that one-half of the Morgan County Border Guards have left their colors and pronounces General Joseph E. Johnston a leader, dangerous for the Federal Government.

On May 28 while still at Charles Town a Confederate cousin advised him that troops had been sent from Harper's Ferry to sieze arms at Berkeley Springs, said to be under the control of Colonel Strother. Knowing that his father had recently visited Washington and offered his services to President Lincoln, and fearing for his safety, he armed himself and on the 29th repaired to Berkeley Springs, determined to take summary vengeance on the informer, one Lieutenant-Colonel Flagg of the Morgan Militia. On the way he learned that the troops had returned with 200 old muskets, sent from Harper's Ferry two years ago to arm the citizens in the John Brown Raid. His father reported that the arms were taken without any arrests or questions asked. He nevertheless confronted Flagg, denounced him in public and compelled him to sign a retraction which he had already prepared. He read this before assembled citizens. He found that his father had been active in forwarding Federal interests. On the way home he found Confederate troops hastily abandoning Williamsport and Southern sympathizers leaving with their servants and household goods. End of Part I.

Part II, p. 137. Between May 30 and June 14 he finds no entry worthy of special comment. Unionism in Jefferson is dumb, quar-

relling between factions almost ceased. Laments the failure of the Government in not crushing South Carolina promptly. He soliloquises:

> One must fight the devil with fire. The Confederate Junta . . . owns the souls, bodies, and estates of the late Union majority as firmly as the owners did their slaves. The Southerners boast that the Federal Government is a failure and the remedy is a new government of "Broadcloth and brains." . . . They say there will be no war. King Cotton will intervene. . . . State sovereignty has become almost a religious sentiment.

He blames Southern statesmen in Congress for the failure in Federal Government. Older Southerners protested until their sons drew the sword. Sewing societies organized and sweethearts coerced. Even the negroes encouraged enlistment. "Young master, dis here sprightly hoss would look mighty fine in de cavalry."

June 14. Great consternation among Secessionists and elevation of spirits among Unionists, caused by advance arrivals of troops withdrawing from Harper's Ferry. He counts Johnston's forces and pronounces his artillery inferior in arms and personnel, and predicts difficulty for General Stuart in enforcement of discipline. Visits Harper's Ferry with friends, making notes and sketches. Disappointed at not finding National army there.

June 17. At Martinsburg, hoping to witness a battle at Bunker's Hill, but disappointed. Patterson has recrossed the Potomac and Stuart returns triumphant. Bewildered and humiliated, he plays back gammon at the home of his friend, Phillip C. Pendleton.

June 18. Returns to family at Charles Town, wearied and disgusted with the tardy progress of events.

June 19. Set out on horseback for Berkeley Springs with his family in a carriage driven by a friend, it being unsafe to trust a servant. Sleep at "Norbern," Martinsburg, disturbed by hissing steam from the burning of locomotives and shops by Jackson's Brigade. Resolved to ask no personal favors from rebel headquarters but got a pass for his friend to return to Charles Town.

June 21. Finds all well at Berkeley Springs. Resumes life at his cottage. Hears that he may be conscripted. Loads his armory of guns. Regrets that there was no attack. Colonel Tom Edmundson, C. S. A., commands the district. His arms were demanded, but he refused to surrender them on the ground that they were private property and was permitted to retain them. All roads are picketed and he finds confinement irksome.

July 3. Rumors of Patterson's movements.

July 4. Hears Colonel Edmundson's oration and concludes that he must choose between government and anarchy. Has little confidence in the stability of the National Government but no citizen can "claim the privilege of neutrality. I had some time since decided on the course which duty demanded of me—yet I hesitated and lingered. I was held in bondage by social and domestic ties which were hard to break." His old father appeared to need the protection of his only son. "I doubted my capacity to render the government, "services sufficiently important to justify the personal sacrifice I "would be obliged to make. Thus I debated with myself, lingering "from day to day." He finally sought an interview with his father, fortified with arguments to combat any objections that he might make. His father made none but advised him to go; had long hoped he would reach this conclusion. "After this interview I considered myself enlisted for the war and only awaited an opportunity to fulfill my engagement." This afternoon news came of the Battle of Falling Water.

July 5. Edmundson uneasy at the reported coming of General Lew Wallace.

July 7. Rebel forces gone and the drums of the Federal forces can be heard.

July 9. Started to Martinsburg on his pony along an old road and through woods. Advised by a party of friendly refugees that the open road to Martinsburg was safe. At Martinsburg, went at once to look after "Norbern," the family mansion. Found it had been roughly used by both occupants. Met General Patterson and proposed to him that with 100 cavalry he (Strother) could capture Edmundson within twelve hours. The proposal was ignored. Found much encouragement at meeting Col. George H. Thomas, a fellow Virginian, in the regular army of the United States. Advised Patterson that General Joseph E. Johnston had only 15,000 men. "I was irritated at the cavalier manner in which my estimates were received by these men of war. Battle of Hainsville discussed at the camp. Preposterous tales of feats of heroism and rebel dead. Met Lieutenant Kirby-Smith, U. S. A., of the Topographical Corps, who told him of the capture by the rebels of about 40 men and his own narrow escape.

July 10. Finds the temper of the army imaginative and romantic. Heard the story of the combat in which Dick Ashby was

killed. Is encouraged at the tone of sentiment in this army and thinks rebels should be hung.

July 11. Called at the tent of Captain Simpson, of the Topographic Corps, and told him he was seeking a position where he might be useful, but had had no military experience. The Captain offered him a position in his company and he took it under advisement, but accepted the same afternoon.

July 12. Visited "Norbern," got some bedding and turned his pony over to the Government stables. His scanty equippage was transported by a negro to Lieutenant Kirby-Smith's tent. "Now fairly enlisted in the service," he began to study the plans, objects, and execution of the campaign, observed much reticence at headquarters. They are not fully informed as to campaign. Another talk with Colonel Thomas. Hopes his sympathy will lead to better acquaintance.

July 16. Patterson begins his advance on Winchester. Strother guides and offers advice, giving his estimates of Johnston's forces, based on his count at Charles Town. Being without rank or military experience, his advice is ignored. Indignant and mortified, he took to his tent and sketched a map of the road to Charles Town.

July 18. Army at Charles Town. News of Johnston's movement toward Manassas. Three months men leaving and army melting away. Busy getting relief for citizens arrested and protecting property.

July 20. News of collision at Bull Run. Obtained valuable maps which the army needs badly.

July 21. Army moved to Harper's Ferry. "Such was my mor-"tification at the result of the campaign that I made it convenient to "get off [from Charles Town] without taking leave of my friends "in town."

July 22. He guides a company of Dutch sharpshooters on a chase of imaginary rebels and captures a huge black stallion.

July 24. Discharged troops streaming across the Potomac, homeward bound. Fearing bad effects of rebel success on friends at home, got leave of absence and went to Berkeley Springs. End of Part II.

Part III, p. 409. At home he learned that he had been denounced for encouraging his neighbors to resist State officers.

July 30. Said good-by. "No one at home, except my father,

"knew that I was actually connected with the army. I had concealed "it from the people lest it should bring trouble on those I had left "behind. I hid it from some who should have known it because I had "not the heart to declare it." On the way home he was joined by an old friend who was exiling himself and whose two sons had already joined the army. At Hancock met his brother-in-law, J. L. R., coming from Florida, who reported affairs at Washington extremely deplorable. "I told him I was off for the army. If we had been "fortunate at Manassas I might have turned back, but the cloud of "disaster and gloom, which overshadows the national cause, had hard-"ened my purpose to iron." Resting at Fairview and looking southward over the beautiful panorama, the home of his youth, he soliloquizes: "The Potomac that rolled between us now, rolled a fathom-"less gulf of blood and fire." On this side he found no friends. "I "felt the weight of my position. I was an exile indeed, poor, weary, "and dispirited. Yet I had taken my course after calm and deliber-"ate consideration. I had asked no man's counsel and confided my "conclusions to one alone, but I had preserved my self-respect and my "father's blessing—but there was still time to play an honorable part "in the magnificent drama which is developing." At Williamsport learned that Patterson has crossed the Potomac and had been succeeded by General Banks.

July 31. Had difficulty in getting into camp but finally succeeded and called on General Banks. Met Captain Robert Williams, Assistant Adjutant-General, "a brother Virginian," but in the regular army, which, under present circumstances, was more than ever an especial claim to friendship. Resumed his old occupation, projecting map of Northern Virginia. Astonished at the paucity of such maps, "but the Ancient Dominion had zealously maintained her "constitutional impenetrability." No Federal engineer was ever permitted to set up his tripod on her sacred soil. He applied to his map making his personal knowledge, "which was considerable."

August 17. Army moves eastward. Went foraging, got a good supper, and carried a plateful to the General. Slept in a deserted log cabin. Bought a horse blanket to serve as a cloak.

August 22. Sketched from a hill Conrad's Ferry, Balls Bluff, and town of Leesburg. Camp wrecked by a storm. Got supper at the General's hospitable mess table."

August 29. Army at Darnestown. Letters from his wife. Family all well. "We have heard from our prisoners at Winchester.

"They are quite well." This was all. Felt sure his father and Ed. Pendleton had been arrested. "I was haunted by visions of his "feeble form and venerable face bowed with unwonted privation and "shameful indignities." He saw an account of the arrest in the papers next day.

September 6. At Washington, and at request of Colonel Laman, called on President Lincoln, being introduced as Colonel John Strother's son. Had called in "a spirit of acquiesence" but departed a strong admirer.

September 17. Dined with General Stone at Poolesville, on his third visit to this headquarters.

September 21. Great Falls. Dined at the headquarters of Colonel R. B. Hayes, commanding the 8th Pennsylvania Volunteers.

September 27. Met Lieutenant Kirby-Smith, who is about to take command of a regiment for service in the west. "He rallied "me on the private's military coat which I wore and asked jestingly "if I was aware that I was enlisted in a grand abolition crusade. I "replied that I never had doubted that abolition would follow in due "time as an incident of war. So much the better, yet with me it was "but a trivial question compared with the great one of nationality."

September 29. Sunday. Letters from home. Talked with a negro from Jefferson who gave him much news of men and things. His anger and vindictive feelings have been turned to pity for those at his old home in Jefferson and Virginia.

October 10. Got leave of absence and started for Hancock by public conveyance. Arrived next day and sent word for his family at Berkeley Springs to come over. His wife and eleven-year-old daughter came, advising that his father would come over in the morning.

October 12. His father came with Dr. Pendleton. "The old "gentleman seemed fuller of life and spirit than he had been for "many a day. I found my father but little disposed to talk on the "subject of his arrest and imprisonment. He treated the whole "matter with contemptuous levity. He was, however, of too frank "and unreserved a nature to conceal effectually from me, the bitter "indignation which allusion to some circumstances of his captivity "excited in him."

From "Personal Recollections, page 421:

It seems that on Saturday night, the 24th of October, about ten o'clock P. M., a company of Ashby's Cavalry, numbering between thirty and forty men, and com-

manded by Captain Thrasher, entered the village of Bath or Berkeley Springs, and surrounding the house of Phillip C. Pendleton, demanded the surrender of his son, Edmund Pendleton, a gentleman whose high-toned loyalty had made him especially obnoxious to the revolutionary party. On being asked by whose authority the demand was made, the Captain replied, "By authority of Colonel McDonald, of Winchester, commanding this district." At the same time a detachment surrounded my cottage, and, knocking at the door, demanded admittance. A neighbor informed them that the house was unoccupied. I had been with the army for two months, and my family had taken quarters at the hotel with my father and sister's family. It thus appeared that Captain Thrasher had been sent for the purpose of arresting Edmund Pendleton and myself.

On the following morning, Sunday, 25, upon the denunciation and urgency of some treacherous rogues in the village, the Captain took it upon himself to arrest my father, although he had no order to do so, and the prisoner's age and character might have secured for him exemption from so unnecessary an indignity. At the same time Thrasher entered the house, and, addressing himself to my wife, demanded my firearms. She resolutely declined surrendering them and then retired to her room. The Captain followed her, and entering her chamber unbidden, took my two hunting pieces, a valuable German rifle and an English double-barrelled shotgun. Then they took the road to Winchester with their spoils and their prisoners, the latter traveling in Mr. Pendleton's private carriage, strictly guarded.

Thus they arrived at Winchester, and halted at the house of the rebel commandant. Mr. Pendleton was requested to enter, and after a brief interview was allowed to go at large on parole. My father was not invited to an interview, but after remaining for some time under surveillance at the door, was ordered to the common guard-tent in the militia camp. In his seventieth year, in feeble health, accustomed to the appliances of domestic comfort and the delicate attentions of an affectionate family, he now found himself confined in a foul, unwholesome tent, without provision for lodging or food except such as might be furnished him by his destitute fellow-prisoners or equally destitute guards. To none of these was his name and character unknown, and everything that their humble means afforded was cheerfully put at his disposal. A militiaman procured a bundle of straw, as clean as could be found which answered for a bed, another presented the ragged remnant of what had once been an overcoat, which served as covering. His portion of the prisoners course, unsavory ration of cornbread and bacon, was deferentially served to him in a battered pewter plate, the only piece of tableware belonging to the mess. The unaccustomed hardship to which he was thus subjected very soon told upon Colonel Strother's feeble constitution. On the fourth day, upon the recommendation of a surgeon, as he was informed, he was removed to a more comfortable quarters in a private house, but still under guard.

The charges brought against him before the military court which examined his case were substantially as follows:

(1) He had, on the occasion of a recent election held in Bath, Morgan County, Virginia, in flagrant contempt of an edict of the rebel junta at Richmond or Montgomery (it makes little difference which), opened poll books to record votes for a representative in the United States Congress; and, as no one, even in this loyal county, was found bold enough to act upon his advice and suggestions, he took charge of the books himself and duly recorded the votes cast;

(2) He had advised and encouraged his fellow-citizens to resist the assumptions of traitors in authority and had fed and otherwise assisted recruits for the United States army;

(3) He advised the militia of the county not to obey the summons of officers who had violated their solemn oaths to their government, and would lead them into open rebellion against its laws;

(4) He was zealously and persistently loyal to his country and her government, and refused to recognize the supreme authority of any State, corporation, municipality, or insurrectionary committee whatsoever.

This was probably not the precise wording, but contains the substance of the accusations. They were all proved, I believe, while some palliating circumstances were used by friends and admitted. The prisoner denied nothing, and his admissions went further to complete the proof than any outside evidence that could be adduced. His defense was open defiance. It is quite likely that the Winchester authorities were anxious to get rid of so unmanageable a case. At the end of two weeks Colonel Strother was released upon going through the formality of giving bond to appear at court when notified. The subject was never again called up. My sister, who followed him to Winchester and remained there during his captivity, accompanied him back to Berkeley Springs, where, on his arrival, his friends and neighbors gave him a triumphant reception. This brief narrative contains about the substance of what I heard on the subject while at Hancock. For the rest during my visit, which lasted but two days, we were all too much excited and absorbed with our national troubles to dwell long upon personal griefs and vexations.

Comment on the above quoted remarks is submitted here because they form the real crux of David Strother's grievances.

Par. 1. The name of the month as printed is evidently a typographical error. It should be August, as stated by Mrs. McDonald on p. 34 of her work.

The rosters of the regiments composing Ashby's Cavalry, as published in "History of the Laurel Brigade," by Captain W. N. McDonald, Ordinance Officer of the Brigade, show no captain nor even a private named Thrasher. There is one officer of that name, Second Lieutenant Thaddieus Thrasher, of Company G, 7th Virginia Cavalry, under Captain J. F. Mason. It was probably this Thrasher who made the arrests.

Par. 2. He states correctly that the arrest was made on the officer's own initiative and without orders to do so.

Par. 3. He states: "My father was not invited to an interview, "but after remaining for some time under surveillance at the door, "was ordered to the common guard tent in the Militia Camp." Mrs. McDonald states, p. 34: "He (Colonel McDonald) desired to en- "tertain him at his house, but Colonel Strother preferred going to "camp." Here is a question of veracity as between Mrs. McDonald, an eyewitness, and David Strother, whose testimony was gathered from statements of others.

Par. 4. The similarity of the type of some of the treatment which is alleged to have been administered to Colonel Strother to that actually administered to Colonel McDonald, although multiplied many fold in degree, stands out as confirmation of the fact that David Strother instigated his uncle to torture Colonel McDonald. The accuracy of David Strother's statements in this respect and that of the cause of his father's death will be referred to later in connection with another document.

Par. 5. The charges as enumerated by David Strother, when stripped of his own denunciatory language, might be simmered down to a few brief lines as follows:

(1) Holding an election for a United States Congressman at Bath, Morgan County, Virginia, in violation of the laws of that state and of the Confederate Government.

(2) Giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

(3) Inciting citizens of Virginia to resist her authority and that of the Confederate States of America.

(4) Refusal to recognize or obey the authority of Virginia or of the Confederate Government.

The actual charges upon which he was tried must have been available to David Strother and, in the interest of truth, would have been much more effective if used in place of the abusive language which he injected into them.

Par. 6. It is quite evident that Colonel Strother desired to be made a martyr of, a proceeding which Colonel McDonald, resolutely, out of consideration for him, and wisely for the authorities which he represented, did not permit.

On October 13 David Strother took leave of his "folks" at the south side of the river and returned to camp, taking along an old acquaintance, a negro named Adam, from Jefferson County, who could cook and play the banjo.

October 22. Reported to General Banks and General Stone at Edwards Ferry and got news of the disasters of that place and Ball's Bluff,, which he describes and then gives his own opinion of how matters should have been managed. Cold rain. Camp outfit arrived and he had a hot supper and comfortable night.

October 23. Introduced by General Banks to General McClellan, the Commander in Chief of the Army. Draws his conclusions of McClellan's ability after ten minutes' conversation and two hours' thought. All troops withdrawn from the Virginia side of the Potomac.

October 24. The retreat accomplished. "Well, it is all over, "and what right have I, an assistant topographer, without a commis- "sion even, to criticize those men competent to judge. Let us return "to our maps and surveys." End of Part III.

Part IV begins on page 545. He thinks a decisive blow would have crushed the rebellion. His own hopes had controlled his judg-

ment and made him visionary. He now sees a protracted war with ultimate ruin to the South.

"Well, let it come, the Union must and shall be preserved. My "mind easily adjusts itself to the inevitable. War with its fatigues, "privations, and fearful hazards has its compensations and rewards. "Henceforth I begin to pay more attention to the details of a soldier's "profession, to calculate distances, take bearings, study fortifications "and tactics, read treatises on grand strategy, and dream of feats "of arms and future campaigns. I was but a globule of the blood "of a great nation which was warming up to the subject in hand."

November 1. Begins study of field fortifications in a class instituted by Captain Abert, of the Geographical Corps. Discussions and entertainments among the officers.

November 13. Jackson said to be at Winchester with 25,000 men. Volunteered to ride to Hancock and obtain information, and left next day on that errand.

November 15. Staid at Williamsport. Heard Jackson had been ordered to Romney with 2,500 men. This endangers Kelly.

November 19. Reached Green Springs and headquarters of home guard regiment. Went with Colonel Johns to Cumberland on a special engine.

November 20. Mounted fresh horses and rode with a captain and troop of cavalry to Romney. Conferred with General Kelly. Learned of his descent upon Romney and the attempted defense of that place by Colonel McDonald with about 400 militia, resulting in a rout and the loss of all his equipment and guns. Liked Kelly's methods of administering occupied territory. Returned that night to Green Springs. The danger of being fired at by our own pickets when riding after dark and a dangerous ford to traverse lay ahead of further progress that evening, but "a good fire and good supper "and beds won the argument." He spent the night there.

November 21. Rode to Hancock.

November 22. Another force of rebels camped at Berkeley Springs. Tried in vain to persuade his father not to go back. Parted with him and never saw his face again.

November 30. At camp he learns that Banks will winter at Frederick City and he reviews roads to that point.

December 4. Conflicting news from Berkeley Springs. His wife

writes General Carson of the Virginia Militia is occupying his cottage, while another report says national troops are in the cottage. Life at camp follows regular routine until December 30. He receives orders to report at Washington for another assignment in the Topographical Corps.

January 2, 1862. Orders to report to Colonel Simpson at Alexandria. Remains over and talks politics. Discouraged at the state of military management and political salubrity. Meets General Rosecrans, who wants him attached to his command. City filled with patentees of war machines. Congressional patentees keep their trunks packed. Security of nation can only be had by "valor and blood of its citizens."

January 7. Disappointed at not meeting General Rosecrans again and rides to Alexandria. Resumes old life at headquarters at the Seminary Building. Topographic work in day time, social suppers in the evening with choicest foreign wines.

January 11. Visited Camp Marcy, the winter camp of the 4th New Jersey Cavalry Regiment, Colonel Averill commanding, had pressed him, through his (Strother's) uncle, a Chaplain in the 3rd Pennsylvania Regiment, to accept a majority in his (Colonel Averill's) regiment and he had called with his uncle on that errand. Objects to being commissioned by the State of Pennsylvania and becoming a man without a country.

> I still had lingering hopes of being recalled to the army of the Shenandoah when the great movement began. My personal service would be more important in that field and my feelings induced me to prefer it. To accept a position in a cavalry regiment here would cut me off entirely from friends at home. I had, like many others, entered the service with the praiseworthy but rather remote notion that it was even more honorable to serve one's country without rank or pay.

He likens himself to a flying fish and concludes, "I determined "to seek a commission in the line or staff." Requested his uncle to go with him to Colonel Simpson. Told his uncle that his father, as he had last seen him, was erect and fiery when discussing national affairs, . . . "yet, when the excitement was passed, he would re- "lapse into age and feebleness that it pained him to recall." At Alexandria he found a telegram dated January 16 announcing his father's death on that date from pneumonia. Failed to see Colonel Simpson and spent the afternoon in thought.

January 18. A concert troop singing abolition songs is ordered out of lines of the New Jersey troops at Camp Marcy because it nearly caused a riot. To New Jersey officers, discussion of slavery

is taboo. To them national unity is the only object of the war. Some maintain that slavery is at the bottom of the whole matter. "I protested against all exciting discussion of the subject as needless, "it was virtually a dead issue. Whether they won or lost, slavery "was equally doomed to destruction."

January 30. Visited Major Birney regarding a commission in the Pennsylvania Cavalry. His brother, David B. Birney, commanded a regiment in the Patterson Campaign and is about to receive a commission as Brigadier General. "He offers me the posi- "tion, and I will take it under consideration. The rank and pay are "less than the other (a majority), but for many reasons a staff ap- "pointment will suit me better than a commission in the line." Birney's father was formerly supported by the Anti-Slavery Party for the Presidency. The Colonel was born in Alabama but is a cosmopolitan. Their philosophies on the war run very close together.

February 1. Met General Birney in Washington. Offered position of Assistant Adjutant General on his staff. Asked a week to consider. His rank will be Captain of Infantry. Salary, $125.00 per month with forage for two horses. Two days in the city shakes his faith in men and government. Rode to Camp Marcy and announced to his uncle his acceptance of the offer. His uncle and fellow officers combatted his decision with zeal. Rode on to Seminary Camp and reported to Colonel Simpson.

February 4. Wrote General Birney and accepted his offer. Had an elegant supper.

February 7. Rode to Washington and applied to the President for a commission as Captain of Infantry.

February 14. Started to visit his family at Berkeley Springs.

February 18. General Williams at Hancock offers him a cavalry escort to Berkeley Springs. Crossed the Potomac at head of troop, with Captain Horner in charge. Found streets at Berkeley Springs silent and deserted. "It is strange that my eyes searched for a face "that I knew could not be there." Rallied quickly, determined to have a good time. Consoles himself with the thought that "one brief "and glorious campaign and all will be over." Returned to Hancock with wife and daughter and quartered them at Barton's Hotel. Gathered data regarding Jackson's recent operations at Romney and vicinity. His own and his father's household property at Berkeley had been wantonly plundered and destroyed. There had

been no rudeness to his family. No distinctions were made between sympathizers of either cause. His family "spoke with feeling of many acts of sympathetic and kindly attention received from individuals during those trying times." His father took to his bed directly after the departure of Jackson's men. "He complained of "a severe cold, due perhaps to the unusual exposure and discomfort "to which he had been subjected during the occupation of his home "by the troops." He suffered but little. "His mind occupied with "the sufferings of his country. He died on January 16 in his seven-"tieth year. His last audible words were 'Forward; Forward; Mc-"Clellan.' "

February 21. Advised by wire of approval of his commission. "The days of impatient and wearying expectancy are at length passed and those of tremendous reactions are at hand. End of Part IV, p. 656.

The above covers all that General Strother appears to have published with reference to the war after receipt of his commission. He is recorded in published biographies as having entered the war as a Captain, which may be technically true, but, according to his own story, he entered it on July 10, 1861, as a civilian employe. He intimates that he served without pay but does not assert this.

The following record of his rank is taken from "Heitmans Historical Register and Dictionary of the U. S. Army," Vol. I, p. 933, but translating the author's system of abbreviations. "STROTHER, "DAVID HUNTER, born Virginia. Commissioned from Virginia. "Captain; Assistant Adjutant General of Volunteers March 6, 1862; "Lieutenant Colonel; 3rd West Virginia Cavalry June 1, 1862; "Colonel July 18, 1863, brevet Brigadier General of Volunteers "August 23, 1865; for faithful and meritorious service during the "war. Resigned September 10, 1864, died March 8, 1888."

I call attention to the absence of any citation for bravery in action. The sketch in the *National Cyclopedia,* which bears indications of having been copied from sources friendly to General Strother, with reference to his war record states:

> Both his father and himself held strong opinions on the subject of slavery; and, in view of the probable conflict between the sections, he raised and equipped a company of cavalry. On the outbreak of the war, however, his company joined the southern forces, and Strother was obliged to enter the Union lines alone. Appointed as assistant adjutant-general on McClellan's staff, he subsequently saw service on the staff of General Pope during the campaign in Virginia, and later with Banks in New Orleans and in the Red River expedition. He was recalled from New Orleans to be made colonel of the 3rd West Virginia Cavalry. Later he was made

chief of staff to his cousin, General David Hunter, who commanded the army in the valley, and retired at the close of the war with the rank of Brigadier-General. On the return of peace, General Strother retired to his cottage at Berkeley Springs, and again engaged in literary pursuits. During the war he had carried with him note-books, and the night after every battle had seen him busy fixing on paper the strong impressions of the day's events. His "Personal Recollections of the War," which ran for three years in *Harper's Magazine,* is ranked among the ablest contributions to the personal history of the battle fields.

It is unfortunate that he has published nothing concerning his own record after he was commissioned. He had the notes, and no law or regulation prevented him from doing so. The logical conclusion is that what he did publish was in the nature of an apology to admiring friends at the North and his former friends and relation in the South, for the very irregular manner in which he finally entered the National Army. He probably decided that he would leave the rest of his military record to friendly history.

In my comments above on General Strother's story of the arrest and trial of his father, I referred to a book to be later introduced. It is "From Bull Run to Bull Run," by Captain George Baylor, C. S. A., commanding Company B, 12th Virginia Cavalry. A quotation from it follows, p. 32, (Brackets and italics mine):

The weather grew colder and colder as we journeyed forward. On the 4th [of January, 1862], after a little brush well in advance, the enemy retreated and Berkeley Springs was entered and I found comfortable quarters with my *great-uncle, John Strother,* who, although a strong Union man, did the *kinsman's part to me* and other relatives in our brigade. I was met at the door by his granddaughter, then a miss in her teens, and was kindly greeted and welcomed by her, notwithstanding the fact that the entrance of our troops had occasioned the flight of her father, then an officer in the Federal army.

In the fall of 1861 he [Colonel John Strother] had been arrested by some of Ashby's men as a dangerous enemy to our cause and retained at Winchester a week or more under guard of a cavalryman, but *not in confinement.* When we [Company B] occupied Berkeley Springs, he [Colonel John Strother] met and entertained his guard as a guest, telling us how kind and considerate the men had been of his welfare whilst he was a prisoner at Winchester.

Here again we have the testimony of an eyewitness and a relative, who had evidently been entertained at his great-uncle's house, in direct opposition to the highly colored, hearsay, and gratuitous "gatherings" of the injured son.

It is conclusive as to the falsity of much of David Strother's story and confirmatory of the statements of Colonel and Mrs. McDonald.

When he denounced the Virginia Convention, which he asserts was overwhelmingly Union, for finally being bullied into passing the Ordinance of Secession, he omitted any mention of President Lincoln's call for troops to quell the rebellion.

He pretends to have always ridiculed the theory of States' Rights, ignoring the fact that it was regularly taught the cadets at West

Point, also the actual exercise of state sovereignty, under his personal observation, by the "Ancient Dominion" in excluding all Federal Engineers from setting up their tripods within her borders.

He was careful not to reveal whether he or his father were slave owners. Such ownership would not have acted to increase his popularity among many of his Northern admirers. He offers no suggestion as to a just and peaceable method of abolishing slavery, which might have prevented the war.

He mentions the John Brown Raid and the fact the Morgan Border Guards were organized and armed as a result of that occurrence but is silent as to what part, if any, he himself took in the suppression of the raid or the trial and execution of the conspirators. After he sought the sheltering arms of the Federal encampment on July 10, 1861, he did not again enter the Southern lines without formidable military protection. He fully realized that should he do so, before he donned the uniform, he risked his neck as a spy.

It is evident that Colonel Strother's death was not due to his arrest and detention at Winchester. His daughter followed him and ministered to his comfort. He returned to his home about the last of August and lived four months thereafter in the full enjoyment of better health than that usually allotted to men who have attained their seventieth year.

David Strother's patriotism was of that type which required the sacrifice of blood, life, and treasure of citizens other than himself. His first considerations in his efforts to preserve the Union were a safe job, good meals, comfortable lodging, good pay, easy access to his family, and congenial if not convivial company. Most of these he enjoyed throughout his war service, both as a civilian and an officer. He was never a private. He bargained for his employments and promotions and always got a headquarters assignment, which accounts for his freedom from wounds, notwithstanding his many battles.

He suffered no loss of prestige among his Northern admirers, nor loss of emoluments. His retired pay and political appointments left him in comfortable circumstances for the remainder of his life.

Without an actual confession one must judge of motives by the circumstances. I submit that the motives assigned to David Strother, by Colonel and Mrs. McDonald, for instigating General Hunter to torture Colonel McDonald, were fully justified by what they knew at the time the charges made and are fully confirmed by Strother's own revelations regardless of those of others. H. McD.

APPENDIX E

General Hunter at Lexington, Virginia, and His March on Lynchburg

BY HUNTER McDONALD

Major General David Hunter, U. S. A., was born July 21, 1808, a son of the Reverend Andrew Hunter, pastor of a Presbyterian Church on Capitol Hill, in Washington, D. C. His father's first wife was —— Riddle, of Charles Town, Virginia, and second, Mary Stockton, of Princeton, New Jersey, a sister of Richard Stockton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. David was a son by the second wife. He graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1822, having been appointed from New Jersey. He served chiefly on the western frontier in the infantry and dragoons, and at the breaking out of the war in 1861 had attained the rank of Major, and was a paymaster in the Regular Army. He was appointed Colonel of the Third Cavalry, a new Regular regiment raised in May, 1861, and soon thereafter made Brigadier General and Major General of Volunteers. He took an active part in politics, ardently supporting the "Free Soilers" in Kansas during the struggle over the institution of slavery. He was one of Abraham Lincoln's escorts when he started to Washington to be inaugurated President.

Colonel Henry A. DuPont, in his book, "The Campaign of 1864 in the Valley of Virginia" (1925), beginning at page 37, relates many incidents which throw light on the character and history of General Hunter, and much of the foregoing as well as the following quotations have been drawn from this source.

> A man of middle height, with broad shoulders and very swarthy complexion, the expression of his somewhat prominent features was stern and severe; but he was free from affectation, and his manner was tranquil except when disturbed by fits of sudden anger, which were by no means infrequent. Unfortunately, his mentality was largely dominated by prejudices and antipathies so intense and so violent as to render him at times quite incapable of taking a fair and unbiased view of many military and political situations. Having once made up his mind either as to present events or as to a forecast of those to come, he never swerved, and nothing but the cold logic of accomplished facts could induce him to modify his opinions in the slightest degree. Aspiring, energetic, and self-reliant, his bold and rather aggressive temperament, as well as his intolerant ideas, often gave rise to unpleasant relations with others, whom he did not hesitate to criticize and denounce in the plainest terms, and this was especially true with respect to those associated with him on the Union side during the Civil War.

On page 471 of "The Military History of the Virginia Military Institute," Colonel DuPont, in his testimony before a Senate Committee, refers further to General Hunter as follows:

Senator Overman: Did you burn those buildings?
Senator DuPont: No, sir, they were burned by order of General Hunter.
Senator James: What was the General's idea in burning those buildings?
Senator DuPont: The General was a very peculiar man. His father was a Virginian. (Laughter.) That did not make him a peculiar man, but, if you will allow me to finish my sentence, his mother was from Princeton, New Jersey. His father was a clergyman. I do not think he was in pleasant relations with his Southern relatives, of which there was a great number. He had a most extraordinary idea of how to put an end to armed resistance. . . . The burning of private houses seemed strongly to appeal to him.

For a more friendly view of the General's character and account of his exploits, refer to the sketch entitled "General David Hunter, Who He Is and What," beginning at page 327 of "Baked Meats of the Funeral," heretofore quoted from.

Many accounts have been written regarding Hunter's Raid by persons in his army and others who were opposing him. I will not undertake to discuss these, but that portion of General Hunter's Report of August 8, (W. R. R., S. I., Vol. 37, P. 1), which describes his march from Staunton, his approach to and occupation of Lexington, and his charges of unsoldierly conduct against General McCausland and incidentally against General Smith, Superintendent, Virginia Military Institute, merit closer examination as to the facts. With his end in view, the relevant portions of the General's report are here reproduced:

Having rested and reorganized the combined forces under my command, I started on the 10th toward Lexington, moving up the Valley in four columns by roads nearly parallel. The infantry division under General Crook, and the cavalry division under General Averell, moving on the right-hand road, were opposed by McCausland, with about 2,000 mounted men and a battery.

He was easily driven, however, and on the 11th took refuge in the town of Lexington, behind the North River, a tributary of the James. Generals Crook and Averell arriving about midday on the 11th, found the bridge across the stream burned and the crossing disputed by sharpshooters and artillery. The infantry division under General Sullivan, which moved on the road to the left, and which I accompanied in person, had met with no enemy thus far, but at the sound of Crook's guns moved rapidly forward and took position in front of the town. I found the enemy's sharpshooters posted among the rocks and thickets of the opposite cliffs and in some storehouses at the bridge, and also occupying the buildings of the Virginia Military Institute, which stood near the river. [This statement is quite misleading. See map opposite p. 324.] Their artillery was screened behind the buildings of the town, and on some heights just beyond it the whole position was completely commanded by our artillery (thirty guns). This unsoldierly and inhuman attempt of General McCausland to defend an indefensible position against an overwhelming force by screening himself behind the private dwellings of women and children, might have brought justifiable destruction upon the whole town, but as this was not rendered imperative by any military necessity, I preferred to spare private property and an unarmed population. Instead of crushing the place with my artillery, I sent General Averell with a brigade of cavalry to cross the river some

distance, and fall upon the enemy's flank and rear. Before the movement was completed, the enemy perceived it and hastily retired on the road toward Buchanan. The battalion of cadets, about 250 muskets, took part in the defense and retired by the Balcony Falls road toward Lynchburg. I was told that Colonel Smith, Principal of the Institute, and commanding the Cadets, protested against the attempted defense as entirely futile, purposeless, and unnecessarily exposing the town and its helpless inhabitants to danger and destruction. In occupying this place a few prisoners were taken, five pieces of cannon, with numerous caissons and gun carriages, some small arms, and a quantity of ammunition fell into our hands and were destroyed; six barges laden with commissary stores, artillery ammunition, and six pieces of cannon were captured and destroyed on the James River Canal near the town. A number of extensive iron works in the vicinity were burned.

On the 12th I also burned the Virginia Military Institute and all the buildings connected with it. I found here a violent and inflammatory proclamation from John Letcher, lately Governor of Virginia, inciting the population of the country to rise and wage a guerrilla warfare on my troops, and ascertaining that after having advised his fellow-citizens to this course, the ex-Governor had himself ignominiously taken to flight, I ordered his property to be burned by my order, published May 24, against persons practicing or abetting such unlawful and uncivilized warfare. Having had information that a train of 200 wagons, loaded with supplies and guarded by two regiments of infantry, was en route following our march, I delayed one day in Lexington to allow it time to overtake us. I had also begun to feel anxious in regard to Duffie, from whom I had not definitely heard for two days.

. . . . . .

On the morning of the 14th I moved my whole command toward Buchanan, and on arriving there found it occupied by Averell. He had driven McCausland sharply from the place, capturing some prisoners and a number of canal barges laden with stores, but had not succeeded in saving the bridge.

. . . . . .

On the 15th I moved from Buchanan, crossing the Blue Ridge by the Peaks of Otter Road.

. . . . . .

On the 16th encamped at night near the Bedford turnpike, seven miles east of Liberty, my cavalry advance near the Great Otter River. From this point I sent back the supply train of 200 wagons which had overtaken us at Lexington. Colonel Putnam, with his regiment of Ohio 100-days' Volunteers, was detailed to guard it, and the train put under the direction of Captain McCann, assistant quartermaster. This train was accompanied by a large number of loyal refugees, both whites and negroes, and the route proposed for its return to our lines was by way of New Castle, Sweet Springs, Lewisburg, and Charleston, Kanawha.

A map of Lexington of 1864, prepared especially for this purpose, but also embracing other features of interest to readers of the foregoing pages, appears opposite page 324.

Attention is first directed to the second paragraph. The stated disposition of McCausland's sharpshooters and artillery is in substantial agreement with physical conditions and eyewitness testimony hereafter produced; but if it be true that any of McCausland's sharpshooters were stationed at the Virginia Military Institute, it seems quite certain that with their guns, any fire against Hunter's troops on the plateau across the river would have been without effect. It is most likely that the persons observed at the windows and on top of the barracks were spectators. The troops which Hunter's officers saw

on arrival at the plateau north of the river were the protectors of McCausland's men who were engaged in burning the bridge. McCausland's action was not in any sense a defense of the town, but a rear guard action to delay the enemy's overwhelming force. With the exception of this rear guard all of McCausland's troops were rapidly retreating through the town and on the road to Buchanan via the Natural Bridge Road. The few buildings near the river were no part of the town of Lexington.

From the plateau on which the Federal officers stood, only the church steeples and bright tin roofs of the higher buildings of the town were visible. The first position of McCausland's two guns, one on the rocky ridge opposite the ravine and Staunton road and the other on the island near the bridge, is shown. It is very questionable whether they ever took a second position in this action. The ridge upon which the first gun is shown and that upon which the Washington College and the Virginia Military Institute are situated screened most of the buildings of the town from view and these were more than a mile distant from the point of observation on the plateau north of the river.

The only "unsoldierly and inhuman conduct" was that displayed by General Hunter in frequently firing at the town with the "Independent" Kentucky and Ohio batteries.

General Hunter was correctly informed to the effect that Colonel Smith had protested against any attempt to defend the town. The Corps of Cadets took no part in any firing. They slept on their arms the night of the 10th. They stood before their barracks from after breakfast on the 11th until the artillery fire began, when they were promptly marched over the steep embankment called the "Parapet," which flanks the road that runs along the main building and parade grounds on the south side (by the compass). From this point, about 2 P.M., they rapidly passed through the town and retreated toward Lynchburg, along the road running southeastward from the courthouse, now known as Washington Street, and reached Balcony Falls, a distance of about twenty miles, that night.

Colonel Smith was true to his expressed opposition to any attempt to defend the Institute or the town; not a shot was fired by any of the cadets in such defense.

Major Jennings Cropper Wise, in his "Military History of the Virginia Military Institute," quotes quite freely from "The End of an Era," by his father, John S. Wise, who was an officer of the

Cadet Corps at that time, and presents, beginning on page 353, a splendid description of the events referred to but briefly above. He refers to his cousin Henry A. Wise, a graduate of the Virginia Military Institute in 1860, but who reported back for duty in April, 1861, and was assigned to the Tactical Department (p. 188 of the "Military History"), as having been ordered to the bridge with a company of sappers and the howitzer, to place hay in the bridge and after McCausland's troops had all passed over to fire the bridge and use the howitzer to blow out the piers of the bridge. I quote the following from page 356, "Military History," which in turn is a part of a quotation from the "End of an Era":

> A section of McCausland's artillery came up and, after crossing the bridge, took a position at the northeast corner of the parade ground to respond to DuPont. As soon as our troops were across the bridge it was fired and the black smoke rolled heavenward. Our sappers, their task performed, hurried back at double time to rejoin their respective companies. Along the pike (in the Valley), in front of the Institute, the cavalry, weary and depressed, was retiring toward the town.

No direct statement is here made that any firing was done, either by cadets with their muskets or with the howitzer. The facts are that no such firing was done, that there were no piers under the bridge, and that the hay for burning the bridge was taken by McCausland's men from the Warehouse No. 8, on the map, afterwards burned by General Hunter. Even had Captain Wise's alleged orders been carried out, the action could not in any manner have been in defense of the town, but merely one to allow the cadets and McCausland's men to escape by delaying Hunter's advance. If McCausland's guns responded to DuPont from the northeast corner of the parade ground, it was after they had fired from their first position at the river.

There is another feature in the account in "The End of an Era" which tends to cast doubt on the absolute accuracy of the story.

On page 311 the author states that on the retreat the corps paused for a brief rest on a summit about four miles from town and could plainly see the cadet barracks and officers' houses in flames. This burning did not take place until the day afterwards. They probably saw the smoke from the burning bridge, mill and warehouses.

On page 357 of the "Military History," the author of "The End of an Era" is quoted to the effect that no shot was fired by the cadets. This is true. General McCausland was devoting all of his skill and energy toward the execution of his orders from General Lee, which were to delay the advance of the enemy to the best of his ability.

The advance forces of Hunter's Army except some skirmishers, approached the river by way of the Staunton turnpike and down the ravine.

The following is quoted from Colonel Rutherford B. Hayes' report appearing on page 122 of Volume 37, Part I, W. R. R.:

> On the 11th, during the attack on Lexington, the 36th Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry, under Colonel Devol, led the column and, pushing rapidly up to the enemy's position near the town, occupied their attention until a part of our forces crossing the river above town compelled its evacuation. In this advance and attack Lieut. J. M. Hamlin, 36th Ohio Volunteer Infantry, was severely wounded, and of the same regiment three men were killed and seven wounded.

Colonel DuPont, on page 68 of his book, states:

> We left Staunton early on the 10th, and upon reaching Lexington before noon on the 11th, were met by a straggling infantry fire from the cadet barracks of the Virginia Military Institute and from other points along the North River, a tributary of the James, together with one or two cannon shots. Upon receipt of orders to return the fire, the Regular battery at once opened with its six pieces on the stone barracks of the cadets, but after one round an order came to cease firing, the defenders of the place having retreated as our cavalry crossed the North River below.

It will be observed that this was the "Regular Battery" of which Colonel DuPont, although Chief of Artillery, was also the Commander. He does not say on which side of the pike his battery turned out, but he must have placed it on the high ground to the left for the reason that the two other batteries, the Kentucky and the Ohio, turned out to the high ground on the right. The following quoted portions of reports of artillery officers throw some light on what actually occurred:

> Moving out the Lexington pike for Lexington, Va., after about ten miles from Staunton, one section was ordered to the front and marched in rear of the advance guard all day, arriving at Lexington, Va., a little town on the North Branch of the James River, at 10 o'clock on the 11th instant where the enemy had artillery in position which they opened on our column. About 12 M. my (First Kentucky) battery was ordered to take a position on the right of the road to cover the crossing of the Second Brigade, commanded by Colonel White. Here we fired a few rounds and crossed the river at what is known as the lower ford and camped in Lexington, Va. (Report of Capt. Daniel W. Glassie, First Kentucky Battery, p. 136, Vol. 37, W. R. R.)

> At 11 A.M. on the 11th instant was ordered in position to engage the enemy's battery that was posted on the south side of North River at Lexington, and after being engaged three hours succeeded in driving them from their position. Our loss in his engagement was one man killed, Private George W. Tank. (Report of Lieut. Geo. P. Kirtland, First Ohio Battery, p. 136, Vol. 37.)

The report does not indicate on which side the battery turned out, but it must have been on the right or else Colonel DuPont would have mentioned it.

General Hunter resorts to equivocation when he says that he could have crushed the town with his artillery but preferred to spare it and leaves the impression that no shots were fired from any of

his guns, either upon the Institute or into the town. The facts are that many shells were fired at the Institute and many more deliberately fired into the town, presumably at McCausland's retreating forces but recklessly, nevertheless.

Points in the town where shells are stated by eyewitnesses to have struck are indicated by a round dot on the map. General Hunter states that "the battalion of cadets, about 250 muskets, took part in the defense." There is no truth in this statement.

Regarding Hunter's attempted justification for the burning of Governor Letcher's house, I refer to page 366 of the "Military History" where Major Wise has dealt adequately with this lame excuse.

This matter is also referred to in much detail by "Private Miles O'Reilly," beginning on page 309, "Baked Meats of the Funeral," and on page 311 he refers to the burning of the Institute. From these it is quite an easy matter to conclude that Halpaine wrote General Hunter's report.

On page 311 Halpaine refers with much satisfaction to an imaginary conflict of policy between "Colonel" Smith and Gen. McCausland, stating that Colonel Smith was so provoked with McCausland at his attempted defense of Lexington that he "asked to be relieved from service under him and marched away with his cadets down the canal towpath to Lynchburg."

He quotes McCausland as justifying his "defense" by "showing his orders from General Lee, which were to "contest every mile of "our advance with the utmost obstinacy. As to the orders of Gen- "eral Lee we are certain—the original telegram having been captured "next day in the house of Colonel Smith, at which McCausland and "the other Generals had stopped overnight, and as to Colonel Smith's "protest and subsequent action in the matter, they were related to us "next morning by a very intelligent and respectable old black man "(Colonel Smith's butler or steward) to whom we were indebted for "many comfortable meals during the next two days."

McCausland spent the night in his camp on the Cameron farm and Col. Shipp visited him there. As to "old Uncle Bob" volunteering information to his chief's enemies, I give below the relevent portion of a letter to me from Miss Nellie Gibbs, Custodian of the Memorial Rooms of the Virginia Military Institute:

> I am not familiar with the book, "The Baked Meats," from which you quote, but I have read your letter to Miss Sallie Morrison, oldest granddaughter of General Smith. She tells me that no member of the family ever questioned the loyalty of "Old Bob." She remembers her mother telling her that Hunter offered "Bob" his

freedom and thirty dollars a month if he would go with him. "Bob" refused, telling him that General Smith had already given him his papers of freedom. Mrs. Smith sent for General Hunter and asked him not to destroy the house as her daughter, Mrs. J. F. Morrison, was there with an infant son two days old. He replied, "Your circumstances are peculiar, and you shall not be disturbed." "Old Bob" carried Mrs. Morrison downstairs in his arms to protect her from the bombardment of the other buildings.

"Private Miles" then proceeds to shed crocodile tears over the destruction they had wrought and at the grave of Stonewall Jackson in the Lexington Cemetery. He is particularly disgusted at the precautions taken by the Lexington people in removing the Confederate flag which ordinarily floated from the flagstaff near by.

For a description of the antique guns captured and the deportation to Wheeling of the replica of the Houdon statue of General Washington, reference is made to page 369 of the "Military History." The author of this book quotes extensively from the Diary of Mrs. Margaret Preston (originally published in "The Life and Letters of Mrs. Margaret J. Preston," by Elizabeth Preston Allen), regarding the bombardment of the town and vandalism of Hunter's troops.

The following letters, conversations, and quotations from newspapers are cited in support of the foregoing statements:

From the *Lexington Gazette* of January 4, 1927, "C. H. Chittum on Hunter's Raid.":

On the morning of Saturday, June 11, 1864, I went three miles out on the Ross farm (on the north side of the river) looking for a horse. I came back to the bridge at Lexington when General McCausland with 500 men was rushing through the bridge. Hunter was advancing and our men were putting bales of hay in the bridge preparatory to burning it, and they did burn it later. I came uptown and told a boy friend what was going on, and we promptly returned to the river. We were sitting on a pile of wood at the tollgate when we heard shots and, looking up, saw the Yanks' advance guard.

The bridge was burning, shots flying, and my friend and I moved up the road while McCausland's men who were dismounted were hugging the old stone wall that remains now as then. Our troops moved on toward Buchanan and the first Yank came into town at 3P.M.

The Yank went into the old Blue Hotel [Craft's Hotel in 1864] got a gun and fired it, then broke the stock and hurried uptown. Shortly afterwards the cavalry came up.

Hunter made his headquarters in Mr. Jake Fuller's house [this was Crook], and waited here until Tuesday, June 14, but on Sunday, June 12, he burned the Virginia Military Institute mess hall and barracks, Governor Letcher's home, and others.

I saw the buildings burning and was sitting near the Yanks' General Averill, who was a witness and denounced the burning. I saw the Washington statue at Virginia Military Institute on a wagon, and the two big French guns taken. After the war the Government returned them. I also saw the cadets leaving the barracks and starting for Lynchburg, having been heavily shelled from east of town.

I saw the Yanks taking Capt. Matthew White out to shoot him. Capt. White was said to have shot one of their number. My brother John was taken by Hunter to Camp Chase and kept there nine months. I was in the basement of a house opposite the Blue Hotel when three shells grazed the house above.

During the summer after the war ended, I was living about nine miles from town on the Baths road, and one day trying to catch a ride to town, there came along an officer and four mounted men escorting a fine army ambulance. I asked the driver for a ride and he brought me to town, stopping in front of the house where Governor Letcher lived. The officer and two of his men went to the front door, being under orders to arrest the Governor at the time President Davis and other Confederate leaders being held by the Federal authorities.

I saw the servant come to the door and go back to announce the visitors, and then the Governor appeared, a fine-looking gentleman, greeting the soldiers in a most cordial manner and inviting them in as though they were honored guests. I knew what that meant; Virginia hospitality, juleps. Pretty soon the Governor reappeared with his captors, looking as though he was their commander and they the guard of honor, and taking his place in the ambulance, he took his departure.

In 1929 the writer interviewed Mr. Chittum in an effort to learn something about the amount and movements of McCausland's artillery. He stated that while he was at the bridge two three-inch guns came rapidly over and wheeled to the right taking position near the bridge and fired several shots while the last of McCausland's troops were crossing, and as soon as the fire was well under way they retired southward on the pike toward Lexington with the remainder of the rear guard. I asked him about the alleged firing from the Virginia Military Institute Campus and from the cadet howitzer at the bridge pier, and he stated that a gun was located on the rocky ridge just opposite the point where the Staunton road turns down the river and runs along the foot under the hill on the north side. He heard artillery shots from that direction but would not say how many or by whom fired. He saw no firing of any kind by Virginia Military Institute cadets.

On this same visit to Lexington my friend Col. Walter Forrester drove me down to see the shells, mentioned on page 68 of Colonel DuPont's book as still imbedded in the granite walls of the cadet barracks. Colonel Forrester told me that on a visit to the institution some years after the war Colonel DuPont had expressed to General Nichols, the then Superintendent, a desire to visit the Society Hall in the northeast tower. The windows were open, and Colonel DuPont gazed intently northward through one of them. He finally exclaimed, "There it is; there it is." In answer to General Nichol's inquiry as to cause of this excitement the Colonel explained that he was pointing to the hill from which he fired the shots in 1864. Colonel Nichols said, "Come with me," and they proceeded out through the archway and around the tower, when Colonel Nichols stopped and dramatically pointed out two dark objects in the stucco of the brick wall above and exclaimed, "Yes, and there are two of your damned shells."

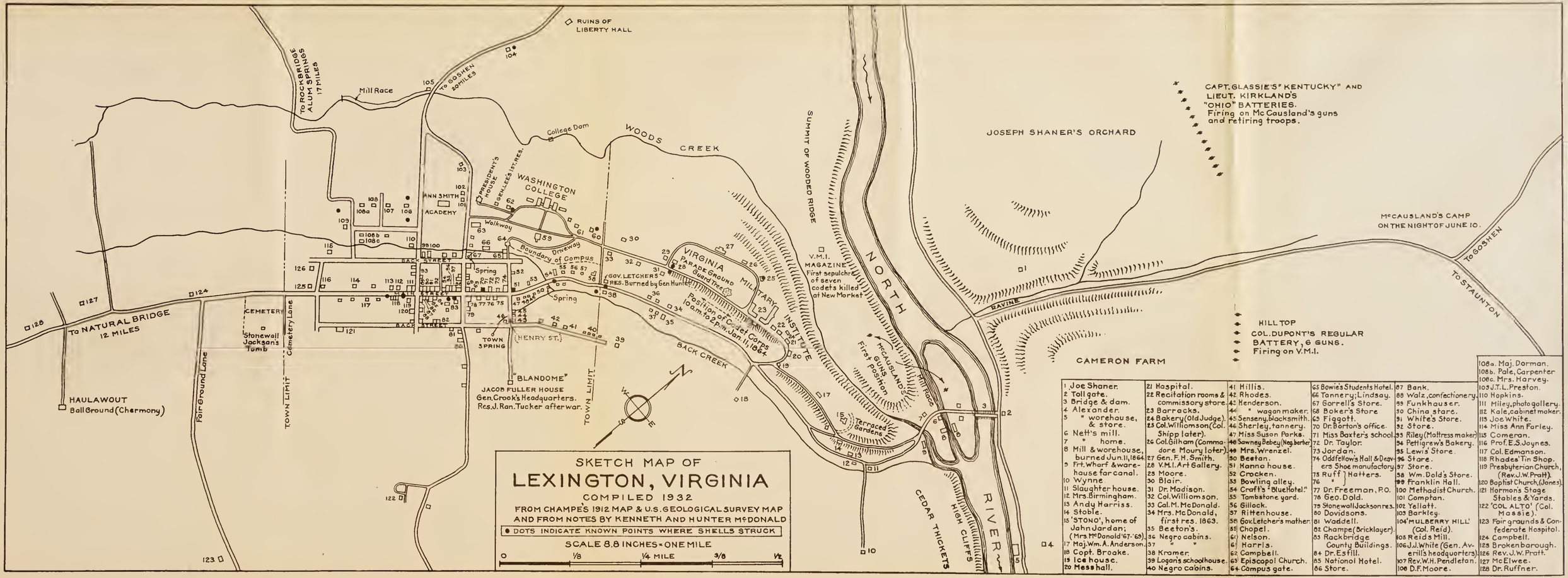


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SKETCH MAP OF LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA

COMPILED 1932

FROM CHAMPE'S 1912 MAP & U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY MAP AND FROM NOTES BY KENNETH AND HUNTER McDONALD

● DOTS INDICATE KNOWN POINTS WHERE SHELLS STRUCK

SCALE 8.8 INCHES = ONE MILE

0 1/8 1/4 MILE 3/8 1/2

1 Joe Shaner.
2 Toll gate.
3 Bridge & dam.
4 Alexander.
5 " worehause, & store.
6 Nett's mill.
7 " home.
8 Mill & worehouse, burned Jun. 11, 1864.
9 Frt. Wharf & warehouse for canal.
10 Wynne
11 Slaughter house.
12 Mrs. Birmingham.
13 Andy Harriss.
14 Stoble.
15 'STONO', home of John Jordan; (Mrs. McDonald '67-'69).
17 Maj. Wm. A. Anderson.
18 Copt. Brooke.
19 Ice house.
20 Mess hall.
21 Hospital.
22 Recitation rooms & commissory store.
23 Barracks.
24 Bakery (Old Judge).
25 Col. Williamson (Col. Shipp later).
26 Col. Gilham (Commadore Moury later).
27 Gen. F. H. Smith.
28 V.M.I. Art Gallery.
29 Moore.
30 Blair.
31 Dr. Madison.
32 Col. Williamson.
33 Gal. M. McDonald.
34 Mrs. Mc Donald, first res. 1863.
35 Beeton's.
36 Negro cabins.
37 " "
38 Kramer.
39 Logan's schoolhouse.
40 Negro cabins.
41 Millis.
42 Rhodes.
43 Henderson.
44 " wagan maker.
45 Senseny, Blacksmith.
46 Sherley, tannery.
47 Miss Susan Parks.
48 Sawney Bebey (Negbarber)
49 Mrs. Wrenzel.
50 Beetan.
51 Hanna house.
52 Crocken.
53 Bowling alley.
54 Craft's "Blue Hotel."
55 Tombstone yard.
56 Gillock.
57 Rittenhouse.
58 Gov. Letcher's mother.
59 Chapel.
61 Nelson.
61 Harris.
62 Campbell.
63 Episcopol Church.
64 Campus gate.
65 Bowie's Students Hotel.
66 Tannery; Lindsay.
67 Gorrell's Store.
68 Boker's Store
69 Figgott.
70 Dr. Barton's office.
71 Miss Baxter's school.
72 Dr. Taylor.
73 Jordan.
74 Oddfellow's Hall & Deavers Shoe manufactory.
75 Ruff } Hatters.
76 " }
77 Dr. Freeman, P.O.
78 Geo. Dold.
79 Stonewall Jacksonres.
80 Davidsons.
81 Waddell.
82 Champe (Bricklayer)
83 Rockbridge County Buildings.
84 Dr. Esfill.
85 Nationol Hotel.
86 Store.
87 Bank.
88 Walz, confectionery.
89 Funkhauser.
90 China store.
91 White's Store.
92 Store.
93 Riley (Mattress maker)
94 Pettigrew's Bakery.
95 Lewis Store.
96 Store.
97 Store.
98 Wm. Dold's Store.
99 Franklin Hall.
100 Methadist Church.
101 Comptan.
102 Yellatt.
103 Barkley.
104 "MULBERRY HILL" (Col. Reid).
105 Reid's Mill.
106 J.J. White (Gen. Averill's headquarters).
107 Rev. W.H. Pendleton.
108 D.F. Moore.

108a. Maj. Dorman.
108b. Pole, Carpenter
108c. Mrs. Harvey.
109 J.T.L. Preston.
110 Hopkins.
111 Miley, photogallery.
112 Kale, cabinet maker.
115 Joe White.
114 Miss Ann Farley.
115 Comeran.
116 Prof. E.S. Joynes.
117 Col. Edmanson.
118 Rhades Tin Shop.
119 Presbyterian Church, (Rev. J.W. Pratt).
120 Baptist Church, (Jones).
121 Hormon's Stage Stables & Yards.
122 'COL. ALTO' (Col. Massie).
123 Fair grounds & Confederate Hospitol.
124 Campbell.
125 Brokenbarough.
126 Rev. J.W. Pratt.
127 Mc Elwee.
128 Dr. Ruffner.

On my examination from below I was impressed with the fact that the shells appeared to be cylindrical. When I returned home I wrote General Lejeune, the present Superintendent, and told him that I was anxious to ascertain the direction from which these shells were fired, suggesting that some of the cadets might find it profitable and interesting exercise to measure the angle by the axis of the shell or perhaps I should say solid shot, with the smooth surface of the wall. His reply was brief. "They are not shells. They are "cadet dumb-bells worked into the wall by the mechanics who re- "stored the buildings."

Mr. Chittum is still hale and hearty (1932) and lives in Lexington. It was he who in 1870 discovered on an island, after the disastrous flood of that year, a stranded coffin which had been in Alexander's warehouse before it was washed away in the "flood." This was the coffin in which the body of General Lee was buried, because all communications with the outside world had been severed by the "flood."

In June, 1931, my brother, Kenneth, and I had another talk with Mr. Chittum, at which time he located on Champe's Map of Lexington the position of McCausland's two guns, as shown on our map. He further stated that the Federals fired from the summits on both the Shaner and Cameron farms.

On this occasion we also visited Tom Sterritt at his residence on the Staunton road about a mile north of the Goshen road junction. As a boy living at this place he remembers hearing the guns and states that he heard from his father and others that artillery was fired from both hills. Similar information was given us by Mrs. Tolley, a niece of Joe Shaner, who lives in the ravine on a part of the Shaner farm. She also told us that the bodies of some of Hunter's men killed in action at the river were temporarily buried on the opposite slope of the ravine on the Cameron farm.

From *New York Herald,* July 3, 1864, Page 1: (Correspondence (*Cincinnati Gazette*).

GANDY, W. VA., June 28.

Seventeen miles from Staunton they managed to kill two and wound two of our men, when a strong force of cavalry was sent forward to charge and meet them, which done they troubled us no more that day (June 10).

The force in front of us we ascertained to be merely McCausland's Brigade, whose only object seems to be to delay our advance as much as possible. On the morning of the 11th Gen. Crook's Division being in the advance approached Lexington about eleven o'clock, and a heavy cloud of smoke rising in front of us revealed the destruction of the bridge leading over the James into the town. On the high banks opposite with glasses we could easily perceive rebel sharpshooters.

The only ford is about a mile above the site of the bridge, and to this ford the 2nd Brigade is sent, while the 26th Ohio is placed on the main road to occupy the rebels there. As the 36th drew near the bank a rebel shell was sent so exactly in range of their position as to wound six and kill one. Capt. McMullen was ordered up with one section of artillery and proceeded at once most effectually to silence the rebels.

Some of them were on top of the Virginia Military Institute, but a few shots quickly drove them from their high position, and about two o'clock they learning of the 2nd Brigade's having crossed the ford rapidly skedaddled, leaving the town to our quiet occupation.

Sunday the Institute buildings and Gov. Letcher's house were burned, ten minutes' time being given to remove any property from the latter.

From the same paper quoting the *Richmond Examiner*:

June 28.

Hunter sent a train of 150 wagons loaded with plunder two days before their final flight—two wagons contained the silverware stolen from different families for Hunters own use.

The above article written from Gandy, W. Va., is only a portion of a long letter published in the *Cincinnati Gazette,* signed "GRAS," and bears evidence of having been written by one of General Hunter's high officials, since it gives records which could not have been obtained by an ordinary war correspondent.

From the *Lexington Gazette,* March 20, 1928:

(Reprinted from the *Virginia Military Institute Cadet.* Portions of an interview by E. R. Brown, Virginia Military Institute, 1923, with Judge James M. Greer, Class of 1864, Criminal District Court, Memphis, Tenn. Later of Beaumont, Texas.)

NEW MARKET CADET TELLS OF DESTRUCTION OF THE INSTITUTE BY HUNTER

That was a hot July day. We had only been in barracks two or three days, as my memory brings back the past. You remember in front of the Institute there was a road. I suppose it is a street now, leading toward the river, and that road was high above the ground to the east. When the booming of Hunter's guns as he drove up the valley came that morning, we were ordered to get beneath this road embankment. From there the shells passed over us and we were in comparative safety. Our poor little six-pounder out on the parade grounds was dismounted. Hunter across the north fork on an elevation was shelling the Institute itself. We could see the dust fly, could notice the crumbling of our buildings as shell after shell struck. At twelve o'clock the booming voice of "Old Ship" (Lieut. Col. Shipp) called us in some sort of formation, and we, quickly aligning, began a march that led to the front of the Blue Ridge where the North Fork came into the James. It was twenty miles—we made it by sunset. Think of it.

Back there in Lexington there was nothing to oppose him but this little battalion and Imboden's Cavalry. The cavalry was merely scouts, hence the necessity of our withdrawal.

I never saw the Institute again. Looking back over our shoulders, we saw smoke coming from it as we turned the street in Lexington.

Judge Greer lives now in Beaumont, Texas.

From the *Lexington Gazette* of February 21, 1928:

GENERAL HUNTER'S RAID

Story of How General McCausland Held Immense Odds in Check.—Burning of the Virginia Military Institute.—Execution of two Citizens by Order of General

Hunter.—The Battle of Lynchburg.—Recollections of a Confederate Cavalryman.
(*J. Scott Moore in the Richmond Dispatch*)

No event in the Civil War more interests me than the raid of Hunter through Lexington in 1864 on his way to Lynchburg. It was the first appearance in our historic town of a live, armed Yankee on destruction bent, and the whole population of women, children, and slaves, viewed them with awe.

The impress of that visit can be seen easily now—thirty-five years after. All was done that could be done to keep them away, and it was marvelous to think of the stout resistance made by McCausland's 1,500 cavalry to the 25,000 Yankees. General McCausland did his part well. By cutting trees across the roads, burning the bridges in front of them, and stationing cavalrymen, armed with Enfield rifles, behind trees, rocks, etc., he was able to check the advance of Averill's 5,000 cavalry and compel a delay until their infantry could be brought up and dislodge us by flanking.

We left Staunton on the morning of June 10, 1864, with our faces toward Lexington.

Capture of Lexington

On the approach of the Yankees to Lexington General McCausland had the bridge which spans North River burned in order to cause delay. While the Yankees were making pontoons a section of their artillery amused themselves by shelling the Virginia Military Institute, Washington College, and other portions of the town. The residences of the Misses Baxter, Prof. John L. Campbell and others were struck, and two shells pierced the walls of the county jail, but fortunately there was no loss of life. On the 13th [the 11th], the enemy entered Lexington, and their whole force camped immediately about the town. The house occupied by Superintendent-General F. H. Smith of the Virginia Military Institute was used as General Hunter's headquarters.

For some reason the enemy did not burn Washington College. At the first alarm of war a company had been raised here, largely from among the students of the college, and known as the Liberty Hall Volunteers, the germ of the college having been old Liberty Hall Academy. This company was part of the Stonewall Brigade. The enemy was content with destroying the chemical apparatus of the institution, and a number of valuable books, principally scientific works, but which would be of little value now except as relics, as science has left them in the rear. The Federals used the lecture rooms of the college as stables for their horses and in many ways defaced the antiquated buildings. Four years ago, through the efforts of friends of the institution claim for $17,000 damages was allowed and paid. The home of Virginia's war Governor, John Letcher, was burned to the ground, the family not being allowed to take anything out of the building, and barely escaping with their lives. This ended the burning of Lexington.

The following letter was furnished me by Miss Nettie Smith, granddaughter of Gen. F. H. Smith, with permission to publish:

The Pittsburgh and Lake Erie Railroad Company

J. M. Schoonmaker,
Chairman Board of Directors.

Pittsburgh, Pa.
July 27, 1922.

Gen. E. W. Nichols,
Superintendent, Virginia Military Institute,
Lexington, Virginia.

My Dear General Nichols: I have your letter 26th instant, and after first expressing my pleasure in hearing from you, am glad to have the opportunity of correcting the prevailing impression that General Hunter ordered me to burn the buildings of the Washington College, which was not the case. The facts are that after leading the advance of his army from Staunton and occupying Lexington, I went to ascertain whether the shells from DuPont's battery had fired the Virginia Military In-

stitute buildings, and, finding that they had not, put them under guard and was engaged in picketing the roads leading into the town when Hunter arrived with his army and, sending for me, relieved me from command of my Brigade for not having burned them, stating that in future he would put an officer in charge of his advance who would know what to do under like circumstances. After burning the Virginia Military Institute buildings, he announced his intention to burn the Washington College buildings also and, knowing the sentiment among the rank and file of his army, was averse to the burning of the Virginia Military Institute buildings (notwithstanding his expressed reason for so doing was that the Virginia Military Institute Cadets had taken part in the New Market fight and that no such reason could be given for burning the Washington College, named after the Father of our Country), I went with two other officers to see Col. D. H. Strother, Hunter's Chief of Staff, a noted author and warm personal friend of his, and urged him not to permit Hunter to make another mistake in this direction as certain to lose to him the moral support of his army, which was opposed to the unnecessary destruction of property. Strother succeeded in doing this and to him, rather than myself, belongs the credit for saving the Washington College buildings from destruction. That evening General Hunter restored me to my command, with apology for his hasty action on the previous day, ordering me to again lead the advance of his army and occupy Buckhannon until his arrival next day. I was not put under arrest, as is currently reported, for refusing to burn the Virginia Military Institute buildings, which would have been an act of insubordination, and would appreciate, therefore, having you correct the two mistaken impressions above referred to.

With kindest personal regards, and looking forward with pleasure to being with you at your next commencement, I am

Sincerely yours,

J. M. SCHOONMAKER.

Regarding the next letter, from Mrs. Kramer. I knew her as Miss Kramer when she was a seamstress at the home of Col. William Preston Johnston, "Clifton," on the river about half a mile below Alexander's warehouse, where I was a playmate of his son, Albert Sidney Johnston, Jr. I talked to her in June, 1931, and she told me that in addition to the shells she mentioned in her talk, there were a number of others. She named two that struck houses on the east side of Main Street, south of the Presbyterian Church.

From the *Lexington Gazette* of March 18, 1930:

GENERAL HUNTER'S RAID, 1864

The following talk was given by Mrs. Emma Kramer Morris, of Lexington, at a recent meeting of the Mildred Custis Lee Chapter of the U. D. C.:

AS I REMEMBER GENERAL HUNTER'S RAID ON LEXINGTON, VA., June 12, 1864

For a week Lexington had been in a state of great excitement, and Friday night a courier came into town stating that McCausland and his small force were about three miles from Lexington at Colonel Cameron's farm and that Hunter was at Cedar Grove. Many of the citizens sent their stock and some gentlemen had taken servants and wagons of provisions to the mountains to escape being taken prisoners.

Early Saturday morning McCausland's men came into Lexington, burned the bridge at the Point to keep Hunter's men from crossing the river, and stacked arms all along the lower Main Street.

At that time we lived just across the street from Governor Letchers home. Before the battle begun some of McCausland's men sat in our little front yard and were talking to my father, who sat in our front door and I beside him.

When the firing began the first shell Hunter's men threw struck near the Limit Gate at Virginia Military Institute, and the second near it, and the third shell struck the stone wall of Governor Letcher's garden. A small piece came between my father and me into the house. The soldiers said, 'If you have a cellar get to it,' which we did, and a few neighbors came to our cellar also. This was nine o'clock, and the firing kept up until one o'clock, when it ceased for a few minutes.

Father opened the door to step out when a shell fell near our house, and he fell back into the room. We thought he was killed, but he was not struck. He said we could not stay there any longer; so we ran to Governor Letcher's house and stayed there until the flag was hoisted and Hunters army came in and took the town. I suppose it was near five o'clock in the afternoon.

Two or three Union officers stayed at Mrs. Letcher's home on Saturday night, and at breakfast Sunday morning she asked them if they were going to burn her home, and they said no.

Shortly after the officers left some one rang the doorbell, and when they answered there was a man with a bottle of fluid and told that they were given fifteen minutes to get out and that each member of the family would be allowed the contents of a bureau drawer. In their excitement they forgot the baby and left her in the cradle. Mrs. Letcher's sister, Miss Mag Holt, ran back and picked up the cradle with the baby in it, and the men made her put the cradle down and set it on fire just as she lifted the baby out. This was about ten o'clock Sunday morning.

At the same time Virginia Military Institute barracks, mess hall, and all the professors' houses except General Smith's house was on fire. Hunter rode up to the porch of General Smith's house and told him that on account of the illness of his daughter he would not burn his house then, but would come back and burn it later. All the commission houses at the Point were burned. Only the mill and tollgate house were left standing.

Governor Letcher's daughter, Miss Lizzie, brought some of her dresses over for mother to keep. Mother put them in between the mattresses, and while Gov. Letcher's house was burning our house caught fire, and the officers told some of the Union soldiers to take all of the things out of our house. When they came to these dresses they called mother and told her it looked very suspicious to see such handsome dresses there and to give an explanation. Mother said, "It is no time now to explain anything. Your officer told you to take these things out of the house; Had they have known these dresses belonged to Miss Letcher, I suspect our house and contents would have been burned.

Mr. Mathew White, Jr., was then taken from his home, which was what is now Colonel Derbyshire's home, and shot. The Yankees thought he had killed one of their men near Poor House Hill. He had been out there and was seen to ride into town, but he was not the man who killed the Union soldier. He was taken from his home in a wagon to jail. I saw the wagon they had him in.

My father rented the house we lived in then from Mr. White's father, Mr. Mathew White, Sr.

When the men were taking Mr. White out to kill him he asked to be taken by his cousin's house, Mr. Zacheriah White, who lived in what is now Virginia Military Institute hospital, to leave a message for his wife, who was away on a visit at that time. The soldiers refused to let him talk with his cousin privately, so he did not leave the message for Mrs. White.

As the soldiers came back into town they saw some ladies and gentlemen in Colonel Cameron's yard, and they rode up to the fence and told them if they wanted to bury a rebel to go up in the woods and look in a gulley they would find one covered with leaves. Miss Sallie Cameron was the one to find him. She will be remembered as Mrs. Thomas White.

Up to this time my father had not been in the army. He served during the last six months of the war in the Confederate Army until Lee's surrender at Appomattox Court House, April 9, 1865. He belonged to the Rockbridge Rifles, 27th Virginia Regiment, and received his parole."

I regret to state that Mrs. Kramer died in the early part of this year (1932).

The author of the book from which the following is taken was an officer in the U. S. Army.

From Pages 29 and 30 of "The Shenandoah Valley in 1864," by George E. Pond. (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1883):

The morning of June 10, the combined army moved forward toward Lynchburg on four nearly parallel roads. Two steady marches, through a charming country, abounding in broad fields of luxuriant wheat, that half hid from view the battalions trampling through them, compassed the thirty-six miles between Staunton and Lexington. McCausland's troopers retreated before Crooks advance on the right, burning the bridge over North River, on which Lexington is situated, and then posting their sharpshooters and artillery among the buildings of the town. Hunter, desiring to avoid opening fire on Lexington, as he might have done, sent Averell to flank it, and Crook dispatched White's brigade of infantry for the same purpose; whereupon the enemy hastily withdrew. Lexington contained several public buildings of consequence, notably the Virginia Military Institute, which had furnished to the battle of New Market a large share of its cadets, under their principal, Colonel Smith. From this building a few defiant shots had been fired at Hunter's forces. The institution was burned, as also several iron mills. A misguided sense of exclusive proprietorship in the fame of the first President led some of the troops to seize the statue from the hall of Washington College, load it in their wagons, and carry it to Wheeling, so as to "rescue it" as Colonel Cathcart explained, "from the degenerate sons of worthy sires."

From "The Shenandoah Valley and Virginia, 1861-1865," on page 164, by Sanford C. Kellogg, U. S. A. (The Neale Publishing Co., New York and Washington, 1903):

On the 10th of June, with his own column and Crook's, Hunter resumed his movement on Lexington and Lynchburg, opposed at first only by a small force of Confederate cavalry, 2,000 men and a battery, under McCausland, which was easily driven into and through Lexington on the 11th.

Letter from Mrs. A. G. Waugh of 122 Federal Street, Lynchburg, Va. (born Cassie Harris, daughter of Prof. Harris of Washington College; the house was the first one north of the Campus):

LYNCHBURG, VA., May 3, 1927.

Dear Hunter: Your letter was received some days ago, and circumstances have been such that this is my first opportunity to reply, and now the only way I can answer your request is to narrate my recollections of Hunter's raid just as I remember it. It is all quite clear to my mind, for nothing in my whole life has ever given me the fright that I experienced at that time. I was quite a small child and necessarily this will be a childs reminiscence.

It was early in June and quite cool for the season. Mother and my sister and self were on the back porch, shelling peas, when a cadet from Virginia Military Institute appeared and said Hunter was going to shell the town and we must move into the cellar, which we did, and I remember thinking it great fun to cook dinner there.

After the shelling was over we moved back upstairs, and about 4 P.M. Hunter's army came marching up the lane, where they broke ranks and swarmed like bees over the house, yard, and garden. They pulled up all the onions in the garden, eating them on the spot, ransacked the storeroom, robbing us of all food, etc. I can't explain why it was that we were the only family who were not given a guard, but

this was true, and the next day an officer who seemed concerned at the depredations the men were making, offered to escort mother to Hunter's headquarters to ask for a guard. She did this, only to be refused. She said he merely gave her a glance and said, "You brought it all on yourselves." They stayed in Lexington three days, and camped at night back of our house, and were quiet and orderly at that time; but all three days were ransacking the house, breaking windows and all the dishes, etc. Our summer clothing that had not been unpacked they cut to pieces with their knives. A lot of cadets had gotten mother to take their trunks, as they had heard Virginia Military Institute buildings would be burned. These they cut to pieces, destroying the contents. In other words, they were perfect vandals.

The next letter is from a nephew of Gen. R. E. Lee, Mr. George Taylor Lee, a Virginia Military Institute Cadet in 1863-65:

JOHNSON CITY, TENN., October 10, 1927.

Mr. Hunter McDonald,
Chief Engineer, N., C. and St. L. Railway,
924 *Broad, Nashville Tenn.*

Dear Sir: When your letter of September 3 reached Johnson City, I was off on a short vacation. My eyes have been troubling me and my doctor advised a rest, so I took a holiday of two weeks; but my eyes do not seem to improve much, and, even with a magnifying glass, I am unable to follow the maps you sent, or to read letters like that of Mr. Chase; that is, to read the blue prints.

Referring to the first paragraph on the second page of your letter of September 3, as you ask me to do, I must say that I do not remember seeing any artillery with McCausland and I do not know whether he had any. My recollection is that I heard that he had artillery and that he used it as I have said. I do not remember seeing any gun fired by either side, but my recollection is that I heard two or more artillery shots on the south side of the river; and my recollection is that I thought at the time that the shots were by McCausland. Of course, I can be easily mistaken with regard to his having any artillery, for I can only speak from hearsay on that subject.

Referring to the second paragraph, page 2, of said letter. I was with my company behind the parapet on which the old cannon were placed; but we were not behind (or rather, in front of) the barracks. Some part of Company A may have been there; but I was close to the right file of B, west of the barracks, the other companies, C and D, as I remember, were still further to the west. The shells that passed over my head came across the parade ground, west of the barracks, and struck the ground on the other side of the pike. I may be getting my points of the compass wrong, and when I say the shells came across the parade ground to the west of the barracks, I mean the side next to the officers' quarters and the town.

Referring to the clipping, or excerpt, from Colonel DuPont's book. He speaks of one or two cannon shots on the south side of the river, and my recollection is that this is correct. But as to the straggling infantry fire from the cadet barracks, I am quite sure he is wrong. Back of the Institute there was a hollow through which Woods Creek flows, then a hill, or side of hill, where the Baltimore and Ohio runs, and next to the river there were bluffs. As I remember, McCausland's men may have been along that bluff to prevent any crossing and may have fired at the enemy on the other side, but shooting with the guns we had from the barracks would have been foolish, as I remember the ground. However, the cadets were being held under arms and in their proper ranks, and I am sure they fired no guns, unless the howitzer detachment fired the two (one or two) shots that I heard. It is nonsense for Colonel DuPont to even intimate that the cadets made any defense of the barracks, they were interested in burning the bridge and getting things away from Lexington in making some little show and then slipping away before Hunter could find a way to cross the river, but the cadet battalion did not do any fighting that I can remember—certainly no part of my company did any, and I feel very certain that no other company or part of any company did. I have always understood that McCauslands men were posted along the river to delay the crossing of

it, and he certainly accomplished that purpose for a long enough time for us to get away and a good distance on the road to Balcony Falls.

I hope I have answered your questions so as to help you, but you must feel free to write as often as you desire to do so, and I will help you all I can.

With sincere regards, I am

Very truly yours,

G. T. Lee.

The following article was written, presumably by the Chaplain referred to in the succeeding article quoted from the autobiography of William S. White, D.D., in as much as the author appears to have been highly educated and a student of ecclesiastical history and art. It is especially interesting as coming from a Northern army source.

From the *Lexington, Va., Gazette,* May 5, 1931:

Half-Forgotten Bits of Local History; The Burning of Gov. Letcher's House

(By E. Pendleton Tompkins, M. D.)

(The following is reproduced from a clipping, whose condition is such that it is impossible to tell from what paper it was taken. It was evidently published in the sixties.—Editor *Gazette.*)

"The most expensive cooking that I ever saw," said an ex-member of a New York artillery battery to me not very long ago, "was when we burned Gov. Letcher's house down in Virginia. And what a beautiful house it was! Everything about it was almost perfect for a country house in those days. But the cooking! My breakfast was a piece of salt pork cooked in a silver plate over a fire made of a rosewood piano. The bill of fare wasn't very stylish, but the fire and the stew-pan made up for that. It was not my fault that my breakfast had no more variety about it. The other fellows had got there first, and had gobbled up everything in the eating line, so I had to fall back on that salt pork. The way that some of those fellows ate was a caution to a man who had any respect for his stomach. One was sitting on the back stairs with a jar of brandy peaches between his knees; another was sitting on the window sill in the parlor eating some kind of preserves out of a big tin cup. I thought that I had found something nice in preserves and took a big spoonful of it; I didn't hold on to it long; it was alderberry blacking.

But I did not mind this so much as what happened afterwards. There was a lot of fellows at the house going through it to find something worth carrying off when a lieutenant took it upon himself to take some men there, put a guard around the house and search every man as he came out. The reason that I was there at all was that my captain had sent me to find a frying pan or something of that sort for his kit. When I got there and saw how things were going I concluded that while I was getting that frying-pan I would see what else I could find that would not be troublesome to carry. I was rather late and it was a long time before I could find anything at all, but finally I ran across a representation of the crucifixion in pearl, the most beautiful thing that I ever saw, and I would not have taken anything for it. It was made so that it could be folded upon itself, and thus occupy quite a small space; it was a gem. I found it in a corner where it had fallen among some other things. Everything in the house was turned upside down. Men were going around with silk dresses thrown over their shoulders. I never saw so many silk dresses in one house before. There were just stacks of them, and the boys who got in there early sent lots of them home. But I didn't care for dresses after I found that piece of pearl. I got off in a corner and tied a string around it and slipped it down the back of my neck. I was afraid to put it in my pockets because I had an idea that some fool of an officer might take a notion to search me before I could get back to camp. Then I took the captain's frying-pan

in my hand and marched rapidly out of the house and tried to go out of the yard through the shrubbery, but a sentinel saw me. I was taken to a lieutenant, who assumed charge of the affair, and the pan was taken away from me the very first thing. Then they commenced to search me. They went through my pockets and felt all over me. I think if my piece of string had been a little longer I might have got off with my pearl; but it was just long enough to hang between my shoulders, and the fellow who was punching around me felt it. He looked between my coat collar and my neck and saw the string, and the whole thing was up. I never was so mad in my life; but the captain was madder than I was when I got back without the frying-pan. He had that fresh young officer arrested and court-martialed, and he was dismissed from the service. But he managed to make a good deal out of that speculation after all.

The most ridiculous thing about it was that one of the officers took a liking to the old Governors setter dog. He was a beautiful dog, and looked as if he might be a good hunter. So that officer took him along with him, and had more trouble than enough trying to get him out of Virginia. In all he spent about $75 in getting him to his home in Vermont. Then he hired a man to take care of him while he was off in the army. About three months after he got him to Vermont the old dog laid down and died of old age. But I do wish I knew what became of that piece of pearl. I never heard of it afterward.

That representation of the crucifixion has had a very curious history altogether. It was made in Amsterdam in 1643, by Van Aaren, at that time a promising sculptor, but of whom little is now known, and all of whose work has been lost, the piece in question being the last that has been heard of since 1798. This piece was an exact copy of the central figure in the celebrated Van Dyke's painting of the crucifixion, and was intended as a present to the then Pope, Benedict XIV. Unfortunately for his Holiness, Van Aaren's confessor and priest, whose name has been lost, was of an exceedingly covetous nature, and demanded that a similar piece should be made for him, for which, of course, he did not intend to pay. Van Aaren disputed his right to make such a demand, was threatened with excommunication, and turned Protestant—a good way, he thought, to get out of the difficulty.

Meanwhile Jean de la Bruyere, a grandson of the celebrated French novelist, heard of the piece in some way, and, being an art connoisseur, he bought it for a considerable sum of money; how much is not definitely stated. La Bruyere took it to his house in Paris, and for a long time it was the wonder and admiation of lovers of art in the French capital. Many offers of large sums of money were made for it, but all were refused, as La Bruyere was wealthy enough to indulge in high-priced works of art. The elder Bruyere and his wife dying, their only child, a second lieutenant in the French navy, took it aboard his ship for safe-keeping. He chanced to belong to the squadron of vessels sent to aid the infant United States under Count Rochambeau. Lieutenant Bruyere—for by this time the family had dropped the La—was very fond of exhibiting the beautiful piece of workmanship, and at Yorktown it was the admiration of the American officers. Here also many offers were made for it, but the owner could not be induced to part with it. He returned to France with his treasure, and was afterwards killed at the battle of Aboukir while in command of a French frigate.

The owner was now dead, but it was so well known among the French naval officers that it was carefully preserved and taken back to Paris to be turned over to his relatives. They retained it until the fall of the Napoleonic dynasty, when, on account of extreme poverty, having lost everything, they sold it for 3,000 francs. It was bought by a member of the American legation then in Paris, who wrote out the full history of it as given by the Bruyere family. The son of the gentleman presented it to Governor Letcher just two years before the outbreak of the Civil War. Nothing definite has been heard from it since the day that the Governor's house was destroyed. It is believed that it has been seen in New York City within the past few years, but the few efforts that have been made to discover further trace of it have proved unavailing. It was one of the most wonderful pieces of carving that has ever been made. A peculiar arrangement of the rubies in the

sides, hands, and feet gave it an almost perfect illusion of blood, but just how they were put in was not known.—*Correspondent in Chicago Exchange.*

The following is taken from the chapter entitled "General David Hunter," of "William S. White, D.D., and His Times," An autobiography, Edited by his son, Rev. H. M. White, D.D., Richmond, Virginia, 1891:

The reply of General Hunter to the appeals of two ladies . . . for some protection against his ruffian troops who were tramping through their houses, destroying and bearing off their food and furniture, not leaving the apparel and bedding of their infant children, was to one. "These are the natural consequences of war and you must bear them as best you can;" and, to the other, "I knew your father and brothers; look to them for protection." Both replies were uttered with a brutality that would have disgraced a savage.

After describing the lootings and burnings which have been so well described by others and need not be repeated here, the author says:

I omitted to state that they shelled the town before entering it. Twenty houses were struck, some of which were seriously damaged and two ignited but the fire was extinguished. Six shells passed over the parsonage and one exploded in the garden and one in the stable yards, but not a person was struck. Many narrowly escaped.

He speaks of General Averill and his willingness to furnish guards for the citizens when requested, quoting himself as having repeatedly said during the three days of army rule of the town: "Averill is altogether too much of a gentleman to be permitted to hold high command under such a superior as the brutal Hunter."

The author describes and deplores the indifference and neglect of the numerous chaplains, in not holding religious services and not using their influence to, in any manner, restrain brutality and robbery and says:

One of these seemed to be enjoying himself at nine o'clock on the Sabbath morning standing near and looking at the flames as they consumed the private residence of Governor Letcher while Mrs. Letcher and her children were sitting on some trunks which, with their own hands and with great difficulty, they had rescued from the flames. It was very obvious that there were several distinct parties in their army, differing widely in their principles and much embittered toward each other in spirit—there was every grade of intellect and character among them from the gentleman and scholar down. The most unmitigated ruffian I ever encountered in human shape was a man named Berry—captain of the provost guard who, at the beginning of the war as I learned from a member of Averill's staff, was a common Irish hackman in Baltimore. A recital of his brutality would be too offensive to the better feelings of our nature to record here. Sooner or later he will receive his reward.

He records the fact that General Averill's headquarters were in the yard of the parsonage. This was next door to the residence of General Pendleton, and is No. 106 on the map of Lexington.

There is another letter, which is well worth perusal, but, on ac-

count of its length and the fact that it covers much of the same ground as those given above, it is not reproduced. It appears in "Memoirs of General William N. Pendleton," by his daughter, Mrs. Susan P. Lee, of Lexington, Virginia. It was written on June 15, 1864, by Mrs. Pendleton to her husband and appears at page 344. Her experiences with marauders and searchers were perhaps even more severe than those of others whose husbands and sons had not acquired special notoriety as fighters in the Confederate Army. She states:

> The stand made by General McCausland and the cadets delayed them until 4 P.M. McCausland fired and the wretches bombarded the town for hours. Twenty houses were struck.

On Sunday, the 12th, she read prayers for the success of the Southern Confederacy with one Federal officer (Wilson) and soldiers present with the family, a part of the 20th Pennsylvania Regiment. She states that Captain Matt Berry of the provost guard set the fire to Governor Letcher's house. That Governor Letcher's daughter, Lizzie, took out the baby's crib and mattress and the Provost Marshal put it back into the fire. The cadet clothes were concealed while the search was in progress by her daughters Mary, "Lella," and Rose, under ample hoop skirts then in vogue.

Regarding General Hunter's march toward Lynchburg. It has heretofore been shown that his main army followed the Valley Pike southward to the junction of the road to Buchannan, not far from the Natural Bridge, and that it was near this point that Colonel McDonald and Harry were captured.

Colonel Strother must have been of great assistance to General Hunter in the selection of his route of march to Lynchburg. At the age of sixteen, he, with a friend, had traveled over this country visiting the Natural Bridge and the Peaks of Otter, and he again traversed it in the journey with his cousins, described in "Virginia Illustrated," and referred to in Appendix D.

The selection by General Hunter of the road from Buchannan to Liberty (now Bedford), which runs through the gap in the Peaks of Otter, must surely have been suggested by Colonel Strother as a feasible "short cut."

For some of the incidents on this march, we will now quote again from "The Baked Meats," page 322. This relates particularly to General Hunter's propensity for burning private houses:

> Here [Buchanan] a vast branch of the Tredegar Iron Works owned by General Anderson, together with many other furnaces and foundries, casting shot and shell and ordinance for General Lee, was destroyed.

From page 360 of the same book:

As to the alleged barbarity of General Hunter in burning private houses during this expedition, we have already shown that he burned five—each on a specific charge and proof that its owner was a bushwhacker.

The location of these houses is not given, but they must have been burned near Newtown, Virginia, under orders given May 30, 1864. In this connection, see pages 49 and 50 of Colonel DuPont's "Campaign of 1864."

Having read frequently of the burning of the private residence of General Anderson, "Mount Joy," I wrote General Anderson's great-nephew, Mr. W. A. D. Anderson, U. S. District Engineer's office, Mobile, Alabama, in June, 1931, inquiring about the particulars. I quote his reply of June 27, 1931:

Reference the burning of Mount Joy at Buchanan by General Hunter in 1864, the home of my great-uncle, Colonel John T. Anderson, I have many times heard this ascribed to the fact that Colonel Anderson was a member of the Confederate Congress.

He was a lawyer and farmer. Also he owned the iron furnace at Cloverdale near Roanoke, from which iron was hauled to Buchanan for shipment by the canal and was one-third owner of Glenwood Furnace in Rockbridge County, of which my grandfather, Judge Frank T. Anderson, was two-thirds owner and manager. Both furnaces were important sources of iron for the Tredeger Mills in Richmond that furnished guns and shells for the Confederate Armies.

When Hunter's forces reached Mount Joy my Aunt Cassie was sick in bed. Due to her sickness she was allowed to move one bed into the two-story detached kitchen. The house and contents were fired within a few minutes and everything was burned except portable property looted by the soldiers.

Mount Joy is situated on a hill one and one-half miles southeast of Buchanan. The iron works were at the town. I have never heard of iron works located near the home. The Mount Joy plantation included 1,200 acres.

A tourist hotel now occupies the site.

It would appear from the above that such men as Edmund J. Lee and Alexander Boteler, of Shepherdstown, Virginia (see note, 18, p. 197), Andrew Hunter of Charles Town, General Anderson of Buchanan, and ex-Governor John Letcher of Lexington, all of whose houses were burned on orders from General Hunter, were considered as bushwhackers, perhaps on the ground that they had served the State of Virginia or the Government of the Confederate States in some official capacity. Surely "Mount Joy" was no part of the Tredegar Iron Works.

The following quotation from page 344 of "Baked Meats" and the letter from Mrs. Waugh are inserted here as a matter of historical interest in connection with the march on Lynchburg, the general methods persued with respect to property and the steadfast loyalty

of the women of the Valley to their soldiers in the field and the cause which they had espoused:

BELLIGERANT RELATIVES—A TRUE SOUTHERN BELLE

That night we lay in line of battle before the enemy's second and main line of works for the defense of Lynchburg, on the southeastern side—two powerful and regular earthwork forts, carefully built in 1861 and mounted with siege artillery crowning the slopes in front of us; and a regular chain of heavy rifle pits connecting these two together, and running off beyond them to join yet other regular forts on right and left. Our headquarters that night were at the beautiful residence of an aged gentleman named Hutter, formerly a major and paymaster in the United States Army, and some kind of distant relative to General Hunter—as, by the way, in some degree of cousinship, more or less remote, were pretty nearly all the good families whose barns we had been emptying, and whose cattle we had been eating and driving off during the entire march. Indeed, it was often ludicrously, though painfully amusing, to hear Col. David Hunter Strother ("Porte Crayon"), or the old General himself, inquiring anxiously after the health of "Cousin Kitty," "Aunt Sallie," "Cousin Joe," or "Uncle Bob" from some old nice Virginia lady with smoothed apron, silver spectacles, and in tears, or some pretty young rebel beauty in homespuns, without hoops and in a towering passion—our soldiers meanwhile cleaning out smokehouses and granaries by wholesale; and the end of the conversation, as the affectionate though politically sundred relatives parted, usually those of the rebel side without a week's food in the house, without a single slave to do their bidding, and with horses, cattle, sheep, bacon, pigs, poultry, and so forth, things only to be recalled in ecstatic dreams.

This Major Hutter "had one only daughter, the divine"—but her name escaped me. For the inexpressible sweetness of her pure silvery voice and exquisite repose of her manner, however, the lady's image is yet a thing of vivid force in our faithful memory—her eyes shedding no tears as she saw in that hour of the gloaming, all the refined surroundings of a costly and luxurious home swept into ruins; and her cheek blanching no shade of its clear olive-pink, though aware that with the earliest dawn the heretofore splendid and happy home of her childhood—the shrine to which, we have no doubt, proud wooers must have come from far and near to court the sunshine of her smile—would in all human probability become the central position for which two infuriated armies must contend. "Oh, how I pray for peace," she exclaimed, as we opened a blind in the drawing-room (metamorphosed the preceding night into an Adjutant General's office) to see if the east yet gave any sign of dawn. "Do not misunderstand me, however," she continued, in that silvery voice of inextinguishable sweetness. "Do not think I crave, or would accept, that peace you talk about—the peace of subjugation; for I am Southern in every fiber;" and her bright eyes kindled brighter, her cheek took a deeper flush, and her musical voice swept upward into a yet higher treble as if to give assurances of her faith. "This dress I wear"—a plain gray homespun, but made beautiful by the womanhood it covered—"I have carded, and spun, and cut out, and put together with my own hands. Oh, we have given up everything for the cause, save the barest necessities of life; and I cannot believe that God would allow a people to suffer so much as we have done if not intending to reward us with final victory."

Extract from Mrs. A. G. Waugh's letters of June 27 and July 16, 1931, formerly of Lexington, but now living in Lynchburg:

Mrs. McVeigh, a niece of Major G. C. Hutter, now eighty-four years old, has furnished the following: "The place is called 'Sandusky,' and is about three miles from Lynchburg. She lived on the adjoining farm and well remembers General Hutter and his staff occupied the Hutter home." Major Hutter was not related to General Hunter but had known the General when Hutter was an officer in the U. S. Army. On this account he expected to fare better than his neighbors at Hunter's hands than would a stranger. Hunter's first act was to arrest him and

put him under guard of two soldiers. The house was not burned but is still standing and occupied by Major Hutter's descendants. Major Hutter was a German who came to this country many years ago. He had only one daughter, and she doubtless had her say about the pillaging of the houses as she was a fearless young woman.

The house stands back from the highway in a grove. Near the gate, on the highway, a sign has been erected [by the State Highway Dept.], reading as follows:

> IN A GROVE TO THE NORTHWEST, IS SANDUSKY, BUILT BY CHARLES JOHNSTON IN 1808 (AND NAMED FOR A CITY IN OHIO), THEN A TRADING POST, WHERE JOHNSTON STAID AFTER ESCAPING FROM THE INDIANS. HERE THE UNION GENERAL HUNTER HAD HIS HEADQUARTERS, JUNE 17TH AND 18TH, 1864. PRESIDENTS RUTHERFORD HAYES AND WM. MCKINLEY, THEN OFFICERS UNDER HUNTER, ROOMED TOGETHER IN THE HOUSE.

From "Heitman's Register":

George C. Hutter, Philadelphia, Pa. Grad. U. S. M. A. 1820. Capt. 1829 Resigned 1841. Reinstated August 6, 1841. Rej. by Senate April, 1847. Reappointed Capt. 6th Inf. to rank from May 29 and Maj. Inf. to rank from Feb. 16, 1847. Rej. by Senate January, 1848. Additional Paymaster May, 1848. Paymaster, 1849. Resigned April 30, 1861. Died July, 1879.

In that part of his report which refers to his sending back, on June 17, from Liberty, Virginia (now Bedford), the supply train under guard of Colonel Putnam, General Hunter makes no reference to the fact that there were also in this train a large number of military and civilian prisoners. To have stated that prisoners were also in this train would have compelled him, in order to be truthful, to make an exception of his prize prisoner, Colonel McDonald, whom he dragged along with his own headquarters escort. The daily exhibit of this prisoner at headquarters and his sufferings surely could not have escaped the notice of those officers of his army, such as Colonels McKinley, Hayes, DuPont, Schoonmacher and many others, whose spirit revolted at the many barbarities of General Hunter.

It is inconceivable how General Hunter, with full knowledge on the part of such men, could have compelled their silence and cowed them from protest. It is also inconceivable, that, with their knowledge of the facts, he was able to suppress all record of the suffering and disgrace which he heaped upon his helpless victim in defiance of the better instincts of humanity and all military laws and customs.

General Hunter was a self-appointed bodyguard of and rode on the caisson bearing the body of President Lincoln in the funeral procession, seated at the head of the coffin. He presided at the trial of the conspirators for the assassination and in the case of Mrs. Surratt, allowed Judge Advocate General Holt to change the verdict from "not guilty" to "guilty" in order to put the onus of pardon-

ing her on President Andrew Johnson and thereby force his impeachment. Hunter signed the appeal for clemency to President Johnson, but the paper did not reach him, having evidently been suppressed for fear that the fraud would be discovered and react on the perpetrators. Suppression seems to have been one of the General's outstanding characteristics and he was able to exercise it even after his death, the place of which and that of his burial being apparently unknown. However, the manner of his demise, next to being hung, was quite fitting, since he died by his own hand.

H. McD.

APPENDIX F

Earlier Life of Angus William McDonald: A Sketch

by Hunter McDonald

Angus William McDonald was born in Winchester, Virginia, February 14, 1799, and was the eldest son of Angus McDonald and his wife, Mary McGuire. His mother died when he was ten years old, and he was reared, along with his sister Millicent and brother, Edward Charles, by his grandmother, Anna (born Thompson), at "Glengarry," the home near Winchester, Virginia, built by his grandfather, Angus McDonald, the Immigrant. He was carefully trained by his grandmother to love the truth and all other attributes of a sterling character and in pride of the romance of the Highlands and his Scotch ancestry, the honor of which it was his duty to uphold.

He went to school at the Winchester Academy, of which Mr. Hetterich, a Scotchman, was principal. Among the scholars were his cousin, Hugh McGuire, his brother, Edward Charles, and David Holmes Conrad.

He was appointed by President Madison a cadet to the United States Military Academy July 30, 1814. In the middle of the third year, on account of his industry and studious qualities, he was permitted to pass from the second to the first class. "He graduated on July 17, 1817, and was on that date promoted in the Army to Third Lieutenant, Corps of Artillery. On February 13, 1818, he was made Second Lieutenant, 7th Infantry, and on April 1, First Lieutenant of same regiment. He served in garrison at New Orleans, Louisiana, 1817, and Mobile Bay, 1818. He resigned January 31, 1819."

On leaving West Point, Commandant A. Partridge, Captain of Engineers, gave him a letter attesting to his studious character and standing as a gentleman and a soldier. A similar letter from Jared Mansfield, Prof. Nat. and Exp. Phil., attested also to his "scien-"tific attainments, refinement in manners . . . his honorable delicacy "in moral conduct which cannot fail to attract the attention and "obtain favor of all virtuous and enlightened men." A letter from Col. Crozet was of similar tenor. (See Appendix A, "Glengarry

McDonalds of Virginia," also page 56, *et seq.* of same volume for anecdotes of his life at the Academy and in garrison at Mobile.)

The monotony of dress parades and routine of garrison duties were irksome to his spirit and he greatly desired to gratify his longing for activity and adventure. He was urged on in his desire by published accounts of the glowing opportunities of the western frontier. He sought diligently for appointment to duty in the West but, failing, resigned and went in search of the contacts he wanted.

After one year in the Custom House at New Orleans, he went to St. Louis and joined his younger brother, E. C. McDonald, who had also been a cadet at West Point, in surveying lands under their Aunt Mary's nephew, Major Elias Thompson Langham of Chillicothe, Ohio, Surveyor General for Missouri and Illinois, and Indian agent at Fort Snelling.

In 1821 he became a partner in the reorganized Missouri Fur Company and under the direction of Joshua Pilcher, President of the Company, went as clerk with one of their earliest expeditions to a post on the Upper Missouri now known as Council Bluffs, Iowa. He soon learned the languages of the Sioux and other adjacent Indians and became an interpreter and a valued official of the company.

"He possessed to an unusual degree those traits of character and physique which appeal strongly to those imaginative children of nature. Almost a Hercules in build and strength, he was regarded by them as a rare specimen of manly beauty. Athletic and confident, fearless though cautious, he was a dangerous enemy, though a true and magnanimous friend and these poor hunted creatures, though fearing him in a certain sense, admired and trusted "Big Knife" implicitly, for that was the admiring and expressive sobriquet by which he was known among them." ("The Glengarry McDonalds of Virginia," p. 61.)

He made friends easily and was especially regarded favorably by the Chiefs of some of the tribes with whom he had business relations, while those of other tribes were often at times his enemies.

One friendly chief was named Tobacco, Chief of the Mandans, of whom he always spoke as an Apollo in form and a Mars in battle. Tobacco once carried his love for his white friend too far. He heard one day that "Big Knife" had been attacked and killed by a hostile tribe. Tobacco led his warriors into battle with this tribe, capturing and scalping ten. He manifested his grief for his friend by starvation and seclusion, but his joy knew no bounds when his mistake was finally discovered and he unexpectedly met his friend once more.

McDonald, in order to keep the peace, found it necessary to make costly reparation to the families of Tobacco's victims.

The frequent attacks of Indians on white trappers and explorers, resulting often in murder and scalping, caused many complaints, and Congress was urged to authorize a military expedition to punish the offenders. The event that finally brought about the desired enactment was the attack, murder, and scalping by the Blackfeet Indians on May 31, 1823, not far above the mouth of Pryor Creek on the Yellowstone River, of a party under Immel and Jones, returning with the fruits of their expedition into the farther west. This party was one of those sent out by Joshua Pilcher, President of the Missouri Fur Company. The two leaders and five men were killed and four wounded.

Captain Hiram M. Chittenden, U. S. A., retired, on account of a disability which required him to lie always on his back, secured from the Missouri Historical Society and other sources, old files of newspapers of the time, as well as many private papers and wrote the book entitled "A History of the North American Fur Trade," which is in three volumes. (Francis P. Harper, New York, 1902.)

Chapter III, Part III, Volume II, of this work, is devoted to the expedition under Colonel Henry Leavenworth, U. S. A., against the Aricara Indians, from which the following account has been chiefly taken.

This was the first campaign ever conducted by the Army against the Indians west of the Mississippi River and Col. Leavenworth undertook it on his own initiative after hearing through Indian Agent O'Fallon, near the old Council Bluffs, of the attack by the Aricaras, June 2, 1823, on General Ashley's expedition. This attack was made in front of the lower village of the Aricaras. It lasted only fifteen minutes and resulted in the loss of all of Ashley's horses, much of his property and fourteen whites killed and five wounded. The others escaped in their boats which were anchored in midstream.

Leavenworth started up the Missouri on the 22nd of June after four days' preparation with six companies of the 6th U. S. Infantry, 220 men, some in boats and some on foot. They had two six-pounders and several small swivels.

Joshua Pilcher, after being appointed by O'Fallon sub-agent for the Sioux tribe, started from Old Fort Lisa with two boats and a howitzer and overtook Col. Leavenworth on June 27. July 7 a boat

under Lieut. Wickliff was capsized, drowning him and six privates and losing seventy muskets and a large quantity of supplies.

General Ashley, who after his disaster had left his forces in a camp above and was proceeding down the river for help, turned about and joined the expedition. Alfred Henry, who had arrived from the Yellowstone, added eighty more. Pilcher hurried on ahead and joined the party with forty white men under command of Henry Vanderburgh, and about 500 Yanktons and Sioux.

A stop of several days was made at Fort Recovery for reorganization. Ashley's nomination of officers was readily confirmed by orders issued by Col. Leavenworth, Ashley being a Colonel in the Missouri Militia. Pilcher was assigned to the command of the Indians with nominal rank of Major. He had under him Henry Vanderburgh, Captain, Angus W. McDonald, Captain of Indian command, with Moses B. Carson, First Lieutenant, and William Gordon, Second Lieutenant. The forces as reorganized were styled the Missouri Legion and now numbered altogether about 800 men. They resumed their march and on August 9 arrived near the Aricara villages, having traveled 640 miles in 48 days.

Twenty-five miles below the villages, all men but ten for each boat, taken from Pilcher's men, were left under command of Major Wooley, U. S. A., disembarked and proceeded up the river, with a scouting party of Sioux under Pilcher's direction in advance, to screen the real character of the attacking force. Major Wooley was ordered to keep his boats in touch with the shore party.

Before the attack began about 350 more Indians joined them.

In the villages there were about 700 warriors and about 3,500 old men, women and children. The Aricaras were taken completely by surprise. The attack was made early on the morning of the 8th, Pilcher's men being ordered to surround the villages and prevent escape.

The Sioux moved out impetuously, being met by the Aricaras about half a mile out from the villages. Both fought with great bravery, the Aricaras leaving thirteen dead and the Sioux having two men killed and seven wounded. Pilcher, seeing the great disparity in numbers, went back for reinforcements and the whole remaining land force moved forward in a line with its right on the river. No firing was possible until the Sioux, who were still engaged in front, were passed. The Aricaras broke and fled and were pursued to the edge of the village where a halt was made until the boats came up

with the artillery, which they did at sundown but too late to attack that night. The Sioux withdrew in disgust to forage in the cornfields of the enemy, taking no further part in the operations.

The attack was opened at 8 A.M. next day, with artillery, the Aricara Chief, Gray Eyes, being killed at the first shot. The infantry advanced and fired one volley.

Failing to dislodge the Indians, it was concluded that the camp would have to be stormed. Col. Leavenworth hesitated and listened to exaggerated tales of the difficulties in his front. Troops were given new dispositions and Pilcher ordered to bring in his Sioux, but being unaccustomed to siege methods of warfare they held back. The storming of the works was abandoned but the cannonading continued for a short while when the whole force was moved down the river to a point opposite the boats. This was accomplished about 3 P.M. Orders were given to send men to the Aricara fields for corn, rations being scarce. Col. Leavenworth retired to his cabin on the boat.

Before this move was made an interpreter had been sent to endeavor to arrange a parley with the Aricaras in order to afford an opportunity to examine their works. This piece of strategy failed.

"Such were the inglorious proceedings of the 10th of August, for nothing else was attempted during that day. Their effect upon the Sioux had been to discourage them and arouse their contempt for the whites. They had joined the expedition with the expectation of plundering the Aricara villages. They had made the only real fight, so far, and had since been the spectators of the futile efforts of the whites. They now lost all heart in the campaign, and having laden themselves with Aricara corn, withdrew from further cooperation." (Page 595, Chittenden.)

A council of war was called. This resulted in further negotiations and a peace compact on August 11 in which the Indians agreed to restore all they could of Gen. Ashley's property and from which Pilcher dissented. One small party of Sioux, after stealing some seven of Ashley's horses and six government mules, retired to an elevated point to watch results, expecting to join the victors and reap the spoils. Col. Leavenworth demanded five hostages from the Aricaras, but the Indians, fearing that Pilcher would not make peace and seeing one of their own dead, became frightened and fled, some shots being exchanged.

Next morning Chief Little Soldier appeared and resumed negotiations, asking whether Pilcher would make peace. Leavenworth said he would have to. Interpreter Rose was sent into the village and returning reported the Indians completely humbled. Two officers went in and returned, reporting similarly but adding that

the pickets were frail and the inside ditches slight. A third officer went in and confirmed the statements of those preceding him, also saying that the Indians would load a boat with provisions if one were sent up. Another parley began but not with the chiefs. Pilcher was ordered to draft a treaty, which he refused to do. It was likewise with sub-agent Major Vanderburg. Leavenworth then drew the treaty. It was signed by eleven Indians, none of whom, according to Pilcher, were Chiefs in authority, and by six army officers and General Ashley.

"The treaty contained four articles. In the first the Aricaras agreed to restore the property taken from Ashley. By the second they stipulated not to molest the traders in the future. Articles 3rd and 4th were mutual promises that the United States and the Aricaras should henceforth live at peace." (P. 598, Chittenden.)

As a compliance with the first article of the treaty, Little Soldier surrendered three rifles, one horse and sixteen robes, saying this was all of Gen. Ashley's property that could be recovered. Being told that this was not satisfactory, he turned traitor to his own people, asking to be allowed to join the whites with his family, telling Leavenworth that if he attacked again to fire low with his artillery.

It was now apparent that the flagrant violation of Article I by the Aricaras must either be condoned or an attack made. The army officers and auxiliaries favored attack, but Leavenworth hesitated, feeling that "sound policy and his country's interest" forbade it. He felt that after being severely humbled the Indians would behave well in the future.

His hesitation continued over August 12 at the request of Little Soldier in order to let him escape with his family and because an attack so near night would leave the wounded to be cared for after dark. Col. Leavenworth gave orders to withdraw and began his descent of the river.

In orders issued August 29 at Fort Atkinson, Col. Leavenworth stated: "The blood of our countrymen has been honorably avenged, "the Aricaras humbled and in such manner as will teach them and "other Indian tribes to respect the American name and character." His casualties were two men wounded. Subsequent murder and rapine proved his prophecy erroneous as the following, taken from page 265 of Chittenden's work clearly shows:

The fickle and treacherous character of these Indians (Aricaras) was well understood. It could never be predicted what their attitude would be. In 1804 and 1806 they were friendly to Lewis and Clark. In 1807 they attacked and defeated Ensign Pryor and his party, who were escorting the Mandan chief home. The Missouri Fur Company and the Astorians had no serious trouble with them in 1811, but in 1816 or 1817 they attacked a party of whites and killed one man. In 1820

they robbed two trading houses of the Missouri Fur Company, located one above and one below the Great Bend of the Missouri. Pilcher, who first visited them in 1822, found them exceedingly friendly, and was quite deceived in regard to their true character. The Indians continued their depredations, however, and even tried to waylay Pilcher himself on his descent of the river. During the month of March, 1823, they went down the river to the Missouri Fur Company establishment among the Sioux, where they robbed a party of whites, and finally, to the number of one hundred and fifteen, attacked the trading house. They were repulsed with the loss of several wounded and two killed, including the son of a principal chief. Such was the record of this tribe down to May, 1823, when General Ashley arrived before their villages.

Col. Leavenworth's actions resulted in bitter animosity between himself and Pilcher, but in the ensuing discussion, both in press and Congress, Leavenworth had the advantage of prestige and position and emerged the victor in a war of words if not of arms. "Pilcher "had joined the expedition purely from a desire to help punish the "Aricaras, for as he had now withdrawn all his establishments above "the Sioux, he was not protecting his own interests to the same extent "that Ashley was." (Page 604, Chittenden.)

The villages were burned after Col. Leavenworth's troops had left, but smoke of the fires was visible to him and his men as they proceeded down the river. Col. Leavenworth charged this to Pilcher in his report, but Chittenden says: "It was probably one of Pilcher's men, William Gordon."

William Gordon was one of the only two men whose names are known among those who escaped from the attack on the party under Immel and Jones. He was the son of John Gordon of Gordon's Ferry on Duck River not far from Nashville, Tennessee. His father was "Captain of the Spies" under General Andrew Jackson in the Creek Wars.

The true story of the burning of the villages is told in the following quotation from an incomplete manuscript found among the papers of Angus W. McDonald. After referring to numerous attacks that had been made upon his men and his camp by the Aricaras he states:

"I disdain to evade or deny it. I executed it [that is, burned the villages] as a deliberate and rightful act of self-defense. I placed no more faith in the penitence of the 'Rees' [Aricaras] than they did in the friendly overtures of Col. Leavenworth. My conscience still approves me for having driven such treacherous villains beyond striking distance of my present residence."

He was in charge of the defense of the post of the Missouri Fur Company at Fort Recovery when it was attacked by the Aricaras as told in the above quotation and on page 356 *post*. There seems no reason to doubt that Gordon, having similarly suffered at the hands of the Indians, lent ready assistance to the burning.

The subsequent operations of the Missouri Fur Company having been unsuccessful, McDonald returned to St. Louis in the early summer of 1824. The accounts were cast up and the losses apportioned to the stockholders. He found himself in debt to the extent of about $3,400, with no assets but a good name, a sound body and some mountain land.

In a letter written from Romney, September 14, 1824, he states: "After having exhausted in extravagant enterprises and perilous ex- "periment seven years of my life, I find that I have achieved only a "circle of difficulties and ended where I began."

While at St. Louis, in conjunction with his brother Edward, who had been with him a part of the time spent on the Upper Missouri, William Gordon, Louis Hempstead, a partner in the Missouri Fur Company who also had been with him in the Indian country, and other lovers of adventure, an expedition was proposed to take a body of emigrants out over the Santa Fe Trail into Texas, then a part of Mexico, the nature of which is disclosed in the letter quoted below.

Such a plan required legal advice as well as financial assistance. Angus McDonald returned to Winchester, Virginia, while Gordon went to his home in Hickman County, Tennessee. Edward McDonald, Hempstead, and the others remained in St. Louis.

During his earlier life in Tennessee, where his father conducted a trading post at Gordon's Ferry in Hickman County, Gordon had known Thomas H. Benton, a clerk in his father's store. Benton afterwards went to St. Louis and at the time in question was United States Senator from Missouri and quite friendly to the men who had composed the Missouri Fur Company. It is known that McDonald went to Washington, D. C., after reaching Romney, and he probably did so to seek advice from Senator Benton.

The following is a copy of a letter written by McDonald in his pursuit of advice, but it is not known to whom it was addressed:

St. Louis, July 21, 1824.

Sir: The bearer of this, Mr. Armstrong, will inform you who I am. Without going into the form of apologizing for the liberty I am taking with you, I will enter unreservedly upon the business of my letter. I am sufficiently well acquainted with your character to believe you are well qualified to satisfy me upon all points at which I am at a loss and that you have the penetration to find your own advantage in facilitating my views. I have understood that you are *aid* or *secretary* or some other *confidential* officer to the governor or principal man of the country in which you have cast your fortunes—such being true you can best tell me:

If one, two, five or ten individuals wished to become the subjects of the King of Spain, or whatever other constituted authority may claim the sovereignty of the

country on the Banks of the Rio Del Norte, what inducements or advantages are held out to them, by what routine and from whom are those advantages to be obtained and secured. If those settlers should wish to become merchants, what are the best articles to be taken into that country, if they should be in past mechanics, of what trades would be the most usefull. A reperusal of what I have written discovers to me the necessity of disclosing to you more than at first intended.

It is the wish of eight or ten men of respectability, capacity, and enterprise to enter largely into the speculation which the country offers. Your ability, intelligence, standing with its inhabitants qualify you eminently to fill an important post in connection or co-operation with them. If you should feel disposed upon what I have communicated to take the trouble of answering the queries herein contained and interested sufficiently to give me any additional information, I will communicate with you more fully upon the subject (perhaps in person). Your answer to this (if you will oblige me so far as to make one, however brief), please address to me at Washington City and send (if you will do me the favor) one copy of it to St. Louis and one to Winchester, Frederick County, Virginia.

Respectfully your obedient servant,

A. W. McDonald,

A true coppy
sent by Armstrong
from St. Louis July 21, 1824.

No evidence is available to show whether it was ever answered. There follows a copy of a letter from William Gordon dated September 14, 1824.

Columbia, Tenn., Sept. 14, 1824.

Dr. McDonald: In pursuance of a previous determination I left St. Louis shortly after you did for this country. All our friends were well except Sanford. He has had a small touch of the fever but was on the mend. Hempstead had returned and was still big with Spanish notion, as were many others. The thing was gaining ground.

It would be well that you let them hear from you often, to keep their spirits afloat, and I will do all in my power to effect the same desirable object. I believe that I shall be able to do but little here for the advance of our object. It shall, however, receive my undivided attention.

I am much in hopes that you will be able to gain much valuable information relative to the country, etc., this winter at Washington.

Is it not time that we should begin to talk about the men necessary and what means are necessary for our outfit? My funds are small. I shall, however, I think, be able to raise ten or twelve hundred dollars. You will probably have it in your power to find out what description of goods will be best suited for the trade, the quantity necessary, etc. I wish you to write me immediately on the receipt of this giving me your present views on the subject at large. It would be well for you to so arrange things as to be at St. Louis by the first of March. By the first of April we ought to start. Write me immediately. I am impatient to hear from you.

Your friend,

William Gordon.

I have heard from the election. Bates and Gov. Scott beat Strother.
Williamsport T.
Sept. 16th, 1824 10

forwd 35

Angus W. McDonald, Esq., Romney, Virginia.

It is known that the plans never matured, but the proposal is of interest inasmuch as it preceded by some years the somewhat similar

expeditions of Samuel Houston, Bowie, and others. It is not known whether William Gordon accompanied any of these expeditions, but in June, 1837, he was appointed from Illinois Captain of Dragoons in the United States Army and engaged in Indian fighting in the Northwest. (He was the great-uncle of the wife of Hunter McDonald.)

Edward McDonald and Hempstead evidently joined an expedition over the Santa Fe Trail in 1824-25, but details as to the nature and outcome of same are lacking. Meantime Angus employed himself in gathering information and recruits and in efforts to finance the Mexican enterprise.

While so engaged at Winchester he met Miss Leacy Anne Naylor, daughter of William Naylor, a prominent lawyer of Romney in Hampshire County. He became so infatuated that all his dreams of empire in Texas were shattered and he decided to settle down to some calling appropriate to quiet and useful citizenship.

The following letter written by him in July, 1825, to Edward at Taos is significant and interesting. It was given the editor by Miss Anne McDonald, daughter of Edward C. McDonald, of Charles Town, West Virginia, who died March 6, 1929:

ROMNEY, July 29th, [1825].

Dear Edward: Previous to the arrival of your letter from Taos, the various accounts of the many and fatal disasters which attended the different companies adventuring to St. Fee had rendered your fate exceedingly alarming and ambiguous, and the majority of your friends here had almost dispared of ever hearing from you again, for myself I have to thank the God of Heaven that, notwithstanding the many hardships and perils which by his almighty dispensation have ever attended myself and those in whose happiness I shall ever find my own, I have ever been blessed with a buoyant and felicitous confidence in their native ability and power to withstand all the hardships and privation to which they may be subjected in their pursuits. Yes, *Maugre,* the difficulties and dangers with which you have been and are surrounded, spite of the bloody and disastrous details which the papers give of the fate of many of your unfortunate co-adventurers, relying upon my knowledge of your character, I have been bold to become to your sister and friends an advocate for your adventurous and hazardous enterprise, a justifier of the savageness and uncertainty of your pursuit and confident security for your safe return. Many times have I by a single expression communicated to them the sanguine and enthusiastic trust which I delight to repose in you—"I know Edward well and I know that an unwinking eye upon the watch, a red hand in the fight, and fleet foot on the prairie, will make *him* safe, when many an older and more experienced hunter will wake without his scalp—or fall without a *coo!*

But herein lies not your danger. While you have an immediate object in view or business in hand, I know your bearing will be that of a man but prostrate as you now are, deprived even of the means of exertion, remote from those who will be disposed to assist you, it requires that you call to your aid that you in fact repose entirely upon the moral energies of your own mind to guard you from inertness and despondency.

"Herein lies not your danger." Not of that kind which is calculated to give *me* pain or mortification, though they were ten times thickened around you, I

would be the last to plead when you had a competent object in view forego your purpose for *fear* of your life, and I am proud to know that yours is the last bosom that would respond to such a plea. Yes, Dear Edward, dear as you are to *me,* if you should fall in contesting for the means of becoming independent of a sordid and selfish world, the black crape which men wear as a badge of mourning, alike for the vicious and debased, the indifferent and undeserving, as for the virtuous and brave, shall encircle *my head* as a badge of victory and triumph, whenever you may *so fall,* my regret for your *loss!* I would scorn to furnish *them* an evidence of—

Think not because I repeat emphatically that *Herein lies not your danger* I am apprehensive upon another *score.* No, God forbid! *But:* the one I have seen sufficiently tried and tested—the other rests only in the confidence I place in my correct understanding of your character. I do hope and believe that there is in you that *uncompromising* stability of purpose, that fixed and steady design to arrive at future usefulness and respectability, that is not to be dispelled or shaken by the vicissitudes to which life is subject. Although your trip has been particularly unsuccessful as it relates to the accumulation of property in the main, it will be of great advantage to you. It will teach you contempt of all those luxuries on which men in general are too apt to build their happiness—that perseverance and determination will surmount all difficulties and to place that value upon conscious worth which will enable you in your future communication with men to frown with contempt upon all those who estimate their importance by any other rule. You will feel on your return to Virginia that pride of superiority which will lift you much farther above your former acquaintances than could be furnished by the most costly equipage or splendid retinue. In your letter to me on leaving Missouri you requested me to send Elias Langham one hundred and fifty dollars. I did so, during the last winter, by Col. Benton. But Elias has recently informed me that Benton had yet failed to pay it over to him. I wrote Elias a few days since to urge the payment of it and forward it to you and at all events to send you the means of extricating yourself. I shall write him again by the mail that takes this.

I will now say something of my future plans. I expect to get license to practice law in the course of nine months. I have accepted the offices of Deputy Marshal and Coroner of the county. They may be worth $300 a year. They will net me about $150 and enough to pay my board. How long I shall stay in the country, when I get married, and where I shall settle for life will entirely depend upon you. I propose this, being well convinced that a further continuance in the life you lead will not be so well calculated to advance your prospects of future ease and comfort, or of utility and respectability when you come to settle in society, and likewise being convinced that it is too doubtful to justify a further prosecution of it for the purpose of making money. I propose that you return immediately to Missouri, take up your abode in the capital of the State, get into the employment of Deputy Sheriff of the County, which I think you could obtain and which would support you. (You know that the office is elective in Missouri.) In the course of a few years you might be elected principal. That would insure you a fortune. However, return to Jefferson (the capital). As soon as you do I am convinced that you can get employment which will support you. If you cannot, come on then to this country. You can do it here. If, however, upon your return to Jefferson you find the health of the country good, and that you can get into the aforesaid office, I promise within a twelve month after you make such report and settlement to bring my wife out and join you in Jefferson. If you cannot get such appointment, come here I shall keep the two appointments I hold *for you,* the performance of the duty of them will not occupy one-fourth of your time. You will be therefore enabled to engage in other business. Lastly, our dear Mick is married to a very clever fellow, William Sherrard of Morgan County. He represents the county this year in the legislature. About my age and worth $10,000, I suppose. His family in Morgan is very powerful. I have no doubt but that you could obtain employment in this country amply sufficient for your support. However, if you could obtain the deputy shrivealty of Jefferson, I would come to Missouri and settle, for with that office in your hands beside the profits accruing to yourself the sheriff has it in his power to throw an immense business into the hands of a lawyer. Edward, these

are my most deliberate and mature views. I hope to God you may consent to co-operate with me. It would afford you ample time to study law and make money at the same time. When you return to St. Louis, which do if you please, immediately write me and wait for an answer.

When you return to St. Louis, if you have not the means of coming on here, I will, if you direct me, sell your share of our mother's property in the tavern [at Romney] if I have no other means of getting some money for you to come on to this county. You will have money in Uncle Naylors hands also. I tried to sell our property in the tavern, but Ned McGuire would not give one-fourth of its value. Come to St. Louis, and if you cannot get employment as Deputy Sheriff in Jefferson (the capital of the State), I will try to get you the money to come here with. *Come, dear Edward, do come.* I am determined to settle nowhere until you have likewise fixed upon a place.

[The following written at the bottom of the letter]:

I do not wish it breathed to anyone (and now they have all seen my letter and sent their love to you). I will tell you I am engaged to L—— A—— N——. Do not whisper this to anyone and scratch these lines out. When I shall marry depends on you. Farewell and God bless you, my dear Edward. Write me fully by the first opportunity—and don't forget to take care of your Journal for me. [Not found.]

A. W. McD.

Edward C. McDonald, Esq., Taos, Mexico.

[Folded, sealed with wax and bearing this superscription]:

It is requested that if this letter should not reach Mexico before E. McDonald leaves there, that anyone into whose hands it may fall will be so good as to forward it to him and drop a few lines to the subscriber informing him where E. C. McDonald is.

A. W. McDonald,
Romney, Hampshire County, Virginia.

As above shown, Angus chose the law as more nearly according with his liking for conflict and its accompanying uncertainties. He settled down to hard study at Romney and incidentally served as Deputy Sheriff and Coroner, which afforded a meager subsistence while pursuing his studies. In a little over a year he was admitted to the bar. He married Miss Naylor on January 11, 1827.

He advanced rapidly in his practice but accumulated a large amount of wild land in Hampshire County, which he was compelled to take in lieu of cash from many of his land-poor clients. However, he made a good living for his family and unfortunately invested his surplus earnings in lands in the vicinity of Hannibal, Missouri, expecting large and rapid returns, which were never realized.

He did not seek political advancement but often took the lead in forwarding the principles which he felt were righteous and worthy of support. He would not support a party platform which was contrary to his convictions. He supported the Madison States Rights party but declined to follow Jackson in his so-called Democratic and Federalistic measures and joined the Whigs. When the Whig party fell under control of the Emancipationists and Federalists he

returned to the Democratic party, which more nearly harmonized with his views and was to him "the lesser of two evils."

The history of his political views is substantially that of the great mass of intelligent States Rights Democrats of Virginia, who held that the State was supreme, a position supported by the Federal Constitution.

After the death of his wife, on February 3, 1843, he took such an active interest in supporting the property qualifications for votes, as required by Virginia law, as to transfer to a number of young men in the Whig party sufficient land to enable them to vote. This act on his part was responsible for President Polk's withholding from him a commission to raise a regiment for service in the Mexican War.

In 1846 he decided to move to Hannibal. His brother Edward had married Miss Susan Peake, daughter of Doctor Humphrey Peake of Alexandria, Virginia, who had emigrated with his family to that place. Edward had bought land and settled in Hannibal, building the first brick house in the town. Just how and when he returned from Taos is not known.

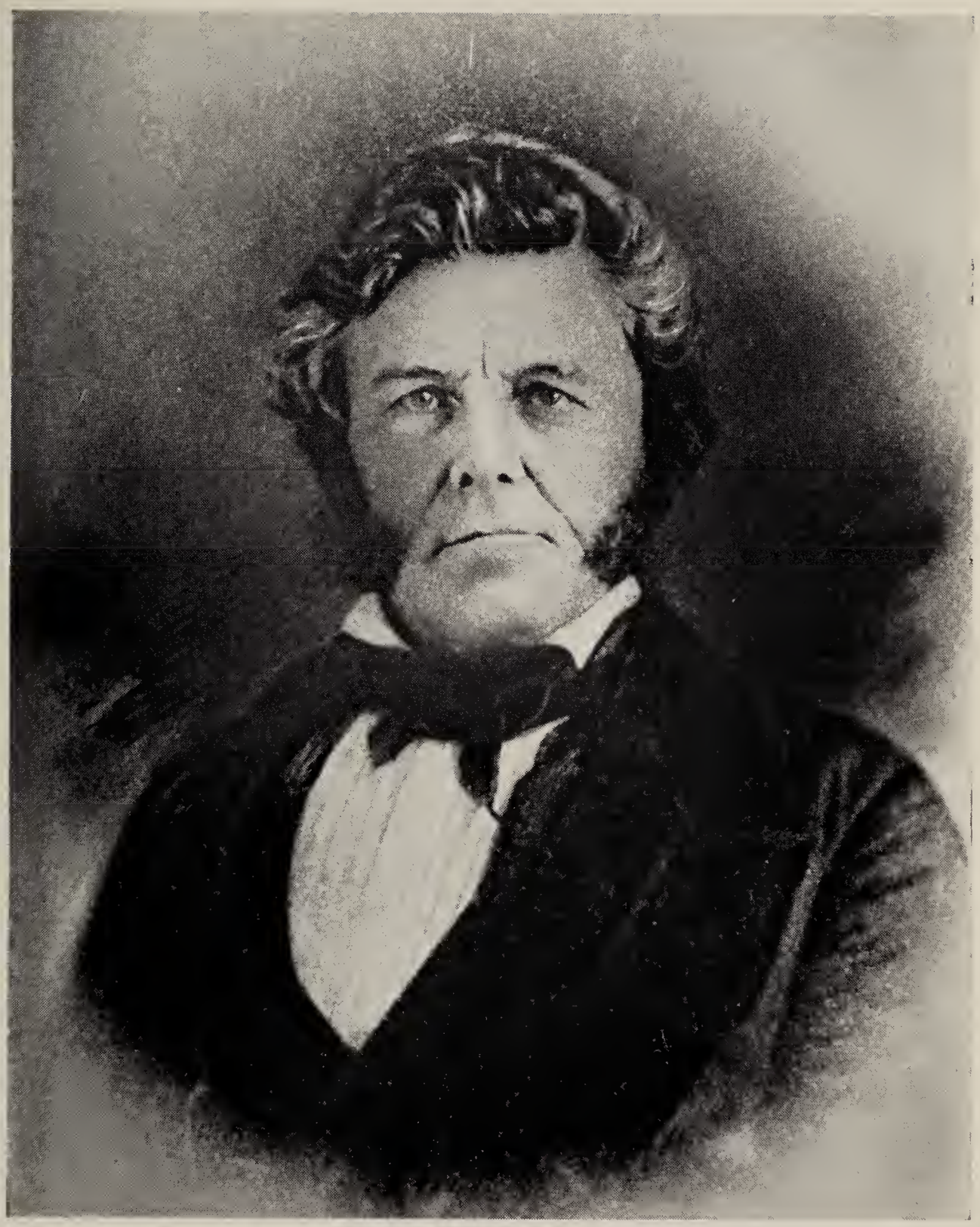
On Angus' first visit to Hannibal he took with him his three oldest sons to assist in making the brick for the residence which he intended to build. However, he, after making several visits back and forth, decided to remain in his beloved Virginia.

On one of these visits he met Miss Cornelia Peake, youngest daughter of Dr. Humphrey Peake, and they were married in Hannibal on May 27, 1847.

In 1848 he returned to Romney and resumed the practice of law.

In 1853 Angus McDonald moved to his place, "Windlea," at a point on the Potomac River and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad known as "Bull Neck," near New Creek (now Keyser), in Hampshire County, Virginia. The house in which he lived still stands (1928) and is known as the "Old Singleton House." It is a substantial stone building of two stories. Here he devoted his time to looking after his landed and timber interests in connection with his practice of law.

His proximity to the railroad aroused his interest in railway operating problems, and he conceived the idea of placing the braking of the train under the control of the engineman. He developed a chain brake, designed to be simultaneously applied by the engineman



ANGUS WILLIAM McDONALD.

From a photograph made in 1852, contributed by Mrs. John B. Stannard. One of the earliest of its kind made in the United States.

through levers to the wheels of every car. He applied for a patent, his wife Cornelia preparing the drawings for him. Later he invented and patented (Patent No. 11,998, November 28, 1854) what is now in use in modified form known as the "track tank" by which the locomotive picks up water without stopping.

It was on one of her walks with her husband up the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad toward "Bull Neck" that they met an old Baltimore and Ohio watchman or section hand whose name was Dennis Murphy and who lived across the railroad from "Windlea." He carried a jug and quite properly conceived the idea that it might attract attention. Smitten by a guilty conscience, he hastened to forestall embarrassing questions by saying quite innocently: "Mrs. McDonald, it is astonishing how much heavier 'lasses is than licker."

In 1857-8 he purchased from Alex S. Tidball the place of about five acres, part of the "Glen Burnie" estate, in the outskirts of Winchester, known as "Hawthorn," Frederick County, Virginia, and moved there to practice his profession and educate his growing family in the same atmosphere in which he was born and reared. "Hawthorn" was the residence of Lawrence Augustine Washington from the time of his marriage in 1797 until he removed to a place near Wheeling in 1811.

Under resolution of the General Assembly, March 26, 1858, he was appointed by Governor Henry A. Wise, Commissioner for Virginia in the old boundary dispute with Maryland as to the proper location of the line along the Potomac River and Chesapeake Bay. Maryland had revived her former complaints, Thomas J. Lee was the Commissioner for Maryland, and these two were assisted by Lieut. N. Michler of the U. S. Corps of Topographical Engineers.

A joint exploration by these commissioners along what was the Calvert and Scarborough line convinced Col. McDonald that Maryland was already and had been for many years, in possession of territory belonging to Virginia. He so reported to the Legislature of 1859-60 and was further instructed by Governor John Letcher under the legislative act of March 10, 1860, to go to England and secure "evidence tending to ascertain and establish the true lines of boundary "between Virginia and the States of North Carolina, Tennessee and "Maryland."

He appointed his son William his secretary, and the two arrived in London in July, 1860. They applied themselves diligently to their task of exploring and extracting data from every possible

source. His sojourn abroad and contact with European governmental methods considerably broadened his views as to the advantages of national unity and a republican form of government and greatly modified these as to the wisdom of the practical application of States Rights theories, as well as his antipathy for the so-called Yankees.

They arrived in New York on the eve of the November election of 1860 and hurried home to cast their votes for the Democratic candidates. Before leaving Europe he visited Paris and Scotland. Besides "nine volumes of manuscript and one book of rare and valuable maps" which were described in his report of February 2, 1861, there were French silks for wife and daughters and Scotch caps and Glengarry plaids for the sons. The courtesy of his treatment by the customs officials and their efforts to expedite his journey home in order to cast his vote in the election played no small part in heightening his estimation of our republican institutions.

The asperities of the race between Douglas and Lincoln had been much more intense than he had realized while across the water, and the revival of old animosities between the States and even between families and friends soon fanned into flame the old embers of his love for his State and his jealousy of her rights. In the excitement of the days preceding secession there was no time for consideration of disputes as to boundaries. It is supposed that the following manuscript, found many years after the war, being a summary of the case for Virginia, was for reasons of policy not published or acted upon, since it might tend to create ill feeling at a time when amicable relations were greatly to be desired:

The true boundary line, between Maryland and Virginia, as shown by the Maryland Charter, and supported by history, is a line drawn from the point where the meridian of the source of the North Branch intersects with the fortieth parallel of north latitude, to the Northern bank of the Potomac, where the river is formed by the junction of the North and South Branches, and following that bank to Point Lookout, thence across the central part of the Scarborough line, and following the latter to the Atlantic Ocean.

In addition to the facts set forth in this report, which, in the opinion of your Commissioner abundantly sustain's Virginia's just claim to the territory and boundaries he has claimed in her behalf, others without limit in number, are adducible in support of said claims, with the recital of which your Commissioner, at this time, has not thought proper to swell this communication.

The following article, also with reference to the boundary line, appeared in a Richmond paper during the summer of 1865:

MUTILATION OF THE VIRGINIA STATE LIBRARY

The Virginia State Library, which was gotten up with great care and at an enormous expense, has been robbed of its most valuable works. A series of valu-

able books, bought in Europe by an agent of the State, sent for that purpose (Col. Angus W. McDonald, of Winchester, Virginia), has disappeared, as well as many other important works, which cannot now be supplied.

Some valuable MS. copies of old records of the State, found among the archives of the English government at London, were also purloined. These documents were also obtained through Colonel McDonald, who was sent to London by the Legislature of Virginia on Governor Henry A. Wise's recommendation for the purpose of ascertaining from the Colonial records the exact boundary line between Virginia and Maryland.

A misunderstanding on the subject had arisen some years ago between the two States, Maryland claiming a portion of Accomac County as her right according to the boundary line fixed by the commissioners appointed in the early days of the State governments to draw the line of division. Inasmuch, however, as they were governed by the decisions arrived at under the Colonial regime, it was deemed advisable, in the absence of any authentic record of the early State Commissioners, to go to the fountainhead for the required information.

The result, it appears, was favorable to the claims of Virginia. Colonel McDonald, in his researches touching the special objects of his mission, discovered a large amount of valuable and interesting historical information dating back to the earliest period of the settlement of Virginia, which he had literally transcribed. The series comprised also a number of maps and surveys, both of Maryland and Virginia, which were ruthlessly torn by the hands of the unscrupulous thieves from the large volumes in which they were bound.

The beautiful library is a perfect wreck beyond the possibility of reparation.

In after years when the question of the boundary line was revived by other commissioners and governors, examination of his report showed that the volumes had been, as above described, mutilated and robbed of crucial documents and maps, presumably by parties whose interests they might affect, and it became necessary to have other commissions seek new data. However in 1928 this boundary dispute was brought to an amicable adjustment through the joint action of the State Geologists of the two States under resolutions so directing them.

The following is quoted from the *Richmond Enquirer* of January 4, 1861:

A large meeting of "Democrats and Friends of the South" was held on Monday last, at the courthouse, Winchester, the proceedings were extremely Southern. We annex two of the resolutions, the last of the series adopted, offered by Angus McDonald, Sr., Esq.

Resolved, That in our judgment the refusal and failure of the New England States to keep the obligation of the federal compact would long since have justified any Southern or slave-holding States in pronouncing the compact broken, and the Union made by it dissolved.

Resolved, further, That truth, justice and honor require that we should declare that the State of South Carolina, in seceding, after long forbearance, has set her sister States an example of prudent forecast and brave wisdom which commands our hearty approval and most exalted admiration.

J. H. Sherrard (mayor) presided over the meeting. The resolutions were adopted, with but one dissenting voice, and at the close of the meeting three hearty cheers were given for South Carolina.

Immediately upon the secession of his State, and at age of 62, he offered his services as Colonel of Militia (an office which he already held) to Gen. Kenton Harper commanding the Virginia forces then assembling at Harper's Ferry and was at once assigned to the duty of guarding the bridges and fords of the Potomac below that point. His forces were necessarily much divided and their supervisory training and organization called for strenuous efforts. It also at once disclosed to him the great need of reliable maps and to this end with the consent of General Harper he organized the first Topographical Corps in the State.

The following tribute to Angus W. McDonald is by David Holmes Conrad in "Early History of Winchester" (pages 214-15, Annual Reports, Win., Va. Hist. Soc., Vol. 1, 1931).

Three boys of us, I may say four of us, were raised together in the same house, all of us relations and connections of our uncle and aunt McGuire. The eldest was Angus W. McDonald. I was next, then John P. McGuire and lastly my dear old cousin, Dr. Hugh H. McGuire, still living and known far and wide as the Old Doctor and great surgeon and occulist. Everybody knows him and honors him as such, I suppose, but if they do not, they ought to do it.

Angus McDonald, whose sad fate in the Civil War cannot be forgotten, was always the same in boyhood and manhood—bold, uncompromising, and thoroughgoing in what he thought was right, and equally so against what he thought was wrong. After graduating at West Point, he entered the army, then resigned and became a fur trader in Missouri. He held a temporary stockade fort in the Indian country, unaided for many days, against a whole tribe of Indians, with eleven men only under him, and he told me one of them was a coward, so incorrigibly so that he laid down helpless in the way of the others. Angus told me that he pitied him when the men would kick him about; he had never seen such a case; he could not understand it. If he had given reminiscences of his own life, it would be worth your printing and everybody's reading. I could relate pages of what I have heard from him, when he lay sick in the Missouri Fur Company's warehouse, and I helped with Charles Bent to nurse him, but it would not be germaine to my present work. This short paragraph I devote to his memory. He was a man of noble traits and high honor, and Walter Scott never saw or sketched a truer Highlander with all the finest traits of that romantic race of men.

The foregoing will serve as introduction of the author's husband to the readers of the Diary and Reminiscences.



ANGUS McDONALD.

Immigrant to Virginia, 1746. Lieutenant Colonel, Virginia Militia, 1774.
From a miniature painted about 1775; given by Miss Anna
McDonald, daughter of Edward C. McDonald,
to Hunter McDonald of Nashville, Tennessee, in 1929.

APPENDIX G

ROOTS AND BRANCHES

Foreword

When Colonel McDonald indited his letter to his wife from his dungeon cell in the Cumberland jail, requesting that two pictures be made on one canvas and multiplied for his children and grand children, the one of his conflict with and capture by the 22nd New York cavalry, and the other of him as a manacled and tortured prisoner, he evidently had his wife's artistic talents in mind.

When he left his home to volunteer his services at Harper's Ferry, to the cause of his native state and requested that his wife begin to keep a diary, he had in mind her ability as a writer and her fidelity to any trust that might be imposed upon her.

Her pencil and brush were inadequate for the fulfillment, but her pen has fully met the task and in laying it down at the completion of fifteen years of sustained labor and anguish she modestly expressed the thought that her children would be glad to know the trials through which she had passed.

In collecting the data for annotating her work I corresponded with many friends and in the course of time have been able to locate many of the kin and connected families to whom my mother's message would be of interest.

I have given to the following summary of this data the foregoing title. I have not attempted to follow the methods and style of trained genealogists, and there may be lack of uniformity and arrangement.

In accepting the statements it should be borne in mind that I have not always checked tradition by comparison with public records which in many cases have been destroyed or are missing but have put down as accurately as possible all plausible data, choosing as best I could between conflicting statements. Much time and some money has been spent in an effort to develop the origin in America and the European sources of my parents' ancestors but with rather poor success so far as their European connections are concerned.

In the notes to the diary I have endeavored to confine the data

concerning relatives to their military services, intending to treat their civil lives, where notable, in this Appendix.

In spelling the name McDonald, I have adhered to that used by the first of the family in America, of whose actual signature we have numerous examples.

1. ANGUS[1] McDONALD, IMMIGRANT

In the absence of any tie to the lands of his father in Scotland and because of the destruction of his papers when his residence, "Glengarry," near Winchester, Virginia, was burned, we are compelled to rely upon a letter which 10. Angus William[3] McDonald wrote to Lyman C. Draper, Baltimore, Maryland, on April 19, 1847, in reply to several letters of inquiry about his grandfather. This letter is now in the archives of the Wisconsin Historical Society. It is published in full at page 45 "Glengarry McDonalds of Virginia" and is the basis of all information we have as to the advent of Angus[1] and his early life in America, his life in Scotland and the cause and manner of his coming. This information is partially summarized in note 5 on page 152 of "Dunmore's War" and while containing a few inaccuracies, as will later appear, is reproduced here.

> Angus McDonald was a Scotch Highlander of Clan Glengarry, born about 1727, and reared and educated at Glasgow. Having participated in the rebellion of 1745, he fled to America and about 1754 removed to the then far-western town of Winchester, Virginia. He served in the defense of the frontier during the earlier Indian wars, and retired (1763) with the rank of Captain, entitling him to 2,000 acres of Virginia land which was to be surveyed by Hancock Taylor. In 1769 he was appointed Major in the militia for Frederick County, and at the close of this expedition (December, 1774), Lieutenant-Colonel. Although a staunch Whig, he refused to enter the Continental Army, being unwilling to serve second in command to a Colonel without military experience. He died early in 1778. Major McDonald was a man of commanding figure and strong personality and a rigid disciplinarian with his troops. After this Wapatomica expedition, McDonald served under Dunmore until the close of the war. In an autograph letter of January, 1775, he says, "All the country is well pleased with the Governor's Expedition." (Draper MSS 4NN 22)—Ed.

There are some important items in the above mentioned letter of Angus[1], which are not referred to in the above note and these will be discussed in appropriate order. The first of these to merit attention is the following:

> My grandfather was raised and educated with two brothers in the city of Glasgow. He was engaged in the rebellion of 1745 then only 18 years old. He fled or was sent to this country in 1746. During the revolution his two brothers were merchants in Glasgow, who often before the Revolutionary War, used to send my grandfather cases of goods. I have frequently heard my [paternal] grandmother speak of this. She died in 1832, aged 86 years. The name of my grandfather's father I do not remember but think it was also Angus. He was educated and in-

dependent. He was engaged in the Rebellion of 1745, but whether he was killed, executed or whether he died I do not remember. He was not alive when my grandfather left Scotland in 1746. He landed at Falmounth and for some years was engaged in merchandising. From there he moved to Winchester. I think as early as 1754.

In the letter to Dr. Draper, above referred to, 10. Angus W.[3] promised to look up some of his old papers, one of which he mentions as

A list of Captain Daniel Morgan's men who had received their pay from my grandfather, which document I have treasured for a long time but have either mislaid or lost. . . . I have heard from old John J. Jacobs and old Mr. Samuel Kercheval, many anecdotes of my grandfather which they did not introduce into their respective books and which tend to illustrate his character. He was a man of great composure and equanimity, sedate, stern and commanding, and I have often heard my grandmother and oldest uncle say that no one who knew him ever ventured to oppose or contradict him.*

Mr. Jacobs told him that in the Wappatomica Expedition, hereafter to be referred to at greater length, he brought to terms a recalcitrant Captain, who declined to appreciate the necessity for quiet at camp, by having him tied to a tree for fourteen hours, after which,

His company giving him no support, he finally apologized, was released and afterwards proved a most obedient and excellent officer, enforcing the strictest order and discipline. He was a powerful man, about six feet two and one-half inches tall and of fine proportions.

Mr. Jacobs also told him that on a reconnoissance on horseback, two Indians tried to cut off his return to camp, they being also on horseback and accompanied by other Indians on foot. As they approached to kill or capture him he shot one from his horse, jerked the other from his horse and carried him before him a prisoner to his own camp.

Near the close of the letter he promises to gather all available information from living relatives and from records and to come to see Dr. Draper in November and then to give him a connected narrative of the life of his grandfather. This promise was probably not fulfilled. Dr. Draper, in his letter to 10. Angus[3], made inquiry as to the indentity of Doctor John McDonald, and a search of the records at Frederick County and for the ancestors of Anna[2] Thompson, wife of Angus[1], has thrown light not only on Doctor John McDonald's history, but tends to clear up much of the early history of Angus[1]. Angus[3] replied to Doctor Draper's question as follows:

Dr. John McDonald was certainly not his brother, perhaps he may have been his cousin but I doubt that. They differed in politics, Doctor McDonald opposing the Revolution and Colonel McDonald advocating it. I have often heard my grand-

*There is recorded at the County Court House of Hampshire County, W. Va., dated October 17, 1775, a list of men in Captain John Higgins' Company, under command of Col. Angus McDonald.

mother speak of Colonel McDonald on one occasion having expelled Doctor McDonald and others from his home on account of Tory opinions expressed by them. However, Dr. McDonald was highly esteemed by him and in his will he bequeathed him his sash and a small sword.

At the close of the second paragraph quoted above he states his belief that his grandfather came to Frederick County in 1754. In examining the records of Frederick County several years ago I discovered the wills of John McDonald* and his widow, Mary (Hite) McDonald**. The former, simply bequeathed all his real and personal property to his wife and mentions no children. Alexander Balmain is one of the witnesses. Mary's will is much more informing. Her wearing apparel is left to sisters Ann Buchanan, Rebecca Booth and Sarah Clark and her niece Eleanor Elting Williams, to be equally divided. She mentions her mother Eleanor (Elting) Hite, and brother Isaac Hite, also sister-in-law, Eleanor Hite, wife of her brother, Isaac Hite. She leaves 150 pounds to "Mary McDonald, daughter of Angus McDonald of the Island of Sir John's, of the State of Virginia."

To her niece, "Sophia Brand, daughter of Archibald McDonald," two slaves. The wearing apparel of her late husband, Archibald McDonald, is to be disposed of at the discretion of the executors. She leaves one-half of the residue of her estate to,

My brother-in-law, Angus McDonald of the Island of Sir John's, his four sisters, Jane Cameron and Ann McDonald of America, and Christa McDonald, and Peggy McDonald, of that part of Great Britain called Scotland.

The other half to be divided into five parts, one part to go to each of the four married sisters above mentioned and one to her brother, Isaac Hite, Jr. Her brother, Isaac Hite, and brother-in-law Archibald McDonald, are named as executors.

Jocominty Elting, born 1712, mother of Anna Thompson, wife of 1. Angus[1] McDonald, was a sister of Sarah Elting, who married, 1737, John Hite, and of Eleanor Elting, who married John's brother, Isaac Hite. Mary (Hite) McDonald and Anna Thompson McDonald were first cousins.

Mrs. J. G. Creveling of Nashville was Miss Frances McDonald of St. Louis and a descendant of Archibald McDonald of Glengary, Berkeley County, Virginia. This Archibald McDonald was not the one who was the brother of Doctor John McDonald. Tradition in Mrs. Creveling's family holds that he was of the Glengarry Clan and that it was he who named the village of Glengary, which name

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*Wills B. 5, p. 155, proved 1787.
**Wills B. 5, p. 206, proved 1789.

his descendants applied to their new home in Missouri. The wife of this Archibald was named Ann*, while the wife of the brother of Doctor John was Elizabeth Knowles. Mrs. Creveling has employed a genealogist and hopes to unravel this mystery.

The Elting sisters and brothers were descended from Jan Elting, born 1632, settled in Long Island, New York, Judge of Court of Sessions of Ulster County, New York, 1675, son of Roloff Elting of Holland and his wife Jocomintie, daughter of Cornelius Berente Schlechte of Holland, who was at Esopus, New York, in 1675*.

The Eltings lived in Frederick County, Maryland, and it was there that Angus[1] first met and afterwards married Anna Thompson. Just where and when Doctor John McDonald met and married Mary Hite is unknown, nor is it possible to explain how Archibald and Angus of the Island of Sir John's, came to be Mary's brothers-in-law, except upon the theory that all three of these McDonalds were brothers who came from Scotland.

The Island of Sir John's no longer exists. It was probably waning at the time Angus McDonald, mentioned in Mary McDonald's will, settled on it as a squatter. It was probably formed by the detritus brought down by Sir John's Run, a small stream which empties into the Potomac after passing under the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at the station called Sir John's Run.** By a mere accident I got in touch in March, 1934, with Mr. McDonald Miller of Washington, D. C.† who, in quest of his own McDonald and Miller ancestors had also discovered the Mary (Hite) McDonald will and has developed the identity of Doctor John McDonald.

Mr. Miller's findings with reference to Doctor John McDonald's identity in Scotland are as follows:

Doctor John McDonald of Frederick County and his two brothers, Archibald McDonald of Frederick County, and Angus McDonald of Sir John's Island, were the sons of Archibald McDonald, the fourth chief of the Clan McDonald of Achonancoichean. Angus of Sir John's Island was the eldest and the hereditary

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*"Abridged Compendium American Genealogy," Vol. IV, p. 129 (Virkus).

*"Abridged Compendium of American Genealogy," Vol. IV (Virkus).

**An old resident of Winchester has stated to Mr. Miller that the run took its name from Sir John Sinclair, the British engineer who built the military road from Winchester to the Potomac River for Braddock's Army.

†McDonald Miller is a great great great grandson of Andrew McDonald, referred to later. His mother was Mary Anna McDonald, daughter of James William McDonald, great great grandson of Andrew[1], and her husband, Henry Smith Miller, a descendant of David Miller, who purchased land near Arden in 1754. The Miller estate which adjoined that of Andrew McDonald is still in possession of the David Miller descendants, but the Andrew McDonald land passed out of the hands of his descendants in 1860.

fifth chief of the Clan. The first chief of Achnancoichean was Angus McDonald, the fifth son of Alexander McDonald the tenth chief of the McDonalds of Keppoch (known as "Alastair Nan Cleas X"). Angus the first of Achnancoichean married a daughter of Sir James McDonald of Dunnyveg; he was killed in battle in 1640 and was succeeded by his son, Angus II. The chiefs of Achnancoichean resided in Kilmonivaig Parish, County Inverness.

The McDonalds of Keppoch were one of the leading clans of Scotland. The first chief of Keppoch was Alexander McDonald (known as "Alastair Carrach"), fourth son of John, Lord of the Isles, and his wife, Princess Margaret of Scotland. Alexander died in 1440 and was succeeded by his son Angus.

Alexander McDonald, the seventh chief of Keppoch, led the men of Keppoch in the battle of Culloden and was slain during the fight. His first son, Angus, Tacksman of Inch, assumed command, rallied the men and became their leader. Angus of Inch luckily escaped unhurt from the battlefield and was one of the eight chiefs that vowed never to lay down their arms without mutual consent until Prince Charles was restored to the throne. He was born in 1725 and was barely twenty years of age at the time of the battle of Culloden. He married on March 31, 1752, Christiana, daughter of Archibald McDonald of Achnancoichean. They were married at Kilmonivaig and became the parents of seven sons, many of the descendants of these sons became residents of Australia. Their third son, Donald McDonald, was born on May 1, 1761, and in 1789 was appointed to His Majesty's Court as Attorney in fact for his mother and his Aunt Margaret. He came to Virginia at this time and received for them their share of the estate of their late brother, Doctor John McDonald.*

There are good reasons to believe that although 1. Angus[1] came to Frederick County as early as 1754 he did not come to Winchester until 1762 when he bought the land on which he afterwards built "Glengarry"; also that during this interval he was in close touch with the group of McDonalds who settled near the Potomac, in Frederick County, Virginia, in what are now Morgan, Berkeley and Jefferson Counties, West Virginia. We have at present only clues toward the solution of the mystery surrounding the coming of these McDonalds and other Scots to this neighborhood.

On November 2, 1762, Andrew McDonald, previously mentioned, purchased 337 acres from Magnus Tate near what is now Arden, named by Simon Moon, a Quaker "squatter," after his home town in England. On the same date and in the same neighborhood one Angus McDonald also purchased 337 acres from Mangus Tate.**

On October 29, 1762, 1. Angus[1] McDonald purchased from Bryan Bruin the tract of land on which he afterwards built "Glengarry."† I believe that the purchaser of the first named tract from Magnus Tate was Angus McDonald of the Island of Sir John's, so called, I believe, to distinguish him from 1. Angus[1].

The first purchase of land in Frederick County by "John McDonald, a Practitioner of Physick of Winchester" was from Gabriel

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*Letter from McDonald Miller.
**Deed book 8, p. 38, Winchester, Va.
†Same book, p. 129.

Jones in 1766.* Doctor John McDonald lived here and practiced his profession. He must have been a very skillful and highly educated man. It was he who trepanned the skull of Hester Lloyd, who was scalped by Indians. He afterwards moved to Shenandoah County, Virginia.

Mr. Miller wrote me that the records of Frederick County show that on December 1, 1789, Donald McDonald, son of Augus McDonald, Tacksman of Inch in Scotland, and his wife, Christiana McDonald, was appointed attorney in fact for the heirs of Peggy and Christiana McDonald (third and fourth lawful sisters of Doctor John McDonald), living in the Parish of Kilmanivairy, County Inverness, Scotland. Peggy married Alexander McDonald of County Inverness. They all appeared before Thomas Ross, Justice of his Majesty's Court, in appointing Doctor John McDonald their attorney in fact. This document was witnessed by Lieutenant Alexander McDonald of Kepport and Ronald McDonald of Taicham.

We now turn to the records of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Parish of Frederick.

There was an established Church in Winchester in 1744 and the first Vestry of Frederick Parish was elected and organized in that year and dissolved in 1754, but no records of the Vestry are available until the Assembly appointed a new Vestry in 1764. The County records show that Warner Washington and the two McDonalds, John and Angus, represented the Charles Washington Village District (which village afterwards became Charles Town) and that the district which they represented came to within seven miles of Winchester. The Parish then extended to the Potomac River and the district north of Charles Washington Village called Mechlenberg was represented among others by John and Isaac Hite.

A Vestry book of Frederick Parish, now in the possession of Cunningham Chapel in Clarke County Virginia, formerly a part of Frederick County, shows that 1. Angus[1] McDonald was appointed a Vestryman on March 2, 1768, and was serving in the years 1770, 1771, 1772, 1773, and Church Warden in 1775, 1777, 1778. He died in 1778. John McDonald was appointed Vestryman in 1771 and served as such until the Vestry was dissolved May 4, 1780.**

The conclusion seems well justified that this John McDonald was

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*J. W. Baker, Commissioner in Chancery, Winchester. Letter Dec. 4, 1933.
**Letter of Rev. Duvol Chambers, Rector, Berryville, Va., Nov. 25, 1932.

the Doctor John McDonald, neighbor and friend of 1. Angus[1] McDonald, referred to in the paragraph quoted on page 5.

1. Angus[1] acquired two lots in Winchester, which, in his will, he left to his son Angus. It has not been possible to locate these two lots nor to ascertain where and by whom the houses thereon were built.

We do not know when "Glengarry" was completed. It was burned about 1815.

Mr. J. W. Baker, of Winchester, after a conference on the ground with Mr. Charles A. Nicodemus, assures me that Mr. Nicodemus lived in the house in 1893, which had been erected on the foundation of the old "Glengarry" house. This house is still standing and is now (1933) the residence of Mr. James Lewis, the County Register. The estate, after passing through many ownerships, was purchased at Chancery sale by John R. Cooke, who about 1845 built a two-story brick colonial house west of the site of the old "Glengarry" and called his new home "Glengarry." This house still stands and in June, 1931, was the property of Mrs. Edmonia Baker of Winchester (born Stein) and occupied by a tenant, Mr. C. L. Taylor.

Angus[1] was married June 20, 1766, to Anna Thompson, youngest child of John Thompson and his wife Jocominty Elting, of Hancock, Maryland. Her father was a Scotch Highlander, a "taker up" of land in Maryland. Presumably he was a Protestant. Angus and his father were Jacobites and supporters of "Prince Charlie." They were no doubt adherents of the "Non Juror" branch of the Anglican Church of Scotland.

He was known to have met at Winchester with members of the Masonic Order shortly after his arrival there and on October 4, 1768, this group took out the charter for Hiram Lodge No. 12 from the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, Angus McDonald's name being the 39th on the list of signers.* The lodge was organized on November 8, 1768. The officers were James Gamble Dowdell, Senior Warden; Sam Lindsay, Junior Warden, and Samuel Dobie, Jr., Secretary.

In 1768 Angus[1] was appointed Agent and Attorney for Lord Fairfax and was one of the witnesses to his will dated Winchester, November, 1777.

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*Letter from the Grand Secretary, Grand Lodge, F. & A. M., Richmond, Va., March 11, 1929.

The minutes of the Vestry heretofore referred to also show that at the meeting of November 18, 1768, the Reverend Charles Mynn Thruston, moved the vestry to appoint him Rector, which was ordered, and his salary to begin when he moved into the Parish and that he regularly attend to perform divine services at Winchester, at Cunningham's, McKay's and Mechlenburg Chapels by rotation and at other chapels in the Parish in May and November.

At the meeting November 26, 1770, the Reverend Thruston was charged, in a petition by sundry inhabitants of the Parish of Frederick, with neglect of duty in failing to preach and the Vestry decided, after hearing proof, that the charges were true and it was resolved,

> That the sum of 200 lbs. be levied to be applied to the purchase of 1,600 pounds of tobacco to be paid to said Thruston if he shall recover his salary in due course of law, otherwise to be applied at the further direction of the Vestry.

Thos. Rutherford, John Neville, Thomas Swearingen and Charles Smith dissented. At the meeting on December 27, the Reverend Thruston's excuses and promises to make up the deficiency were accepted and 160 pounds were ordered to be paid him by the collector. Angus McDonald withdrew from the meeting, but the order was signed "Charles Mynn Thruston and Vestry."* Quoting further from the above named letter of Reverend Duvol Chambers:

> At the meeting of January 7, 1777, Angus McDonald and Alex White are hereby ordered to dispose of the amount of ammunition belonging to the Parish and make full report to the Vestry. (Sig.) James White, Clerk, 1778. Colonel Angus McDonald ordered to dispose of the powder and lead to best advantage and to lodge money arising therefrom into fund from which originally taken (Sig.) J. Peyton, Clerk (James Wood having gone to war). May 4, 1780, Alex White and Robert Wood having been appointed to settle the accounts of Angus McDonald, deceased, late collector of the Parish Levy, reported that on examination there appears to be a balance Lb. 461 : 16 d. due from him as per account rendered, which sum they have in their hands. This was done at the last meeting of the Vestry before it was dissolved account of the act of the Legislature for dissolution of all Vestries. Alexander White, John McDonald, Isaac Hite, Frederick Conrad, Benjamin Sedgewick, Robert Wood, J. G. Dowdell, J. Peyton, Clerk.

On September 9, 1773, Angus McDonald took the oath as Justice. The following Justices presided at the court; John McDonald, Edmund Taylor, Edward Snickers.*

April 7, 1772, Edward McGuire with Angus McDonald was ordered to contract for the repair of a bridge over the run on Main Street of the town.**

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*Page 33, "Glengarry McDonald's."
*Order book No. 16, Frederick Co., p. 125.
**"McGuire Family in Virginia," Stanard, 1926.

We now come to the period in the life of 1. Angus[1] McDonald when he performed a service to his country which gave him a prominent place in its history. I refer to the Wappatomica Expedition, which he commanded under Lord Dunmore.

The following is quoted from pages 29-30, "Glengarry McDonald's" as taken from "DeHass' History and Indian Wars":

Colonel McDonald who lived near Winchester, Virginia, and was a man of great energy, intripidity and courage, was sent west in the spring of 1774 to survey military county lands lying within the Colonial Grant made to officers and soldiers of the French and Indian Wars of 1754-63. Colonel McDonald met hostile Indians at almost every step until finally they were compelled to relinquish the undertaking and resort to Wheeling for safety. He then reported to Dunmore the state of affairs in northwest Virginia, whereupon the Governor authorized him to raise a sufficient force and proceed to punish the savages without delay.

Samuel Kercheval confirms this in his "History of the Valley" and states that the report to Dunmore was made in person.

Note 7, page 154, of Dunmore's War, is reproduced complete, but divided into two parts. Part one is as follows:

The best single account of McDonald's expedition is the unpublished one by Dr. Draper in Draper MSS., 3 D5—11. Consult also *Amer. Archives,* i, pp. 682, 684, 722-724; *Washington-Crawford Letters,* p. 95; *Penna-Archives,* iv., pp. 558, 574 Roosevelt *Winning of the West,* i. p. 246; Withers (Thwaite, Ed). *Border Warfare,* pp. 153-55, 164-65, 220; Crumrines' *Washington County, Pa.,* p. 55; Howe, Ohio (Cincinnati, 1852), pp. 382-384; and Jacobs' *Life of Creasap,* pp. 67-70.

Part two is a condensation of the "best single account" above mentioned, made by the Editors, Thwaites and Kellogg from "Border Forays" by Draper & Butterfield, and is as follows:

Early in June Dunmore planned an expedition against the Indian towns, but it was not until July that McDonald succeeded in securing a force sufficient to move out. About 400 were then recruited, chiefly on the Monongahela and Youghiogheny, under the following Captains: Micheal Cresap, Micheal Cresap, Jr. (nephew of the preceding), Hancock Lee, Daniel Morgan, James Wood, Henry Hoagland, and probably two others. Marching across country and joining Crawford at Wheeling, where he was left in command of Fort Fincastle, McDonald ordered every man to take seven days' provisions in his pack, and crossed the river (July 26) at the mouth of Fish Creek, some twenty-four miles below Wheeling, whither they had floated down in canoes. George Rogers Clark, who had land claims in this vicinity, was a subaltern in Cresap's command. From the point of crossing the towns were about ninety miles distant. No enemy was seen until within six miles of Wakatomica, where about thirty Indians awaited the columns, in ambush at the head of a swampy crossing. A slight skirmish of thirty minutes resulted in the killing of four Indians and wounding others, when the enemy broke and fled. The whites lost two killed and five wounded, among the former a frontiersman named Martin, among the latter Nathaniel Fox, William Linn and John Hardin. Leaving a small party to care for the wounded, the army pushed on to the Muskingum, where they arrived about nightfall of the second of August. The Indians were posted on the opposite bank, prepared to dispute the passage and protect the first town. After some sharp-shooting, darkness put an end to the combat, and the whites withdrew to hold a council of war on the expediency of forcing passage across the stream. Cresap's and Hoaglan's companies were detached to deploy some miles below, and at the break of day cross and make a flank movement on the towns. Meanwhile an interpreter brought in a Delaware and a Mingo, who requested peace. The former

was told that strict orders had been issued to molest no friendly Indians, the latter was sent to bring hostages from the Shawnees. He returned later unsuccessful and was a prisoner brought back by the expedition. Cresap spent the night in preparation, and moved out two hours before dawn, crossed the river, and had a slight skirmish in which the leader himself killed one Indian, and others were wounded. The towns were found abandoned. After burning five villages, and cutting down seventy acres of standing corn, the army, then almost entirely destitute of provisions, crossed country to Wheeling. A small party of Pennsylvanians, led by Devereaux Smith, and of Delaware Indians under White Eyes, had come to Wheeling two days after the army had started on their outgoing march. Crawford discouraged their attempting to overtake the expedition, whereupon they returned to Pittsburgh. The results of the expedition were slight, ravages upon the frontiers thereafter increasing rather than diminishing. But the body of the men who had been enlisted, awaited at Redstone the wing of the army taken out by Lord Dunmore.—Ed.

There now follows the letter from Washington to Crawford, mentioned in part one of Note 7, quoted on page 366, *ante*.

JACOB'S CREEK, July 27, 1774.

Dear Colonel:

It seems to me that our standing our ground here depends a good deal on the success of our men who have gone against the savages. The Governor wrote very earnestly to Capt. Connelly to give my brother, William Crawford, the command of all the men that are gone against the Indian towns. . . . It was also the wish of the Governor that Connelly himself should reside at Fort Pitt. However, Maj. McDonald came up here and is gone down to Wheeling in order to take command, but I have seen several letters from Lord Dunmore, both to my brother and to Connelly, and he has not mentioned McDonald's name in them.

Footnote.—In July, 1774, Maj. Angus McDonald arrived over the mountains with a considerable force of Virginia militia, which when embodied with those already raised in the West, amounted to seven hundred men. McDonald "went down to Wheeling to take command" as there the whole force rendezvoued. A stockade fort (Fort Fincastle) was erected under the joint directions of Maj. McD. and Capt. Crawford. On the 26th of July about four hundred men, having left Wheeling arrived at the mouth of Fish Creek, on the east side of the Ohio, twenty-four miles below. Here they determined to move against the Shawnees' villages upon the Muskingum River in what is now Muskingum County, Ohio. The men were led by Maj. McDonald. Capt. Crawford remained at Fort Fincastle. The expedition proved successful. Wapatomica and other Shawnee towns were destroyed. This was the first effective blow struck by Virginia troops in Lord Dunmore's War. (Ed.)

Other articles relating to Colonel McDonald are to be found in Monetts's "Mississippi Valley," Vol. 1, p. 374, Samuel Kerchval's "History of the Valley," pp. 97-113, and Butler's "History of Kentucky," Preface, p. 57.

The following is taken from an article entitled "Fort Henry," by Virgil A. Lewis, States Historian of West Virginia, page 288, "Second Annual Report, 1906." Lord Dunmore in 1773 visited Pittsburgh and appointed Dr. John Connelly, Commandant of Fort Dunmore, the new name given Old Fort Pitt, which had recently been dismantled by the British Government and refitted under Dunmore's orders. It was Connelly who first suggested the erection of a fort at Wheeling in his letter June 7, 1774. His idea was to

maintain a force here which would keep the Indians employed in defending their own country. Dunmore approved this plan in his letter of June 30.

Commissions were sent by Dunmore to officers on the Frontier and designated companies of militia, west of the Blue Ridge, ordered to rendezvous at Wheeling. Early in July they began to assemble there, the chief officer being Major McDonald. He proceeded at once to plan and erect a fort which when completed received the name, Fort Fincastle, in honor of Lord Dunmore, one of whose titles of dignity was Viscount of Fincastle. The work was performed under the immediate direction of Ebenezer Zane and John Caldwell. It has been said the fort was planned by Captain (afterwards General) George Rogers Clark inasmuch as he was at Wheeling in the spring of this year, 1774. It is true that he was there, but he left the first week in May, a month before Connelly made his suggestion to erect a fort at that place. It is therefore highly improbable that Clark had anything to do with it. [Second Annual Report 1906.]

In 1777 the fort was enlarged and the name changed to Fort Henry in honor of Patrick Henry. Then follows the story of Fort Henry and an extended list of authorities.

As a result of this campaign Angus McDonald was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel by Lord Dunmore and he "took the prescribed oath as Lieutenant Colonel of Militia December 7, 1774."*

Another entry in this order book is as follows: "Angus McDonald, James Keith and Isaac Hite, securities on bond of Angus McDonald, appointed Sheriff by Governor Dunmore October 25, 1775."

At the close of the campaign he returned to "Glengarry," but we find him also taking part in the affairs of the town of Winchester as shown by the following quotation from page 479 of the same order book:

April 7, 1778. "Ordered that Angus McDonald do agree with some person to repair the Court House, the same being damaged by prisoners of war, and that the said Angus McDonald do render an account to the Court."

On page 33 of "Glengarry McDonald's of Virginia," Mrs. F. McD. Williams announces her discovery of an account of a mass meeting of citizens of Frederick County (the Committee of Safety meeting). The full text of this account appears in Appendix A, page 310, of her book, copied from American Archives, 4th Series, Vol. 1, page 391.

The meeting was held June 8, 1774. The Reverend Charles Mynn Thruston was chosen Moderator. A Committee on Resolutions was appointed, consisting of C. M. Thruston, Isaac Zane, Angus McDonald, Alexander White, George Rootes, George Johnston and Samuel Beall 3rd. Article 8, the last one of the "Resolves," reported by this Committee, appoints the above named men a Com-

*Order book 16, p. 337.

mittee to "carry out the purposes of the aforesaid" and empowers any three of them to act. The document closes as follows:

"Which being read were unanimously assented to and subscribed."

In a footnote it is stated that the meeting was held on notice of only forty-eight hours and the Courthouse proving too small, was adjourned to the Church. Mr. Thruston went as a delegate from Frederick County to the Committee of Safety of the Commonwealth of Virginia. We find from the record of this Committee, p. 70, the issuing of a warrant for use of Colonel McDonald for clothing for Indian captives. Frederick County, June 27, 1776.

On page 35 of "Glengarry McDonald's" there appears an imperfect copy of a letter from General George Washington to Angus McDonald, from Headquarters, Morristown, March 1777. In the letter of Colonel Angus W. McDonald to Dr. Draper, heretofore extracted, it is stated that the original of this letter is in the hands of Mrs. Richard Holliday of Shelby County, Missouri (the youngest daughter of Angus McDonald). Being anxious to secure the original, I wrote my niece, Mrs. Leacy McDonald Suddath, of Springfield Missouri, in 1932, and was advised by her that the Hollidays had all left Palmyra, Missouri, and she gave me an address at No. 16 Montana. The Postmaster at No. 16 forwarded my letter to Mrs. O'Shaughnessey, of Lomita, California, who answered, sending me a copy of the original letter dated March 16, 1777, also one dated January 28, 1774, which she had made from the original, which she had last heard of in the hands of Richard Holliday of Pocatello, Idaho. I failed to locate him, but later advices from Mrs. O'Shaughnessey were to the effect that these letters are now owned by Ivar G. Holliday, of Boise, Idaho. He very kindly furnished me photostat copies of the original letters from General Washington to Angus McDonald as well as some from General Adam Stephen. From the Congressional Library I obtained photostat copies of other correspondence bearing on the offer and General Washington's private and military relations with Angus McDonald. These letters follow in the order of their dates:

Sir

You have a plantation on powtomack about 12 miles above the warm spring and near my plantation, there is one Worthington lives on your land that does you no good. If you will send me directions I will put some body on it that will either pay rent or make some improvement. I am sir with esteem your obedient

Servant.

ANGUS MCDONALD.

Frederick County,
8th, Jany., 1774.

[Endorsement on the foregoing.]*

Washington to Aylett, See verso of Aylett, 1774 Jan. of 1777.

'21) on the 28th of this 1st. Jany. I gave the within Major McDonald a permit to rent the land there mentioned from year to year or for a term of years not exceeding five to the best advantage he could and to receive the rents for my acc.

G. WASHINGTON, 1774.

The reply to the foregoing letter is evidently the one which follows, and is the permit referred to in the preceding endorsement, both are in the handwriting of G. Washington.

MOUNT VERNON, Jan. 28, 1774.*

Sir

Inclosed you have a certificate of your having served as an officer in the Virginia Regiment. As to your service in the Militia I have nothing at all to do with them. I am prettie sure they will not be allowed—at least this is my private opinion. The Governor, unless he chooses to advise with the Council, is the sole judge of these matters and from him only can you be satisfied in respect to these claims. I shall take it exceedingly kind of you to rent my land on the Potomack (above the warm springs) upon the best terms you can, either from year to year or for a term of years not exceeding five, and that you moreover do me the further favor to secure the rents; otherwise I dare say I never shall be the better of a tenant there—for doing both of which that is to engage the place, and receive the rent this letter shall be your sufficient power and authority and in any case be produced as such ferm.

Sr. Yr. Hble. Serv't.

GEO. WASHINGTON.

P. S. My certificate enclosed only serves to authorize you to apply to the Gov. for a warrant as it is from him you are to receive your order of survey.

It will be noted that this letter refers to a matter not mentioned in the McDonald letter of January 8, and it is a fair assumption that McDonald wrote Washington previously about the certificates for his military service.

The next letter had two addresses, as shown at the bottom and it is supposed that the last one is a forwarding address, on account of McDonald being absent at Frederick City. See facsimile of original letter opposite.

On March 15th, one day previous to the above letter, Major Adam Stephen wrote, advising McDonald of his appointment and urging his acceptance. This was written from Chatham, New Jersey, but forwarded by the same Mr. Smith and was redirected to Frederick City. This letter follows:

Dear Col.

His Excellency, General Washington, has appointed you Lt. Col. of a Regemt. to be raised in Virginia and commanded by Col. Thruston.

I desire you will not decline it, it is more honorable than if you had been appointed by Convention or Committee as their appointments are influenced by party or private views too often, your appointment comes entirely from your own merit. Your Highland pride may stare you in the face & bellow out—Shall I serve under—& under ———. It is incompatible with my mistaken honour, merit, service &c, &c. I desire you will only remember that in Feby., 1776, I was nothing in the Military way—in less than a year I was a Col.—Brigadier—& Major General. Had not my attachments to the Interests of America been superior to all Scrupulosity—I would

*Indorsement and letter in Washington's handwriting.

Head quarters Morris Town. 16th March 1777.

Sir,

Being informed that you are not yet in the Continental Service, I have taken the Liberty to appoint you Lieut. Col. to one of the 16 additional Batalions, the Command of which I have given to Mr. Stephen—

I sincerely wish that you would accept this Office; And let me entreat you not to permit the Love you bear to the Cause to be smothered by any neglect of attention to your Military Character. The Contest is of too serious & important a Nature to be managed by Men totally unacquainted with the duties of the Field. Gentlemen, who have from their Youth discovered an attachment to this way of Life, are in my Opinion called upon in so forcible a manner, that they ought not withhold themselves. You will please to communicate your Resolution to me by the very first Opportunity.

I am Sir Your most Obed. Servt.

G. Washington

Inclosed you have

Lt. Col. Angus McDonald

Fort Pitt.

Winchester

AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM GENERAL WASHINGTON TO LIEUTENANT COLONEL, ANGUS McDONALD, VIRGINIA MILITIA.

ORIGINAL IN THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

have now been poking at home about the mill. The times require active men & the useful will be promoted and employed. It is merit & not Seniority that will be attended to in the time of distress. As to your having engaged in the Sheriff Business—This years collection will be finished before the Regiment can be raised & and for the next years collection, the Doctor and you can put it on a different footing. While you vague [wander] about collecting, you can be recruiting.

I am desirous to have you and Col. Thruston told me he would rather give a hundred guinies than you should decline it. I am in hopes you will find it consistent with your interest. But should you be obstinate—G-d forbid: write a polite letter to General Washington, thanking his Excellency for his notice and making the best excuse you can.

I am

Dr Col Yours Affectionately,

ADAM STEPHEN.

General Washington did not wait to receive a reply from McDonald but evidently assumed his acceptance and on April 4 caused his Adjutant General to write him as follows:

HEADQUARTERS MORRISTOWN, 4' April, 1777.

Dear Col.:

With this you will receive Two Thousand Dollars all in 30-dollar Bills—and a draft of the Recruiting Instructions to be delivered to the officers. His Excellency directs me to inform you that the convenience of carrying the money induced him to send it in such large bills. In addition to the Recruiting Instructions you will be pleased to order the officers to make note of their mens size, flesh marks, place of their nativity and where and by whom they were inspected—and likewise appoint a place of general Rendezvous, to which you will order the officers, in the most peremptory manner, to send their recruits as soon as they enlist a reasonable number, equal to the trouble of sending them; in the mean time each Capt. must fix upon some certain place for his men to continue at and not permit 'em to straggle about the country to the great injury to the service. At the general Rendez you will be pleased to order some experienced officer to remain that he may be training the men, while the recruiting service is going on.

I wrote letters to that purpose to Messrs. Edmund Taylor of Frederick, Andrew Buchanan of Falmouth, John Houston of Gloster, William Baker of Suffolk and Jos. Eggleston of Amelia and directed them to apply to his Major, Mr. John Thornton, of Culpepper County, for recruiting money. Now I would beg leave to recommend to your consideration whether it might not advance the services to send such apart of this money to Maj. Thornton as you shall judge necessary for the gentlemen in the lower part of the County; they will get it more conveniently than by sending all the way to Frederick.

Tis his Excellency's earnest wish that you accept the commission offered you by his letter lately sent by Mr. Edward Smith. Should you, contrary to his desire, refuse it, pray be so good as to forward the money and instructions to Major Thornton that no time may be lost in raising the regiment.

I am

Dear Col.

Yr most obt, Sert.

G. JOHNSTON, A. G.

It would be quite interesting if we had McDonald's reply to General Stephen, but if one was made it is not available. His reply to the letter of General Washington of March 16, '78, written the day after its receipt will be found opposite page 372.

At the time the above letter was written McDonald had probably not received the letter from Adjutant General Johnston which, if in

hand, might have induced him to make a different reply. The money when received was doubtless sent to Captain Thornton.

Mr. Thruston, to whom General Washington gave the appointment of Colonel in this Battalion, was the Rev. Charles Mynn Thruston, heretofore referred to as Rector of the Episcopal Church and Chapels in Frederick County. He had a unique career which gave him the nickname of "The Fighting Parson." He was born in Goochland County, Virginia, in 1738, and graduated at William and Mary College, 1758. In that year he marched as Lieutenant of Provincials in the Expedition under General Forbes which resulted in the destruction of Fort Dequesne. He settled in Glaucester County, Virginia, and became a Vestryman of Poplar Spring Church, Pittsworth Parish. He was elected Rector in 1764 and went to England for orders. He resigned in 1767 and became Rector of the Church and Chapels in Frederick County. His activities in the County and State Committees of Safety have heretofore been described.

At the breaking out of the Revolution he exerted himself intensely in addressing assemblies and securing arms and ammunition. In the fall of 1776 he organized a company of select volunteers and was elected Captain. He threw aside his gown and marched his company to New Jersey and joined Washington's army. In an attack on a Hessian picket near Amboy, New Jersey, early in January, 1777, his arm was shattered by a musket ball. He was promoted to Colonel shortly afterward and became a supernumerary and was retired. He made his home at "Mount Zion" near Winchester, but did not resume his church work. He held various offices, presided over the Court of Justices and represented the County in the Virginia Legislature. He reared a large family.

He was pensioned under the Act of March 3, 1807, to date from July 14, 1806, with rank of Captain, at $20.00 per month. In 1809 he emigrated to New Orleans and acquired a plantation, which afterward became a part of the field on which General Andrew Jackson defeated Packenham. He died December 13, 1813, and was buried on his plantation.

From General Stephen's letter we may infer that the important enterprise on which McDonald had embarked was the assumption of the duties of Sheriff of Frederick County. We may also infer that his absence from home, which caused the delay in receipt of the two letters, was in the discharge of his duties of collecting the taxes.

Sir Wmsburg 20th April 1777

I had not Honour your Excellencys Letter till the 19th instant I am truly sensible of the Honor Conferred on me by your appointment & shall to my Latest hour Bear it in gratefull Remembrance but am so circumstanced that I cannot without Exposing my Family to a prospect of Ruin accept of it, This Situation obliges me to Decline a post which must Reflect Credit on me from the Channell through which it Came — From the first Commencement of the troubles I had an Expectation that I might be called upon to Serve in the Field and Regulated my Domestick affairs in such away as to Obey the Summons when Called upon until the Last military Promotions in this State which finding to my great disappointment the Post filled up, I then Concluded that I should not be wanted and have since undertaken and Launched out into other Business that I cannot Leave, this I hope will plead my Excuse with your Excellency, may God preserve you long, a blessing to your Country, a terror to tyrants and an ornament to Human Nature I have the Honor to be with profound Respect your Excellencys most Obliged & obedt Servant Angus McDonald

REPLY TO WASHINGTON'S LETTER OF MARCH 16, 1777.
ORIGINAL OWNED BY IVAR G. HOLLIDAY, BOISE, IDAHO.

We do not know where Frederick City was. Frederick County at that time extended westward to the Ohio or Mississippi Rivers as future surveys might develop. He may have been in Frederick County, Maryland, where he had several plantations in that state. His letter shows that he felt very keenly the failure of his adopted state to recognize in her promotions, his military services, experience and skill. He felt that the call had come as the result of a pressing emergency.

The Colonel of the regiment to be raised by him had already been commissioned and was helpless. This Colonel had already appointed the Captains of the regiment. He realized that the whole burden would be thrown on him and whatever credit might be achieved would naturally go to the Colonel, while misfortunes, if any, would most likely have been charged against him. He naturally would wish to choose the Captains upon whom he would have to rely.

Both General Washington and General Stephen seem to have fully realized the difficulties of the situation and were eloquent in their efforts to forestall refusal. The reason of his refusal as given in the Draper MSS, previously quoted, is that he was "unwilling to serve second in command to a Colonel without military experience." He died August 19, 1778, one year and four months after declining the commission. He left besides his wife, a family of seven children, the eldest eleven years old and the youngest only four months.

As to the cause of his death Mrs. Richard Holliday, sister of 10. Angus[3], in an old letter, attributes it to "a dose of tartar emetic taken by mistake.* While this may have been a contributing cause, the real cause was no doubt that given in the letter from Jas. M. Clift, Grand Secretary, Grand Lodge, F. & A. M., Richmond, Virginia, heretofore quoted. This letter states that a "lodge of Sorrow," called by Brother Samuel Dowdell and held at Winchester, February 2, 1785, the first after the Revolutionary War, at which others present were Samuel May, Richard McGuire and David Kennedy, among the absentees accounted for were "Bro. Angus McDonald, died by the fatigue of a severe campaign against the Indians."

His will follows:

In the name of God, Amen, I, Angus McDonald of Frederick County and Parish in the Colony of Virginia, do make and order this my last will and testament that is to say principally & and first of all I give and recommend my soul

*P. 38, "Glengarry McDonald's."

to the hands of the Almighty God, who gave it. My body I recommend to the earth, to be buried in Christian burial at the direction of my executors, nothing doubting, but at the general resurrection, I shall receive the same again by the mighty mercy & power of God. And as touching upon worldly estate, wherewith it has pleased God to bless me in this life, I give demise and dispose of same in the following manner and form.

First, I give and bequeath to my dearly loved wife, Anna, the house and plantation whereon I now live, and the choice of six cows and all the sheep and hogs, and four horses for the support of the young children and all the servants and slaves as long as she shall remain a widow, also all the rents and profits of my estate after my debts and funeral expenses are paid. Second, I give to my well beloved John McDonald the plantation near Winchester, which I bought of Richard Henderson, containing 729 acres, to him his heirs and assigns forever.

And I give to my well beloved son, Angus McDonald, the plantation I now live on after his mother's decease, containing 466 acres, also my two houses and lots in Winchester and their appurtenances, to him, and his heirs and assigns forever. I give to my two eldest daughters, Mary and Eleanor, my land in Maryland, which I bought of my wife's three brothers, containing 445 acres. also three other tracts of land near the same land surveyed in Virginia, not yet patented, to be equally divided to them and their heirs lawfully begotten forever, and I give to my youngest daughter, Anna, my plantation on Patterson's Creek which I bought of Colonel Stephen, with £1,200 to erect a mill thereon, to her and her heirs forever.

I also give to my two sons, John and Angus, my 2,000 acres of land on the Kentucky to be equally divided between them to them and their heirs & assigns forever.

I give to my youngest daughter, Anna, 400 acres of land, it being my lot of land under Gov. Dinwiddie's proclamation as a soldier in the year 1754, and it is my will and desire that all my land in Maryland called Fair Island and the land on the main and every other tract or parcel of land shall be sold to the highest bidder for the payment of my just debts and the remainder put to interest and equally divided among my children, and I give to each child an equal portion of my personal estate to them and their heirs forever, and I constitute my dear loving wife my whole and sole executrix so long as she remains single and after her death or marriage I constitute and appoint my worthy friend, Dr. John McD. [McDonald] my executor and guardian to all my children and I give to him, the said John McDonald, my small sword, sash & gorget as a token of my respect.

Given under my hand and seal this 20th day of June, 1775.

Signed: ANGUS MCDONALD.

At a court held for Frederick County the 2nd day of March, 1778, this will was returned into court by Anna McDonald, the widow of the deceased and there being no witnesses to prove the same according to law, the same was examined by the court who are of the opinion that it is the hand writing of the said deceased, and therefore it is ordered to be recorded and on action of Anna McDonald, the executrix mentioned within, who made oath according to law, certificate is granted her for obtaining a probate thereof in due form.

She with the securities having entered into & acknowledged bond, conditioned as the.....directs.

By the Court,

T. A. KEITH, C. C.

[Recorded in Book 4, page 419.]

It will be noted from this will that the Draper MSS. 4 N N 22, quoted on page 3, is in error about the lands awarded him for his services against the Indians. He leaves to his daughter, Anna, the "400 acres of land, it being my lot of land under Governor Dinwiddie's proclamation as a soldier in the year 1754." It has not

been possible to identify this land but it is most probable that it was among those which he was engaged in surveying, when driven into Wheeling by the Indians in the spring of 1774. He gave to his two sons Angus and John "my 2000 acres of land on the Kentucky."

The original for the warrant for "2000 acres of Virginia land" dated at Williamsburg, Virginia, February 5, 1774, referred to in the Draper MSS. 4 N N 22, quoted on page 3, is in the Wisconsin Library and I have a photostatic copy. It provides that it is "To begin on the Ohio River at the branch near the old Indian fort, above the mouth of Big Miami and to extend down the river. On the back are the words "To be surveyed by Hancock Taylor."

An investigation of the records at Frankfort, Kentucky, made in September, 1927, by 33. Edward L.[5] McDonald, Attorney at Law at Lexington, Kentucky, reveals the following:

The land is located in what is probably the best agricultural section of Kentucky—in the present counties of Fayette and Woodford (originally Fincastle County). The grant as actually made was by Governor Henry Lee to John and Angus McDonald, recorded in Virginia Grant Book 14, Fincastle County, page 371, and is dated January 10, 1792. The land granted lies nearly 100 miles away from the Ohio River on which the memorandum on the warrant indicates the survey was to be made. It may, however, well be said that the directions to the surveyor as to the location of the land were changed after the memorandum was made and it may be conjectured that the reason for such change was that the land first designated was found to be on the north side of the river in the Northwest Territory, over which the right of Virginia to grant the land was questionable.

In District Court Deed Book A, page 349, is a deed October 31, 1795, by Angus McDonald to Griffin Taylor of Frederick County, Virginia, conveying for 845 pounds, 600 acres of land on Shannon's Run. No record was found of a division of the land between Angus McDonald and John McDonald, sons of 1. Angus[1], although in the description in the deed, which is by courses and distances, reference is made to Peachy's Line, McDonald's Back Line . . . and McDonald's Division Line. It is thus apparent that the lands were divided between them and each one conveys his land in severalty. On the same date, by deed recorded in same book, page 347, John McDonald conveys to Griffin Taylor 450 acres on the waters of South Elkhorn and Shannon's Run with similar references as to lines.

There are also recorded in Book A, as above, other deeds of conveyance by John McDonald and Archelus Alloway Strange, attorney in fact, who served each of the brothers in this capacity.

I also find probated in Fayette County at the July Court in 1816 a will of John McDonald which is dated October 1, 1815, in which he directs that his plantation be sold for the following beneficiaries:

A daughter, Sally Campbell.
A son, George McDonald.
A daughter, Nancy Pulliam.
A daughter, Rachel Adams.
A daughter, Susannah Gibson.
A daughter, Elizabeth Burrows, and his beloved wife, Ruth McDonald.

I have no idea whether this is the same John McDonald above mentioned.

The date of the warrant signed by Dunmore, for the 2,000 acres to Angus McDonald, is July 7, 1774.

The family of McDonalds above named was most likely descended from Bryan McDonald of the Glencoe Branch, who settled on Mill Creek in New Castle County, Pennsylvania (now Delaware), in 1689, and died in 1707, leaving seven children, who are named in the will. These children moved to Virginia, settling on Roanoke and James Rivers. His son Bryan died in Botetourt County, Virginia, in 1757. Among his numerous descendants were two sons, twin brothers, Richard and Alexander McDonald, who about 1785 settled in Washington County, Kentucky.

Richard became a Major in the Indian wars and James, his son, was a Senator from Kentucky for four years.* Other brothers may also have moved to Kentucky.

Mrs. Lily Singleton Osburn, mentioned elsewhere in this Appendix, has advised me that her mother was a McDanold, daughter of John Iles McDanold, who moved from the lower Valley of Virginia to Kentucky and at one time owned a large estate in Woodford County, Kentucky. He moved thence to Illinois.*

As a further clue to the identity of the family of McDonalds who settled near what is now the City of Lexington, Kentucky, the following list of owners of lots in Lexington, as of December 20, 1781, furnished in 1929 by Major Samuel L. Wilson of that city, through 33. Edward L.[5] McDonald, is of interest: William, Francis, Hugh, Henry, John, John M., and James McDonald.

1. Angus[1] died at his home "Glengarry" August 19, 1778. There is no known record of the place of his burial. It has heretofore been supposed by his descendants in Virginia that, on account of his long service as a Vestryman of the Parish of Frederick, he was buried in the old Burwell Graveyard connected with the stone chapel, built in 1793 by the Parish of Cunningham's, commonly known as "Old Chapel," and formerly in Frederick County, but now in Clarke. It is about ten miles east of Winchester on the road from Millwood to Berryville. The old Vestry book, the second one of the Parish of Frederick, is now in possession of the Parish of Cunningham's. It contains no record of the death or burial of 1. Angus[1] McDonald.

After an exhaustive study of all available county records and other sources I am convinced that his service as Vestryman of the Parish of Frederick was rendered while he was a member of the

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*"History of the Clan McDonald," by Henry Lee, p. 91. (R. L. Polk & Co. Inc., N. Y., 1920.)

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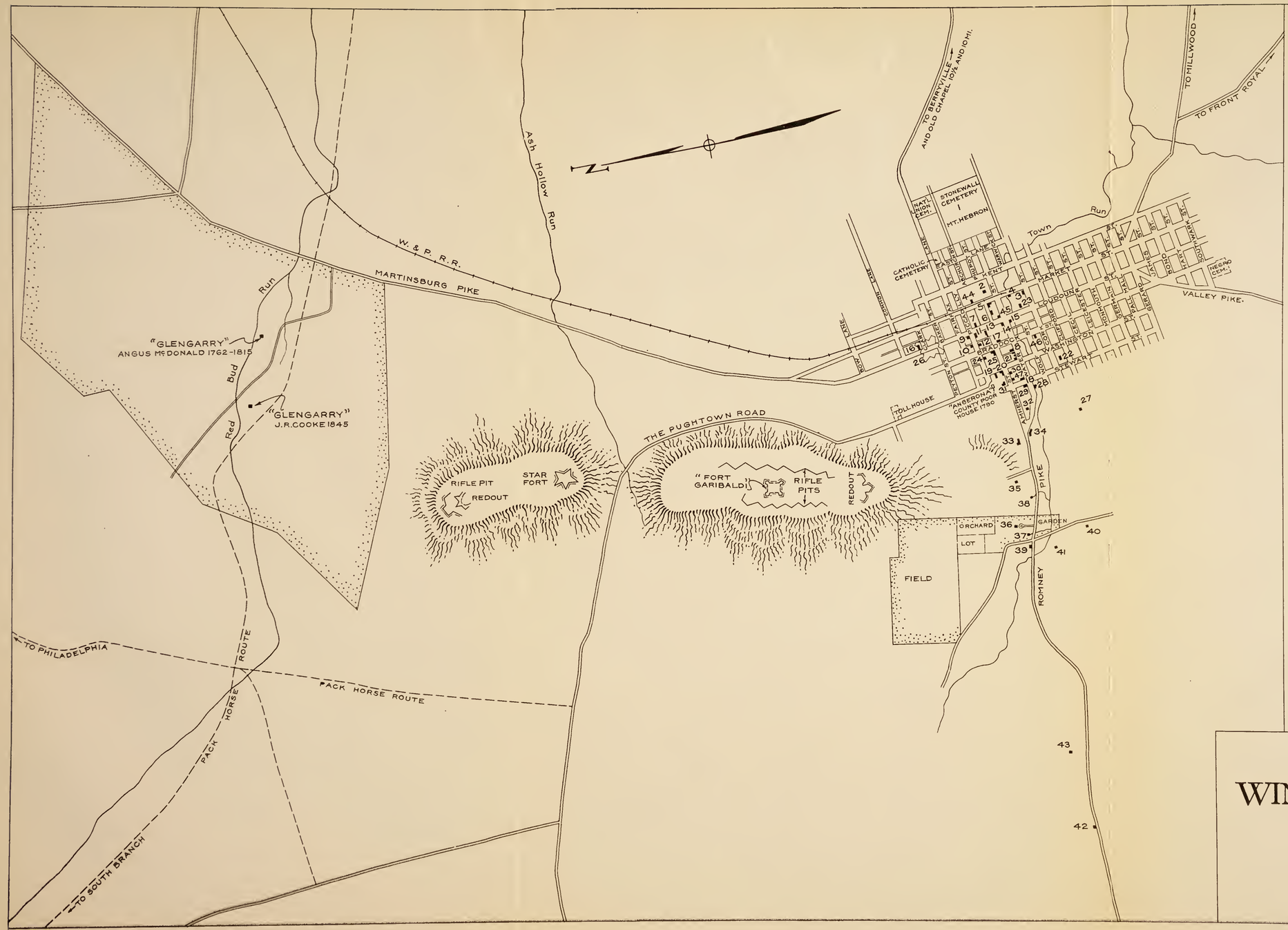
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HOUSES ETC.

1 MT. HEBRON AND STONEWALL CEMETERIES.
2 ROBT. Y. CONRAD.
3 M.E. CHURCH (NORTH).
4 LEGGE AND WELSH MILL.
5 MARKET HOUSE.
6 COURT HOUSE.
7 CHARLES BALTZELL (BROADWAY) ROUSS STORE.
8 JACOB P. HEIRONIMUS.
9 BANK OF THE VALLEY (H.M. BRENT CASHIER).
10 LIEUT. WM. E. HOPKINS U.S.A. (MRS. T.C. GREEN 1861-62).
11 EICHELBERGERS SCHOOL.
12 PHILIP WILLIAMS.
13 TAYLOR HOTEL.
14 JOHN N. BELL'S STORE.
15 FARMER'S BANK (JOSEPH H. SHERRARD PRES.).
16 MRS. ANN TUCKER AND MRS. BETTIE DANDRIDGE.
17 GEO. BARNHART CARRIAGE FACTORY.
18 MRS. GEO. W. SEEVER'S.
19 DOOLEY.
20 N.S. LONG.
21 EPISCOPAL CHURCH (STONE 1827).
22 RICHARD E. BYRD.
23 THORPS SCHOOL.
24 LLOYD LOGAN.
25 DR. HUGH McGUIRE.
26 FORT LOUDOUN.
27 SHENANDOAH VALLEY ACADEMY.
28 JAMES STACKHOUSE MILL.
29 WINCHESTER MEDICAL COLLEGE.
30 DR. DAVID McCORMICK.
31 REV. DR. A.H.H. BOYD (BUILT BY DANIEL MORGAN).
32 P. HOOVER HOUSE (MRS. BURR POWELL 1861-3).
33 ROBT. STEELE'S GARDENS.
34 THOMAS ALLEN'S GARDENS.
35 SEN. JAMES M. MASON "SELMA".
36 COL. ANGUS W. McDONALD "HAWTHORN".
37 TOWN SPRING.
38 SPRING (CLOSED).
39 ANDERSON'S BLACKSMITH SHOP.
40 DR. ROBT. DAILEY.
41 WM. WOOD "GLENBURNIE".
42 HOOVER TOLL GATE.
43 GEO. W. WARD.
44 MRS. HUGH LEE.
45 FIRST EPISCOPAL CHURCH (STONE 1752) AND GRAVE YARD.
46 M.E. CHURCH (SOUTH).
47 LOTS 4 AND 5 WOODS ADDITION, AFTER 1790 KNOWN AS "AMBLERS HILL" WERE BOUGHT BY ANGUS W. McDONALD 1833 AND SOLD LATER.

"GLENGARRY" AND "HAWTHORN" ESTATES.

SKETCH MAP OF

WINCHESTER, VIRGINIA

AND VICINITY

FROM THE EARLIEST TO 1864

COMPILED 1933

SCALE

0 1800 3000 FT.

Episcopal church at Winchester, the first permanent building for which was begun in 1752 and completed in 1762. It stood on a lot set off for the purpose in 1744 and at the corner of Loudon and Water (now Boscawen) Streets. A graveyard was set off in the rear. Lord Fairfax was buried here in 1782 but his remains were finally removed to the new Christ Church, built about 1827, and were buried under its chancel. The graveyard proved inadequate and its abandonment was begun after the establishment of a new graveyard southward from where the Hospital was afterwards built. Such remains as could be recovered were removed to the new site. Identity of the graves had been rendered quite difficult because of the encroachment of the town, the military operations during the Revolution with its consequent lack of interest and control, resulting in the destruction of markers.

I am convinced that the remains of 1. Augus[1] were buried here and his remains, if ever removed, could not be identified. All considerations of convenience, necessity and the attendant circumstances support this view.

The distance from his home to Winchester was less than two miles over the open road. The church, schools, markets, courthouse and established businesses were at Winchester. The distance from "Glengarry" to "Old Chapel" was about ten miles across country and most likely without an open, direct road. There is of course the possibility that he was buried near his home but in view of his devotion to the church, it is most unlikely.

His widow administered the estate with skill and fidelity, the task requiring many years. No bond was required by the will and no accounting was made. She continued to live at "Glengarry" until the house was burned about 1815. In this fire most of the family records were lost. She moved to the plantation on Patterson's Creek, which her husband had purchased from Colonel Adam Stephen, and left to his youngest daughter Anna. She took with her such of her own children as still remained at home and the three children of her deceased son 4. Angus[2], whom she took to "Glengarry" after the death of their mother in 1809. She died January 2, 1832. The place of her burial is not known to me.

The children of 1. Angus[1] and his wife Anna, all born at "Glengarry" were:

2. Mary[2], born May 9, 1767. She married Colonel Elias Langham of Fluvanna County, Virginia, and moved to Chillicothe, Ohio.

They had eight children, of whom three sons and three daughters reached maturity. The known names were: Angus,* Jane Lewis, Elizabeth Ann, Mary, Elias and John. Elias* became Surgeon General of Missouri and Illinois, and later Indian Agent at Fort Snelling, where his daughter Winonah, named for her Indian nurse, was born. Elizabeth Ann married Wharton Rector of Arkansas.

3. John[2], born August 19, 1768, died at St. Louis, Missouri, about 1837. He married a Miss Darkins of Georgetown, Maryland. He was "wild" and his wife left him early, returned to Georgetown and made her own living for herself and one known daughter 9. . . . . McDonald[3] by 3. John[2]. He already owned a large estate but bought more and the final result of his trading was ruin. In 1803 he made a title bond to Samuel Clapham of Loudon City, Virginia, covering title to "Fair Island," Maryland. In this bond John's residence was given as Frederick City, Virginia. His wife does not join in this bond. This bond was recorded in Montgomery County, Maryland. It also appears from records of his transactions that he sold, while living in Montgomery County, Maryland, in 1812, several lots which his father had owned in the town of Bath, Frederick County, Virginia (Now Berkeley Springs, Morgan County, West Virginia). He finally went to live with his nephew, Edward C. McDonald, at Hannibal. He died from a stroke of paralysis at the house of his niece, Mrs. Millicent Holliday, at St. Louis, in which city he was buried by Reverend Peter Minard of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

4. Angus[2] McDonald, born December 30, 1769, died October 29, 1814, at Batavia, New York. Married January 11, 1798, Mary McGuire, born July 11, 1776, died in 1808. She was a daughter of Edward McGuire, of Winchester, by his second wife, Millicent Dobie. Edward McGuire was a descendant of Constantine McGuire of Fermanaugh County, Ireland. He was a grandson of James McGuire and his wife, Julia McElligot of McElligot Parish, near Tralee, County Kerry, Ireland, and a son of Constantine McGuire, born about 1692, and his wife, Julia McNamera Reagh.**

He was a Roman Catholic, educated for the Priesthood and spoke Latin fluently. He was a Jacobite and supporter of "Prince Charlie," on which account he fled from Ireland to Spain, expecting to go to Austria, but he had fever and on recovery returned to Ireland

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*For service records of Angus and Elias in war of 1812, see Heitman.

**"McGuire Family in Virginia," by W. G. Stanard (Old Dominion Press), Richmond, Va., 1926.

and came thence to America in 1747, landing at Philadelphia where he disposed of a cargo of wine, purchased in Spain. He came to Virginia by way of Alexandria and on October 3, 1747, was granted 346 acres on the Wappacoma Creek in Hampshire County. In 1751 he was appointed Justice of the Peace in Frederick County.

In 1753 he bought land in Winchester, settled there and became a man of wealth and influence. He lost his first wife, by whom he had several children, and about 1757 he visited his old home in Ireland.

On his return, he met on shipboard Samuel Dobie, Jr., an English architect, and his daughter Millicent, who settled in Winchester. He married Millicent. There is a tradition in the McDonald family that Mary's grandfather spelled his name D'Obeé, and was a French architect, brought over by Thomas Jefferson to supervise the construction of the Capitol at Richmond*, but this story has not been verified. We have seen that he wrote Jr. after his name in 1768. Millicent McDonald Holliday, in the old letter previously mentioned, says he was an English architect and she spelled his name Dobie. In 1785 Samuel Dobie did superintend the work on the Virginia Capitol and later, in a competition, he presented the second best plan for the National Capitol at Washington, D. C.

4. Angus[2] grew up at home, combining his studies with work. There was probably a tutor in the home for the younger children as his mother, though well qualified, was too busy with her household duties and the management of the place, to be able to teach the rapidly increasing family.

As the children grew able to walk or ride back and forth, they attended day school at Winchester.

Angus became a Master Mason of Hiram Lodge, Number 12, in 1793, and in 1795 was Captain and Paymaster in the Swearingen Regiment, which, under command of Major General Charles Henry Lee, aided in suppressing the "Whisky Rebellion" in Western Pennsylvania.

By 1800 Angus had evidently moved to Winchester and lived in one of the two houses left to him by his father's will for we find a ball being given him in Winchester the evening of July 4 of that year at the home of Captain McDonald.** This furnishes a clue

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*Note, p. 51, "Glengarry McDonald's."
**Page 118, "Winchester Virginia and Its Beginnings," (Morton).

to the speed with which the fine estate left him by his father passed so rapidly from him.

On March 1, 1812, he became 1st Lieutenant, 12th Reg. U. S. Inft., and on June 24, 1814, he was commissioned Captain of Infantry by President Madison. His death occurred in the Military Hospital at Batavia, New York, an institution greatly overcrowded by the sick and wounded of the American army. His illness was due to a forced march from Buffalo to Black Rock. It has not been possible to find his grave, although The Daughters of 1812 have made a diligent search for it. His sword, sash and other belongings with his last messages were brought to his family at Winchester by John Strother, a fellow soldier and friend who lived near Charles Town, Virginia.*

His wife remained a Roman Catholic and was buried in the cemetery of that faith in Winchester, now a part of Mount Hebron. Their children were baptized in that church. Issue:

10. Angus William[3], born February 14, 1799, named for his grandfather, Augus[1], and his uncle, William McGuire.**

11. Millicent[3], born 1801. Died about 1833. She married 6. William T.[3] Sherrard, *q. v.* No issue. She married 2nd, at the home on Patterson's Creek, Hampshire County, 3. Richard T.[3] Holliday *q. v.* No issue. They emigrated first to St. Louis. Later they moved to Hannibal where they built a brick cottage on Holliday's Hill. When her second husband died she made her home at Quincy, Illinois, with the Reverend Wm. B. Corbyn. When the war broke out she went to Richmond, Virginia, and was there when the city was captured. She went southward but finally reached Hannibal, where she recovered her old cottage, which had been sold for taxes. She fixed it up again and lived there until she died.

EDWARD CHARLES MCDONALD

12. Edward Charles[3] McDonald, born July 26, 1803, died at Winchester, Virginia, January 15, 1862† He married, 1833, Frances Elisabeth Singleton, born November 1, 1805, died 1840, fourth

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*See note 58, p. 34.

**See Appendix F for sketch of the earlier life of Angus[2] and page 393 *et seq.* of this Appendix for his descendants.

†Much of the data for this sketch was furnished by Mrs. Lily Singleton Osburn, and Miss Edith Corbyn of Charles Town, West Virginia, Mrs. Darrald L. Hartley of Kansas City, Missouri, and Mrs. Millicent McDonald Williams of Marfa, Texas.

daughter of General James Singleton of Winchester, *q. v.* Upon the death of his mother in 1809 he and the two older children went to live with their grandmother at "Glengarry," where they were brought up with those of her own children, still at home, until the house was burned and the family moved to the plantation on Patterson's Creek. Edward went to school at Winchester for several years before 1819, in which year, at the instance of his brother Angus, who wrote from Fort Morgan, Alabama, he secured an appointment to the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York. He was high spirited, adventurous and impatient of military discipline. In his second year he joined about twenty other cadets in chasing a flock of sheep into the Hudson River as a protest against mutton for a steady diet. The sheep drowned, and his record for deportment having been otherwise not of the best, he was expelled. While his expulsion for grave breaches of military discipline was fully justified, it cast no stigma on his character. That he was a youth of sterling integrity and nobility of soul is abundantly proved by his after life.

He then went to Florida with his sister Millicent and her invalid husband, where the latter died. They returned to the Patterson's Creek home. Edward later went West and was employed in surveying land under his cousin, Major Elias Langham, who was Surveyor General of Illinois and Missouri and later Indian Agent at Fort Snelling. He was also for a portion of the time associated with his brother Angus in his work as Agent of the Missouri Fur Company.

When that company failed in 1824 he joined his brother Angus and others of their former associates in the Fur Company, in the project heretofore mentioned, of establishing a colony in Mexico. This fell through and he spent the winter hunting and trapping with his friend Hempstead on the Merrimac River, not far from St. Louis.

In the early spring of 1825 he left St. Louis with a party "adventuring" to Mexico but it has not been possible to identify its leader. In July, news reached his brother Angus, then in Virginia, that Edward had suffered some severe injury and was at Taos, Mexico (now New Mexico). Angus wrote him at once. This letter is reproduced in Appendix F. Edward took his brother's advice and as soon as he was able to travel returned to St. Louis. Here he studied law, probably being assisted by the mutual friend of the brothers, United States Senator Thomas H. Benton. He supported himself while

thus engaged by working where and when he could. He practiced law in St. Louis and in 1833 he visited Virginia, where he was married. He returned to St. Louis with his bride but later moved to Hannibal and continued his law practice. Here he made extensive purchases of land, including the island in the Mississippi River, afterwards made famous by Mark Twain as the "hangout" in "Huckleberry Finn."

He burned his own brick and built the first brick house in Hannibal, which was the home of the family until it went the way of all property of Southern sympathizers who failed to pay taxes on it. His career in the Confederate Army and other incidents of his earlier life have been referred to in the Diary. Issue:

31. Mary Frances[4], born June 28, 1834, married Reverend William B. Corbyn, Rector of the Episcopal Church at Quincy, Illinois, as his 2nd wife, by whom she had a daughter, Edith Corbyn[5], born August 17, 1856, died January 2, 1929, unmarried, at Charles Town, West Virginia, and was buried at Quincy. Edith taught school at Quincy after her mother's death but later went to Washington, D. C., where she and her aunt, Anna Singleton McDonald, made their home together for many years, and later at Charles Town.

32. Anna Singleton[4], born October 10, 1836, died March 6, 1929. She never married. She was employed in the Patent Office until she was pensioned. She was a very ardent member of the Daughters of the American Revolution. In 1907 she published an epic poem, in book form, "Columbia, The Land of the Free," dedicated to the Honorable Harry St. George Tucker, President of the Jamestown Exposition. She was buried at Mount Hebron Cemetery at Winchester.

33. James Singleton[4], born December 13, 1838, died unmarried.

12. Edward Charles[3], married 2nd March 10, 1842, Susan Peake, daughter of Doctor Humphrey Peake of Hannibal, *q. v.* Issue:

34. Millicent[4], born January 20, 1843. She taught in the public schools of St. Louis and Kirksville, Missouri, until 1921, when she retired and moved to Kansas City to live near lifelong friends and kin. She had saved her means and was independent. She died unmarried October 9, 1925, and was buried at Council Grove, Kansas, in the lot of her brother, 38. Angus[4] McDonald.

35. Ellen Linton[4], born March, 1844, died 1885, married February 24, 1868, James G. Coakley and lived in Baltimore. No issue.

36. Thompson[4], born September 13, 1847, died October 11, 1902, married December 23, 1877, Mary Elizabeth Welty of San Angelo, Texas, born May 28, 1860, a daughter of George Welty, a pioneer and Indian scout. Thompson attended Washington College at Lexington, Virginia, in 1866-67 and boarded with Mrs. Cornelia McDonald. He was a fine student and a good and willing worker. He became a planter in ——— County, Texas. Issue:

75. Angus William[5], born November 17, 1880, died unmarried.

76. Millicent Welty[5], born January 4, 1886, married March 25, 1908, Ernest Williams. Issue, Hazel Williams[6], born January 17, 1911, married May 17, 1930, Joseph Morgan Rector, Jr., Issue, Millicent Ruth[7] Rector, born March 29, 1931.

Ernest Thompson[6] Williams, born February 23, 1913, unmarried.

Edgar Thompson[6] Williams, born June 13, 1889, married June 7, 1913, Pois Quick. Issue, Barbara Lois[7] Williams, born April 26, 1917.

Ellen Rebecca[6] Williams, born June 8, 1891, married October 12, 1916, Floyd Ebel Nichols. Issue, Floyd McDonald[7], born December 28, 1916; Mary Elizabeth[7], born March 19, 1919, and Angus Orion[7] Nichols, born February 19, 1925.

Edward Marshall[6] Williams, born September 25, 1898, married January 30, 1923, Myrtle Nanye Barnett. Issue, John Edward[7], born February 19, 1924; Davis Evelyn[7], born June 23, 1926, and Leland Lloyd[7] Williams, born June 19, 1931.

37. Angus William Hiram[4] McDonald, born February 18, 1849, died July 10, 1849.

In the spring of 1849 12. Edward Charles[3] was seized with his old desire for adventure and the quick acquisition of wealth and joined the "gold rush" to California. Letters written back by him to his "Dear Susan" (copies of which I have) from Deer Creek Dry Diggings, California, indicate that he spent much more than he gained and suffered many hardships. The date of his return to Hannibal is not known.

38. Angus[4] McDonald, born June 10, 1854, married May 30, 1884, Katherine Rightley, born February 29, 1864, died April 23, 1912. Their early married life was spent in St. Louis where he was in the bank lithographing business, employed principally in traveling. In his later life he went to live with his daughter, Susan Hartley, in Kansas City. Although in his eightieth year he continues

his employment in the same calling as that in which he began. Issue:

77. James Rightley[5], born March 27, 1886, died 1899.

78. Susan Peake[5] McDonald, born August 6, 1894, married Darrald L. Hartley, born January 1, 1894. They live at Kansas City, where her husband is an editor on the *Kansas City Star*. Susan frequently visits her kin in the Shenandoah Valley. Issue:

Kathrine Mildred[6], born July 26, 1921, and David McDonald[6] Hartley, born September 30, 1928.

During his career of fifty years of active service, 38. Angus[4] has accumulated a host of admiring friends and on the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into business his home papers printed his portrait and a lengthy sketch of his life.

39. Elizabeth Carroll[4] McDonald, born October 22, 1855, died October 6, 1866.

On his return from California Edward resumed his law practice at Hannibal. When the war broke out he promptly espoused the cause of the Confederacy and became a Colonel on the staff of General Sterling Price. We have already learned the particulars of his death at "Hawthorn" in Winchester. He was buried at the Catholic Cemetery, but in 1932 his remains were transferred with appropriate ceremonies to Stonewall Jackson Cemetery by the local chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy, Miss Lucy F. Kurtz, President.

His family was represented by his granddaughter, Susan Hartley, of Kansas City, and Mrs. Lily Singleton Osburn of Charles Town, West Virginia.

5. Eleanor[2], born September 5, 1771, died prior to 1847, married Joseph Tidball of Winchester. They lived near Hancock, Maryland, on land inherited from her father.

On October 28, 1833, she wrote from Paddy Town to 10. Angus[3] at Romney, advising him that she was going to Kentucky with Mr. Sanford and asking that he send her the balance due from certain collections. The letter was signed Your Affectionate Aunt E. Tidball.

The Mr. Sanford referred to was Thruston Sanford, son of Captain William Sanford and Eleanor had become his second wife. Her known children by her first husband were Anna, who at the age of nineteen married George Brent and had seven daughters and

one son; Lucelia married Henry Clabaugh of Baltimore; Mary Jane married Doctor Wilson of near Martinsburg, Virginia. No issue. A daughter, married William Harness of Baltimore. Issue, a son. Eleanor married John McDonald of St. Louis. (Not known to have been related to 1. Augus[1]). Joseph married Rose Orrick, and lived in Lexington, Missouri.

6. Anna[2], born March 29, 1773, married Richard.[2] Holliday, *q. v.*

7. Thompson[2], born March 29, 1776, died July 21, 1822, unmarried. He lived with his mother except for the period of his service in the United States Army in South Carolina, as Surgeon's Mate, from April 15, 1800, to June 1, 1802, when he resigned, returned home and became a physician, locally known and respected.

8. Charles[2], born April 28, 1778, died in infancy.*

HOLLIDAY

6. Anna McDonald[2], born June 25, 1778, at "Glengarry" near Winchester, Virginia, died January 2, 1832, at her plantation in Shelby County, Missouri, and is buried there in the family graveyard. She married Richard[2] Holliday, son of 1. William[1] Holliday, a merchant of Winchester, Virginia.* They lived on the plantation of 542 acres on Patterson's Creek in Hampshire County, Virginia, which was left to 8. Anna[2] by the will of her father 1. Angus[1] McDonald. Her husband died and she sold the plantation on October 31, 1834, to Joseph Arnold and emigrated with her nine children to Shelby County, Missouri. Joseph Arnold and his descendants are still in possession of the Patterson's Creek plantation. It has been divided and the tract of 300 acres on which the Holliday homestead and mill stood is now owned by R. B. Woodworth, a Civil Engineer, and descendant of 3. Elizabeth[2] Sherrard and her husband John Bell of Winchester. His post office is Burlington, Mineral County, West Virginia.

2. Richard[2] Holliday and his wife and Anna had issue,

3. Richard T.[3] who married *circa* 1833 11. Millicent[3] (McDon-

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*The records of births, marriages and deaths are taken from p. 38, "Glengarry McDonald's." Records of Frederick County, Va., showing transactions of Charles McDonald and wife Sarah in 1802-1809, refer to a member of some other McDonald family.

*Much of the following data were furnished by Mrs. E. O'Shaughnessey from her mother's family Bible.

ald) Sherrard of Hampshire County, Virginia, widow of 6. William[2] Sherrard. No issue.

4. Anna Maria[3], died unmarried.

5. Margaret[3], married in Missouri John Gillis, who died prior to 1886, in which year she moved with her two surviving children to Montana.

6. Angus,[3] married in Missouri, Susan Vandiver. Issue.

12. Martha[4].

13. Millicent[4].

14. Virginia.[4].

15. Louis[4] Holliday.

7. William J.[3] married in Missouri, Elizabeth Gillis. He was a member of the Missouri Legislature in 1836. When the war broke out his sympathies were strongly with the Union. He lived in Shelbyville, where he died *circa* 1880. Issue.

16. Mortimer James.[4] Married Susana Hightower. He went to Montana in 1861 and the family followed him later. Issue.

38. Rudolph.[5]

39. Edward[5], married Nancy Kinsinger.

40. Charles[5], married Enge.

41. Margaret[5].

42. Sanford[5].

17. Porter[4], died unmarried.

18. Mary[4], married John Hornbeak.

19. Nancy,[4] married Michael Hornbeak.

20. Richard[4], never married.

7. William J.[3], married 2nd Elizabeth Vandiver. Issue.

21. Ellen[4]. He married 3rd Mrs. Parsons. No issue.

8. Cornelius Thompson[3], married Elizabeth McPherson. Issue.

22. James M.,[4] married Lydia Hopkins. He was a Confederate soldier. Issue.

43. Lewis[5], died unmarried.

44. Evelyn[5], married Charles Stitler of Wisconsin and had five children.

45. Elizabeth,[5] married James Montgomery of Long Beach, California, had three children.

46. James[5], lives in Montana.

47. Emily[5], married and had two children.

The wife of, 22. Jame M.[4] died and he married 2nd Fanny Purvis. He moved to Montana in 1897. No issue of his 2nd marriage.

23. Steven[4], died unmarried, as did also Rachel, Evelyn, Mary and John.

24. John Thompson[4], married Catherine Ray. He was a soldier in the U. S. Army. They had thirteen children.

25. Emily[4], married George Roberson. Issue. George[5], who married Dorothy Green. Issue: Mary[6], Helen[6], John[6], George[6] and Hope[6] Roberson,

Thompson[5] Roberson, married Mary Benton. Issue.

Florence[6] Roberson,

Elizabeth[5] Roberson, married David O'Shaughnessey. They moved from Sixteen, Montana, to California in 1920 and were joined by her parents in 1929. They all live in Lomita, California. Elizabeth[5] is Assistant Librarian in the Wilmington branch of the Los Angeles Library. No issue.

9. Eleanor[3], married John Moore. Her husband died in 1850 and the widow moved in 1865 with her family to Meagher County, Montana. Issue.

Nancy[4], married Edgar M. Hall. Issue.

Edgar M.[5] He is a prominent attorney at Helena, Montana.

Frederick[5] Hall.

John[4] Moore, married Irene Lewis. He served throughout the Civil War in Morgan's Cavalry, C. S. A. He was captured and the guard placed over him while he was being held for sending to prison, complained to him of headache. He advised the guard to put his head into a bucket of cold water. While the guard was following his suggestion, the prisoner escaped and rejoined his command. He moved to Montana in 1865 and became a prominent citizen.

Percy[4] Moore, married Nellie Robertson. He served in Johnson's Cavalry, C. S. A., and moved to Montana in 1865. He also became a prominent citizen and at one time served in the Montana Legislature. Issue. Nellie[5], Percy[5] and George[5] Moore.

Sanford[4] Moore, married Louise Smith and lived at Martindale, Montana. He died at Boseman, Montana, in 1930. Issue. Iney,[5] Sanford[5] ("Bud") and Eleanor[5] Moore.

10. James M.[3] married Emily Vandiver. He was a surveyor and died before the Civil War. Issue,

26. Virginia[4],
27. Samuel[4],
28. Michael[4],
29. James[4], and
30. Emily[4], Holliday.

11. Elias Langham[3] Holliday,* born August 24, 1813, near Shelbyville, Missouri, died at "Clover Creek" near Bliss, Idaho, September 12, 1884. He married on February 1, 1838, Elizabeth Ann Vandiver, eldest daughter of Jacob and Frances Vandiver at Shelbyville, Missouri. His wife was born April 13, 1818, and died January 19, 1875. Issue.

31. Richard Thompson[4], born near Shelbyville, Missouri, July 19, 1840, died September 28, 1886. He was Regimental Commissary Sergeant 3rd Missouri Cav., U. S. A., was in the Civil War for three years. He taught school in Missouri just previous to and after the Civil War. He drove to Idaho in 1879 but returned to Missouri and became a merchant at Mandaville. He married April 25, 1880, Minnie Stuart Powers, born July 30, 1862, died October 4, 1919, daughter of Doctor Charles Willard Powers of Carrollton, Missouri. He sold the store in Mandaville in March, 1884, and came by train to Idaho, settled on a homestead near Bliss and engaged in farming and stock raising. Issue.

40. Ivar G.[5] born May 6, 1885, at Clover Creek near Bliss, Idaho, moved to Boise in 1891, employed in the post office at Boise, Idaho, since June 1, 1904, and as foreman since 1921. He is the owner of two George Washington and three Adam Stephen original letters that were written to 1. Angus[1] McDonald. He furnished me photostat copies of these letters and much data regarding the Holliday family. He is a mechanical engineer and inventor and works in his home shop during his spare hours. He married July 30, 1919, Minnie Mabel Lord, born May 20, 1896. Issue.

45. Ivar McDonald[6], born February 9, 1921.

46. Helen Hope[6] Holliday, born January 16, 1926.

32. Ann Frances[4], born December 10, 1841, in Shelbyville, married December 17, 1865, Captain Oliver F. Whitney, U. S. A., at Shelbyville. His widow drew a pension of fifty dollars per month until her death at Speed, Kansas, August 9, 1933. Issue.

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*Data written by 48. Wm. G.[5] Holliday.

Elmer[5] Whitney, a farmer of Rooks County, Kansas, married twice.

Ezra McDonald[5], farmer, Argo, Kansas, married the widow of his brother.

Harry[5], accidently shot himself while hunting.

William C.[5], Probate Judge, Phillipsburg, Kansas.

Oliver F.[5], Phillipsburg, Kansas.

Kate[5], Jacksonville, Florida, married.

Maud[5], Whitney, Del Norte, Colorado, married Pennington.

33. Angus William[4], born at Shelbyville October 2, 1843, died February 5, 1846.

34. Sarah Evelyn[4], born at Shelbyville March 10, 1846, died October 3, 1864.

35. Susan Virginia[4] Holliday, born August 23, 1848, died March 6, 1929, at Oakland, California, buried at Emmett, Idaho. Married Harrison Housel, who died June 12, 1900. After their marriage in Shelbyville they moved to Idaho and settled on a homestead near Emmett where their family was reared. Issue.

Arthur C.[5], Oakland, California, married Belle Woden. He is a Special Agent Internal Revenue Collector. Issue. Lola[6], deceased, Williamette[6], married Norris Barrett, Claire[6], married Carroll Melbin, Marian[6], married Clifford Brennen, and Virginia[6] Housel.

Alice May[5] Housel, married L. D. Owen, farmer, R. F. D. No. 3, Nampa, Idaho. Issue. Earl Douglas[6], Wilma[6], married Davis, Nampa, Idaho, Zeda[6] married Gray, Ivar Clarence[6], Virginia[6] and Roger[6] Owen.

Elizabeth Housel[5], married George Israelson, Silverton, Oregon.

Gertrude[5] Housel, married Amherst Howe, Creswell, Oregon. Issue. Thelma[6], married Henry Wright, Willoughby[6], a daughter, Norman[6] and Marjorie[6] Howe. A child[6] died in infancy.

Carl A.[5] Housel, married Katherine Brown, *circa* 1930 of Portland, Oregon. He is with the American Railway Express Company.

Frankie[5] and Fannie[5], twins, died in infancy.

Flora[5] Housel, died 1919, married Memory D. Orbadge, Pilot Rock, Oregon. Issue. One daughter, now with her aunt Elizabeth[5] Housel.

36. Gulichma Manah[4] Holliday, born August 19, 1850, died September 8, 1851, at Shelbyville.

37. Gertrude[4] Holliday, born May 6, 1852, died May 29, 1852, at Shelbyville.

38. Rudolph[4], born March 5, 1854, Shelby County, died at Bellevue, Idaho, April 2, 1889, where he was buried, married Clara Nichols. On February 3, 1895, Clara Nichols Holliday married, 2nd Charles Fremont Doane, of Helena, Oregon. Her husband legally adopted her minor children and changed their names from Holliday to Doane. There was no issue of her 2nd marriage. Issue by the first marriage.

41. Ethna Ann[5] Holliday died in infancy buried at Bellevue, Idaho.

42. Laura Elsie[5] Holliday, married May 23, 1909, at Coatesville, Pennsylvania, Floyd Grant Wiggins. Issue. Elmer Holliday[6] died at the age of eight years, buried at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Coates Freemont[6] Wiggins, born 1911, married Ione G. Bell. Issue. Eleanor Annabel[7] Wiggins, born 1934.

Floyd Grant[6] Wiggins, born 1913, married Florence Margaret Sweigart. Issue Betty Joan[7], born 1934. Walter William[7], born 1915, unmarried. Clara Emily[6], born 1916, married 1931, Raymond Henry Dennis. Issue Raymond Henry[7] Dennis.

Robert Verne[6] Wiggins, born 1920.

43. Elmer Langham[5] Doane, married March 23, 1910, at West Chester, Pennsylvania, Mary DeLevan Ash. Issue. Bertha DeLevan[6] Doane, born 1911. Marian Melvina[6] Doane, born 1913. Elmer Langham[6] Doane, born 1917. Charles Walter[6] Doane, born 1922.

44. Fannie Morris[5] Doane, married April 30, 1910, at Chicago, Illinois, John Perenpine Hand. Issue. Francis Clare[6], born 1916. John Perenpine[6] Hand, born 1919. They live at Davenport, Iowa.

45. Walter Rudolph[5] Doane, married August 14, 1911, ————, at Alexandria, Louisiana. Issue: Helen Clara[6], born 1913. Dorris Jeane[6], born 1916. Lois Henry[6] Doane, born 1919. They all live at Coatesville.

39. Elizabeth Taylor[4] Holliday, born 17, 1854, at Shelbyville, died October 21, 1927, at Boise, Idaho. She married at Coffeyville, Kansas, April 10, 1878, Joseph B. Robertson, who died February 5, 1927, at Boise, Idaho. The day after their marriage they started for Idaho in a covered wagon, locating at Bellevue and later at Clover Creek and still later at Boise, Idaho. Issue.



HOME OF ANGUS W. McDONALD AT ROMNEY, VIRGINIA.

He lived here in 1827 and from 1833 to 1853. From a photograph taken by Angus MacDonald of Charleston, West Virginia, in 1931. It shows some of the descendants by his first marriage.

Willie S.[5] Robertson, Railway mail clerk, Baker, Oregon, married Pauline Baird. Issue: Clyde,[6] Dorothy,[6] Carroll,[6] and Pauline[6] Robertson.

Floyd Robertson.[5] Owner of a plumbing shop at Caldwell, Idaho. Married 1st Marie Peters. Married 2nd Mae Luellen. There was no issue of either marriage.

Dennis B.[5] Robertson, married Vallie Lowmiller. He is the manager of the plumbing department of the Idaho Hardware and Plumbing Company at Boise, Idaho. Issue: Jack[6] and Virginia[6] Robertson.

Claude Melvin[5] Robertson married Florence Gray. He is the manager of the Telephone Company at Hailey, Idaho. Issue: Melvin Verne[6] and Margaret Vera[6] Robertson.

Myrtle Prue[5] Robertson married Merrill C. Robinson, Nampa, Idaho. She has the family Bible of 39. Elizabeth Taylor Holliday. Issue: Richard Carl[6], Harold Paul[6] and Pearl Elizabeth[6] Robinson.

ANGUS WILLIAM MCDONALD

The children of Angus W. McDonald were listed in the preface as a matter of convenience in annotation. A sketch of his earlier life is given in Appendix F. There now follows a list of his descendants.

10. Angus William[3], born February 14, 1799, married January 11, 1827, Leacy Anne Naylor of Romney, Virginia, *q. v.* Issue,

GREEN OF CHARLES TOWN

13. Mary Naylor[4]. Born Romney, Virginia, December 27, 1827. At Madam Tongnor's school in Winchester, where she, Anne, and Sue boarded with a Mrs. Green while their father and three brothers were absent in Hannibal, Missouri, she became proficient in languages, translating the Greek Testament before her twelfth birthday. She was highly accomplished in vocal and instrumental music. She married at Romney April 27, 1852, 3. Thomas Claiborne[4] Green of Culpeper, Virginia, born Fredericksburg, Virginia, son of 2. John Williams[3] Green, Judge of the Court of Appeals and member of the Constitutional Convention of 1829 of Virginia, a resident of Charles Town, and his wife, Million Cooke, a granddaughter of George Mason of Guston Hall and by another line

(Ball), a lineal descendant of Hannah Ball, half sister of Mary Ball, the mother of George Washington.*

3. Thomas Claiborne[4] Green's half brother, Doctor Daniel[4] Green, was a Surgeon in the United States Navy, and a member of the Perry Expedition to Japan, regarding which he wrote a book. In April, 1861, he resigned his commission and,

> "cast his fortunes with the Confederacy. Along with him in "this honorable action, were, Sidney Smith Lee, brother of Robert "E. Lee, and eleven other commissioned officers. There was "written after their names on the records, simply the word, " 'discharged.' An application by Sidney Smith Lee's relatives "to prefix the word 'Honorably' before 'discharged' was futile.
>
> "William[4] Green, another half brother, was a distinguished "lawyer at Richmond, Virginia.
>
> "Among the ancestors of 3. Thomas Claiborne[4] Green was "Colonel John[3] Green of the Revolutionary War. He was one "of the organizers of the 'Society of Cincinnati' and is on its "roll now in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania."

At the time of his marriage 3. Thomas Claiborne[4] Green was a practicing lawyer in Charles Town, Virginia. He was Mayor of that town when the John Brown raid occurred and was appointed by the County Court of Jefferson County, Virginia, to defend the prisoners captured by Colonel Robert E. Lee, U. S. A., at Harper's Ferry. The gallows on which Brown was hung was on a hill in an open field in sight from Mrs. Green's residence and Mary became an unwilling witness to Brown's last moments, through having, after shutting herself up to avoid seeing or hearing, raised the blind and opened the window to get a breath of fresh air while the body was still dangling.

In April, 1861, Mr. Green enlisted as a private in "Botts' Grays," later a company of the Second Virginia Regiment, C S. A., and fought with Jackson's Corps at the first battle of Manassas.

He was elected to the Virginia Legislature and attended its sessions, fighting in the ranks when not so engaged and even leaving

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*Data furnished for this sketch by 8. Thomas C. Green[5], of Charles Town, West Virginia.

the sessions to take his place in the ranks when important fighting was anticipated.

On the retreat from Gettysburg Mr. Green fell out of line to refresh himself by a dip in a friendly stream. General Jubal A. Early stopped to remonstrate in disciplinary language. On being told by Green that it was none of his business the General exclaimed:

"Do you know that you are addressing General Early, Sir?"

"Do you know that you are speaking to a member of the Virginia Legislature who is exempt from military duty," countered Mr. Green. He persued his purpose without further interference.

In after years when asked to state the most unselfish act of his life, he replied that it was his enlistment in the Confederate cause.

As we have seen from the "Diary and Reminiscences," Mary finally made her way to Richmond and was there at the evacuation. The family returned to Charles Town, then West Virginia, and began life anew. In 1876 he was appointed Judge of the West Virginia Court of Appeals and elected to that office twice thereafter. His death occurred while in this service, on December 4, 1889. In her later years Mary lived with her daughter, Mrs. V. L. Perry, at Hyattsville, Maryland, where she died December 1, 1901. Their children were:

5. Annie Leacy[5], born March 27, 1853, married August 9, 1876, John Porterfield, a banker of Charles Town. Issue.

John T.[6] born 1879, married Myrtle Meadows. Issue, John T.[7], and Mary Bogardus[7] Porterfield.

Claiborne Green[6], born 1878, died unmarried.

Phillip T.[6] Porterfield, married Mollie Thompson Moore. Issue.

Phillip Terrill[7], Jr., Gunnell Hurst[7], Annie Green[7], Virginia Thompson[7], and Mary Porterfield[7].

6. John Williams[5], died in infancy.

7. Lucy Million[5], died in infancy.

8. Thomas Claiborne[5], born September 21, 1858. He is an attorney at Charles Town, West Virginia. He married Lucy Robinson Harris of Hanover County, Virginia. Issue.

23. Elizabeth Temple[6], born February 3, 1893, married Henry Sheppard of Shepherdstown, West Virginia. Issue. Henry[7] IV., Elizabeth Temple[7], Thomas Ringgold[7] Sheppard.

9. Lucy Claiborne[5], born June 22, 1897, married George Leacy Coyle of Charleston, West Virginia. Issue.

George Leacy[6], Jr., Thomas Claiborne Green[6] and James Temple[6] Coyle.

10. Mary Naylor[5], born 1860, died September 23, 1876.

11. Flora McDonald[5], born April 27, 1864, married January 11. 1887, Cruger Wormley Smith of Clarksburg, West Virginia. No issue.

12. Kate Mason[5], born August 8, 1866, married John Edward Latimer of Prince George County, Maryland. Issue.

Claiborne Green[6] Latimer. He served in the American Expeditionary Forces a private, volunteering from Missouri. Ph.D. of Chicago University. He served as Professor of Mathematics, successively at Swarthmore University, Pennsylvania, Tulane University and the University of Kentucky, a chair which he still holds.

He was in Montreal, Canada, with the first American Army that had been in that city for 100 years. He embarked there for France. Issue: Claiborne Green[7]; Katharine Virginia[7] Latimer, born January 2, 1895, died November 12, 1905.

12. Kate Mason[5] Latimer, after the death of her first husband married, second, Henry Harrison Cook of Charles Town, West Virginia. No issue.

13. Elizabeth Travers[5] Green, born January 21, 1869, married, 1893, Doctor Van Lear Perry. Issue.

Eliza Atkinson[6], born July 25, 1894, married R. Scott Washington of Germantown, Pennsylvania. Issue.

Bessie Van Lear[7], born February 10, 1918; Nancy Sturgeon[7], born February 16, 1919, and Richard Blackburn Scott[7] Washington, born June, 1922.

William McDonald[6] Perry, born January 9, 1899, married September, 1928, Helen Tremaine of Detroit, Michigan, now of New York City, daughter of Edward Augustus Tremaine. No issue.

14. Angus William McDonald[4], born May 16, 1829, at Romney, Virginia, married February 27, 1857, Elizabeth Morton Sherrard, *q. v.*, born September 10, 1833, daughter of Robert Sherrard of Bloomery Gap, Virginia, and his wife, Elizabeth Morton Matthews. He attended Romney Academy, taught by Doctor Foote and later by Rev. Theodore Gallaudet. In 1847 he became assistant to Doctor Foote, then principal of Romney Classical Institute, 1848-1850 at the University of Virginia and later studied law under Judge Thomas Claiborne Green at Charles Town, Virginia, and in 1852 was licensed to practice. In 1861 delegate to House of Burgesses, Virginia Legislature. April, 1861, elected First Lieutenant of Militia Company of New Creek, Virginia, under Captain George F. Sheets; July, 1861, Adjutant Seventh Virginia Cavalry, C. S. A.; January 1862, to May, 1863, at Richmond in Virginia Legislature. On adjournment, appointed Commissary with pay of Captain and returned to his regiment. He was charged with the purchase of supplies in Hampshire County and while so engaged was captured and brought to Winchester. He was promptly exchanged, rejoined his regiment and served with it until the war closed. He then began the practice of law at Harrisonburg, Virginia, but later joined his brothers, Edward and William, at the "Cool Spring" school and farm in Clarke County, Virginia. In 1870 and 1871 he practiced law at Berryville, Virginia, associated with Judge M. R. Moore. In 1890 he moved to Charles Town, West Virginia, and began the practice of law with his son-in-law, Frank Beckwith. In 1894 he was elected to the lower house of the West Virginia Legislature from the counties of Morgan, Berkeley and Jefferson. His wife died May 26, 1892. Issue:

31. Annie Leacy[5], born October 30, 1858, died July 1, 1925, married August 4, 1886, Frank Beckwith, born July 25, 1848, attorney-at-law and Judge of the Circuit Court, Charles Town, West Virginia, the great-great-grandson of Sir Jonathan Beckwith, Baronet, of Bleak Hall, Westmoreland County, Virginia, oldest son of Sir Marmaduke Beckwith, the first of the name to come to Virginia. Issue:*

Angus McDonald[6], born June 13, 1887, died November 21, 1906.
Annie Eloise Lloyd[6], born March 10, 1889, married November 12, 1919, John Randolph Tucker, attorney-at-law, son of Bishop Bev-

*Information furnished by Mrs. John Randolph Tucker, Welch, West Virginia.

erley Dandridge Tucker of Virginia and Anna Maria Washington Tucker. Issue:

Leacy McDonald[7], born January 15, 1921; John Randolph[7], born June 12, 1922; Frank Beckwith[7], born August 16, 1924, and Augustine Washington[7] Tucker, born November 19, 1926.

Frank Jennings[6], born May 19, 1892. He is an attorney-at-law in Charles Town. Unmarried.

Elizabeth Morton[6] Beckwith, born June 17, 1895, married January 26, 1918, Paul Thruston MacKie, born September 27, 1894, broker, Baltimore, Maryland, son of Paul and Thruston MacKie of New York. Issue:

Paul Thruston[7], born January 24, 1919; Betty Morton, born May 9, 1920, and Eloise Lloyd Beckwith MacKie, born August 1, 1925.

32. Angus[5] McDonald, born 1861, drowned September 17, 1878, in the James River at Richmond, Virginia, while a student at school there.

14. Angus W.[4] in 1894 married, 2nd, Mary Elizabeth Riddle, daughter of Asa R. Riddle and his wife Charlotte Houston Riddle of Charles Town, West Virginia. No issue. He died October 24, 1914, and was buried at Charles Town.

GREEN OF CULPEPER

15. Anne Sanford[4], born Romney, Virginia, October 30, 1830, married at "Windlea" December 20, 1855, James W.[4] Green, Attorney-at-Law of Culpeper, Virginia, younger brother of 3. Thomas Claiborne[4] Green.* She attended Madam Tognor's School at Winchester. Their home was in the outskirts of Culpeper.

In April, 1861, Mr. Green assisted in organizing and largely equipped with his own means "The Brandy Rifles." Anne measured the soldiers for their uniforms and they were made by the ladies of Culpeper. Mr. Green declined the Captaincy and was elected First Lieutenant, later promoted to Major and Quarter Master. The company fought in the first battle of Manassas with General Kempker's Brigade. When Culpeper was no longer tenable the family

*Data of births and marriages furnished by Raleigh Travers Green of Culpeper, Virginia.

moved to Richmond, returning to their home shortly after the war ended, where Mr. Green resumed the practice of law. In 1881 he established and edited the *Culpeper Exponent,* with his eldest son, Angus McDonald[5], as managing editor. Upon his death in 1884, his son Angus took over his law practice. James W. Green[5], the second son, became the editor of the *Exponent.*

When the latter went to Atlanta, Georgia, in 1887, the management of the *Exponent* was taken over by his third son, John Williams[5] Green, the latter being assisted by his mother. In 1897 the paper was taken over by the fourth son, Raleigh Travers[5] Green, who is still conducting it.

Anne was Regent, for Virginia, of the "Columbia Peace Bell" movement at the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893. She took an active part in the promotion and conduct of the Jamestown Exposition and wrote and published in aid of that enterprise, "Pocahontas, Maid of Jamestown" in 1907. She also conceived and led the movement to cast and erect the "Pocahontas Bell."

She was a prominent and active member of the Daughters of the American Revolution and United Daughters of the Confederacy. In later years she lived with her bachelor son, John W. Green, at "Somerled" in Chesterfield County, Virginia. She died at Clarksburg, West Virginia, February 10, 1912. She and her husband are buried at Culpeper. Issue.

14. William Cooke[5], died in infancy.

15. Nannie Cutts[5], died in infancy.

16. Angus McDonald[5], born August 19, 1858. Attended Piedmont Academy, graduated at the Virginia Military Institute 1875, and began the practice of law with his father at Culpeper, later moving to Washington, D. C., but after two years returned to Culpeper and joined the staff of the *Culpeper Exponent.*

In 1889 he married Sarah Taylor, of Cincinnati. Issue.

23. James W.[6], born December 31, 1890, married June 5, 1917, Helen Armstrong of Culpeper. They live at Orange, Virginia, where he edits and publishes the *Orange Review.* Issue.

31. Nancy Ball[7], born July 25, 1918.

32. James W.[7], born June 5, 1920.

33. Andrew J.[7], born June 2, 1922.

34. Angus McDonald[7], born May 21, 1924.

35. Harriet McNeill[7] and 36. Lillian Miller[7], twins, born November 26, 1925.

37. Robert Duff[7] Green, born July 15, 1928.

Two weeks before his death, which occurred at his home on July 11, 1893, 16 Angus[5] Green wrote the following poem:

I have walked through the valley—I am weary,
Let me lay my poor head on thy breast;
The way has been lonely and dreary,
And I long for rest—simple rest.

Take my hand in thine own, fold me close in thine arms
Let me sleep all unconscious of present alarms,
For I am weary—the light has gone out in the West,
And I yearn for repose—dreamless sleep—simple rest.

In the Slough of Despond I have floundered,
And in many a wayside snare,
For long I was chained a lone captive
In the dungeon of Giant Despair;

But my journey is o'er and I'm free, I'm free.
My spirit unfettered, leaps homeward to thee,
To live in the light of thy smiles and be blessed,
To lie in thy arms, to be thine and—to rest.

24. Million Cooke[6], born August, 1892. After the death of her parents she went to live with her aunt 19. Nancy Craig[5], who had married Doctor Wm. W. Grant, C. S. A., and lived in Denver, Colorado. Million married June 17, 1914, Doctor Jere Lawrence Crook of Jackson, Tennessee. Issue.

Joseph Alexander[7], born January 15, 1916. Midshipman United States Naval Academy; William Grant[7], born September 13, 1917, Nancy Green[7], born March 10, 1921; Martha Cawthorn[7], born January 4, 1925, and Angus McDonald Green[7] Crook, born October 10, 1927.

25. Lucy Williams[6] Green, born November 8, 1893, married December, 1922, Edward Townes Duncan, a planter of Greenwood, Mississippi, who died in 1931. She lives at Philipp, Mississippi. Issue. Anne McDonald[7], born September 4, 1924; Blanton Charles[7], born February 2, 1928, and Mary Walker[7] Duncan, born October 26, 1929, died August 1, 1932.

17. Mary Mason[5], born in 1860, married, 1887, John R. Norris. Issue, Sanford McDonald[6] Norris, born 1888.

18. Leacy Naylor[5], born 1862, married, 1888, James M. Leach, of North Carolina. Her husband died and she now lives in New York City where she writes poetry and edits "The Circle," a magazine of poetry. Issue:

James Green[6], born September, 1889. He began work as a reporter and rose to the editorship of the *Houston Post Dispatch*. He later became an Associate Editor of the *Los Angeles Times*. He married December, 1929, Mary Louise Searles, daughter of Colonel Searles of the United States Army, then living at San Antonio, Texas. They now live in Los Angeles, California.

Marcia Lewis[6] Leach, born in 1892 at Lexington, North Carolina. After completing her school work she studied in Madrid, taught school at Danville, Virginia, was head of Spanish Department at Wilson College, Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, took a Masters Degree at Columbia University, New York, and became an Instructor in Spanish at New York University. She wrote both prose and poetry, some of which have been published in the *New York Times, Century, Harpers and Munseys Magazines*. She married June 15, 1921, George Merrill Bemis, Jr., of Boston, Massachusetts. He is a graduate of Harvard. They live in New York City, where he is a writer on economics and finance.

19. James W.[5] born in 1866, a twin with 19. Nannie Craig[5]. He was a practicing lawyer in Atlanta, Georgia, and married, 1892, Mamie Hill of Edgefield, South Carolina. Issue:

26. Hal Hill[6]. His mother died and he was reared by his great-aunt, Mrs. John B. Stanard, at Berryville, Virginia. He married Mae Goodyear and lives at Montgomery, Alabama, where he is a member of Green & Earp, Wholesale Fruits and Produce. Issue:

38. Sue McDonald[7], born October 2, 1922.

39. Alice Jane[7], born June 7, 1924.

40. Hal Hill[7], born August 5, 1925.

41. James William[7], born July 5, 1927.

42. Mae Mannette[7] Green, born December 16, 1930.

19. James W.[5] Green, married 2nd Hannah Locke, of Colorado. Issue:

27. John Locke[6], born March 17, 1902.

28. Angus McDonald[6], born 1904, married Edith Shaw of New York. Issue:

29. Mamie Hill[7] Green, born 1906.

19. Nancy Craig[5], born June, 1866, twin of 19. James W.[5], married, 1895, Doctor William W. Grant of Denver, Colorado, his second wife. Doctor Grant was born in Alabama in 1846. In 1862, he enlisted in General Clanton's Artillery Brigade, C. S. A., serving for seventeen months. He graduated in 1868 from Bellvue Hospital

Medical College, New York City, and practiced in the northwest until 1885 when he was appointed Surgeon of the United States Arsenal at Rock Island, Illinois.

On January 4, 1885, at Davenport, Iowa, on a farm kitchen table, he removed the inflamed appendix of Miss Mary Gartside, a school teacher who was suffering with so called "colic," and saved her life. In 1889 he settled in Denver, Colorado, to be near his brother, Ex-Governor James B. Grant, and their respective families. His first wife and mother of his two sons, W. W. Grant, Jr., and James B. Grant, was Mary Moseley of Franklin, Tennessee. She died in 1888.

During the war with Spain and until 1903, he was Surgeon General of Colorado. During the World War he was Major of the Medical Reserve Corps and was stationed at Fort Logan. He practiced until 1933, attaining distinction as a surgeon. He died at Denver, January 8, 1934. There was no issue of his second marriage.*

20. Sue[5], born January 16, 1871, married in 1893, Franklin Stearnes. Issue: Nancy[6] Stearnes, died young. Sue's husband died and she married 2nd Thomas D. Stokes of Richmond, Virginia. Issue:

Thomas D.[6] Jr., and James Green[6] Stokes.

21. John Williams[5], born May 22, 1868, died in 1912, unmarried.

22. Raleigh Travers[5] Green, born June 30, 1872, married January 15, 1902, Buckner Dove, born July 15, 1876, in Rappahannock County, Virginia. He is editor and publisher of the *Culpeper Exponent,* and they live at "Glengarry," in the outskirts of Culpeper. Issue.

30. Raleigh Travers[6] Jr., born December 10, 1902, married in February, 1925, Dorris Lyttle Robinson. Issue:

43. Raleigh Travers[7] Green III; born December 13, 1928.

31. Anne McDonald[6], born December 18, 1903, married September 15, 1928, Kemper Hill Humphries. Issue:

Gray Hill[6], born October 17, 1929, and Lucile Dove[7] Humphries, born February 25, 1932.

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*For a more extended account of his life, see *The Denver Post* of January 9, 1934, from which most of the above account was taken.

32. Lucy Gibson[6], born July 7, 1906, married June 15, 1929, Stanley R. Rowland of New York.

33. John Buckner, born August 18, 1907.

34. George Mason[6] Green, born October 1, 1903.

ANGUS WILLIAM MCDONALD

16. Edward Hitchcock[4] McDonald, born October 26, 1832, at Romney, Virginia, married October 12, 1869, Julia Yates Leavell, daughter of Rev. W. T. Leavell of "Media," near Charles Town, West Virginia. He was named for his uncle, 12. Edward[3] and Ethan Allen Hitchcock, who graduated at the United States Military Academy in 1817 in the class with his father, 10. Angus W.[3] and afterwards became a Major General in the United States Army.

After graduating at the Romney Academy he engaged in business at Baltimore, Maryland, later managing his father's land and milling interests at New Creek, Virginia, and then studied law at Winchester. On April 17, 1861, the day he was to take his examination before Judge Tyler for a license to practice law, the news came of the secession of Virginia and he at once took command of the militia company of which he was then Captain. The story of his war service is told in much detail in the "Diary" and notes and will not be repeated here. After undergoing a severe operation without an anesthetic as a choice between life and death, he recovered at Charlottesville from the wound which he received while on retreat from Richmond just before the surrender at Appamattox, and he joined his brother William in establishing a school on the "Cool Spring" farm near Berryville in Clarke County, Virginia, Edward managing the farm and William the school.

Shortly after his marriage he moved to Louisville, Kentucky. He opened a law office, specializing in land titles and later organized and managed the Kentucky Title Company. He and his brother William continued their intimate association. In 1892 he returned to West Virginia with his family. He began farming at "Media," the estate inherited by his wife. He operated on a large and scientific scale and his methods and results attracted national attention. Here his children completed their education, while each one did his or her part in helping with the household and farm. "Media" has been subdivided but the land is still in possession of members of his family. He died September 20, 1912, and his wife died March 4, 1921. Both are buried in the churchyard of Zion Episcopal

Church at Charles Town, of which each was a devout and ardent member. Issue.

33. Edward Leavell[5], born at Louisville, Kentucky. He graduated at the Louisville Rugby School and studied law at the University of Virginia. He returned to Louisville and began the practice of his profession, specializing in titles. He is now the Vice-President of the Swiss Oil Company of Lexington, Kentucky. He married December 20, 1901, at Louisville, Florence Pinninger. Issue.

79. Edward Leavell[6].

80. Harriet Davis[6].

81. Angus W.[6] McDonald.

34. Anne Yates[5], born at Louisville, Kentucky. Lives at her home in Charles Town.

35. Julia Terrill[5], born at Louisville, married June 20, 1899, John W. Davis, a lawyer of West Virginia. She died leaving a daughter, Julia[6], who married Wm. Adams and divorced him. No issue. She lives with her father at their home on Long Island, New York. She has written several books adapted for young people and is a contributor to magazines.

36. William Thomas[5], born at Louisville, was for some years manager of the farm at "Media" after his father's death. He now lives with his sister Mary, Mrs. Robert T. Browse, at "Paignton" near Charles Town. He is unmarried.

37. Angus William[5], born at Louisville. Graduated in law at the University of Virginia. He married June 25, 1912, at Charleston, West Virginia, Elizabeth W. Brown, daughter of Malcolm Brown and his wife of Charleston. He has specialized in land titles and has an extensive law practice in Charleston as well as large mineral interests in West Virginia. No issue.

38. Peerce Naylor[5], born at Louisville. Studied for the ministry at the University of West Virginia and the Virginia Seminary. Ordained Episcopal Minister, 1905. He married June 12, 1911, Frances Browse of "Spring Run," West Virginia. He was commissioned Chaplain of the 317th Field Signal Battalion, A. E. F., and served with it in France. He has been for a number of years Rector of the Church of the Ascension at Montgomery, Alabama. No issue.

39. Mary Aglionby[5], born at Louisville. Attended school at Richmond and Winchester. On October 19, 1911, she married Robert T. Browse, of "Spring Run," West Virginia. They bought a

farm near "Media" and have built and live in a handsome home, "Paignton." They have one daughter, Elizabeth[6] Browse, now at school in Washington, D. C.

40. Marshall Woodrow[5], born at "Media." Graduated in Engineering, University of West Virginia. Served in France with 2nd Engineers and was promoted to Captaincy October, 1918. After his return to the United States he taught school in Charles Town, but later became Road Engineer of three counties. He lives at "Media" and operates his portion of the farm. On October 30, 1923, he married Ernestine Hutter. Issue.

82. Louise Hutter[6] McDonald.

41. John Yates[6] was born at Louisville. He graduated as Master of Arts at the University of Virginia. He also studied Agriculture at Pennsylvania State College, Cornell and Oregon State College. He married Dorothy Bosworth of Elgin, Illinois, September 22, 1922. He lives on his portion of the "Media" farm, in a beautiful stone house, built largely by his own hands. Issue:

83. John Bosworth[6].

84. Angus William[6], and

85. Eleanora[6] McDonald.

42. Frances Leavell[5], born May 27, 1891. Died in infancy.

17. William Naylor[4] McDonald. Born at Romney, Virginia, February 4, 1834. He studied law at the Academy where he and his brother, Edward, organized a literary society. He kept an interesting diary of his school days, portions of which are to be found in "The Glengarry McDonald's of Virginia." He graduated at the University of Virginia, 1857. In September of that year he was appointed Professor of Belles Lettres, University of Public Schools, Louisville, Kentucky. In 1858 he was promoted to President of the University of Louisville and ex officio Superintendent of Louisville Public Schools. In 1859, being in delicate health he resigned and returned to Virginia to study law at his home in Winchester. He was licensed to practice but in June, 1860, went to England with his father, Commissioner for Virginia in the boundary dispute with Maryland. He returned in November and joined his brother-in-law, Judge Thos. C. Green, in a law partnership at Charlestown.

In April, 1861, he enlisted at Culpeper as a private in "Botts' Grays," afterwards Company G, Second Virginia Infantry. In 1862 he was promoted to Captain and Ordinance Officer on the staff

of General Thomas L. Roseer, C. S. A. Later he became Chief Ordinance Officer on the staff of Major General William Mahone with rank of Captain.

After the surrender he went to Charlottsville to nurse his brother Edward who was wounded, and then joined him in the school and farm at "Cool Spring." At this school there were many ex-Confederate soldiers as pupils. Here he and Prof. John S. Blackburn wrote and published at their own cost the first "Southern School History of the United States," which met with a warm reception, reaching the 20th edition by 1911. In 1867 he married Miss Katharine Simms Gray of Loudon County, Virginia. In 1868 he returned to his old position as President of the Louisville University. His Brother Edward followed him shortly and together in 1882 they established the monthly magazine known as *The Southern Bivouac,* published in the interest of Confederate Veterans. In 1871, his brother Allan, having graduated at Washington College, came to Louisville and joined him in the establishment of the Louisville Rugby School for boys, which flourished until 1887. In that year he returned to Virginia and established at Berryville the Shenandoah Valley Academy, which he conducted successfully until his death, January 4, 1898. It was here that he brought almost to a conclusion the manuscript of the "History of the Laural Brigade," which was edited after his death by Colonel Bushrod Washington, at whose request William had undertaken the heavy task of writing the book. It was published in 1907 by his widow, who died February 20, 1920. Issue:

43. William Naylor[5], Jr., born in Clarke County, Virginia, 1868. Graduated at Louisville Rugby School, 1885. Roadmaster's clerk on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad, 1886-1887, and attended the session of 1887-88 at the University of Virginia, after which he returned to Louisville and Nashville Railroad as draughtsman and assistant, remaining until 1891 when he joined the Engineering Department of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway, remaining until 1898 when he began location and construction, in complete charge of the Cumberland Telephone and Telegraph Company's long distance line between Memphis and New Orleans. In June of that year he enlisted as a private in the 2nd Louisiana Regiment at New Orleans for service in the War with Spain. He was promoted rapidly and in January, 1899, was assigned to "G" Company of the Eighth United States Infantry, Havana, Cuba. In February he was detached and assigned to special engineering duty

and in April was mustered out with his regiment. In May, 1899, he was appointed United States Assistant Engineer, Department of Streets, Havana, Cuba, under Colonel, later Major General, William M. Black, U. S. A., and later in that year, Superintendent of the Department of Streets of Havana, serving as such until December, 1902, when he resigned and returned to Nashville.

During this time he was in entire charge of rebuilding the streets of Havana, making surveys, maps, plans and specifications for the $7,000,000.00 paving contract, building the Mallacon sea wall and driveway, several parks and bridges and employing about 3,000 men at one time, completing work costing $4,000,000.00. He married December 10, 1900, Emma Hicks, born December 14, 1874, daughter of Edward D. Hicks and his wife, Mary White, of Davidson County, Tennessee. In December, 1902, he was appointed Chief Engineer of the Tennessee Central Railroad at Nashville, resigning in 1904 to go into general contracting, specializing in reinforced concrete construction. He moved to Jacksonville, Florida, in 1908, where he has since lived.

In April, 1917, he was appointed Captain in the United States Army and employed in training engineer troops at Camp Humphrey, later in building the Merrill Stevens Shipyard at Jacksonville. In 1926 and 1927 he was Chief Engineer for the D. P. Davis properties at Tampa and St. Augustine and later City Manager at St. Augustine. He does engineering work when he can get it and lives on a small farm and grove on the banks of the St. Johns River at South Jacksonville. He became a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers in 1902 and is a member of the Florida Engineering Society, the American Society of Military Engineers and a Registered Civil Engineer. They had one child,

86. Katharine Gray[6], born October 19, 1901, at Havana, Cuba. She graduated in 1920 at "The Castle," Tarrytown-on-Hudson, New York, took A.B. at Goucher College, Baltimore, Maryland, in 1924 and a Secretarial Certificate at Columbia University, New York, in 1925. She died in New York City December 6, 1927, and is buried at Mount Olivet, in Nashville, Tennessee. In the *Alpha Phi Quarterly,* March, 1928, in reference to publishing one of her poems, "Mother Dreams," the following appears:

> The poem, "Mother Dreams," needs no word from us to gain your appreciation. It is beautifully done, and more appealing still when one knows the sudden and tragic death of the author. Katharine McDonald was a member of the class of 1924 at Goucher, and had just begun to publish some of her literary work, all of which gave great promise for the future.

44. Ellen Douglas[5], born October 31, 1869, in Bullitt County, Kentucky, married December 19, 1895, John Macky Baldwin Neill, a banker and orchardist of Berryville, Virginia. He died October 5, 1927, and she now lives at the home place in Berryville. Issue.

John Baldwin[6], Jr., born November 3, 1896. Midshipman United States Naval Academy 1913. Resigned 1916 and joined the staff of the Newport News Shipbuilding and Dry Dock Company. April, 1917, commissioned First Lieutenant 13th Regiment United States Marine Corps, stationed at Quantico as instructor of trench construction for service in A. E. F. August, 1918, transferred to Brest, France, where the corps remained inactive until the war ended. Here he was made Captain of the headquarters Company under General Smedley D. Butler, but on return to the United States in July, 1919, he became First Lieutenant and Aide on General Butler's Staff. In 1920 we find him at Peiping, China, where he married September 9, 1922, Jean Harris of Madeira, California. In July, 1924, he returned to the United States and was stationed at San Diego, California. In 1925 we find him at the Quantico Marine Base, where he joined the Aviation Corps. He went for training to Pensacola, Florida, and in 1927 was promoted to Captain. In 1929 he resigned and joined the Curtis Wright Company to take charge of their airport at Caldwell, New Jersey. He had won distinction as an air pilot when the depression came. He is now Sales Manager for Hetrick & Company of Toledo, Ohio. Issue. John Baldwin[7], III, born Peiping, China, August 9, 1923, and Jean Elisabeth[7] Neill, born October 15, 1924, at San Diego, California.

William McDonald[6] Neill, born September 28, 1901. Graduated at Shenandoah Valley Academy and entered third class at the Virginia Military Institute in 1916. Graduated at the United States Naval Academy in 1923. Resigned in 1925 and became Southern California Manager for the Strenzi Sons Silk Company, with headquarters in Los Angeles, later promoted to Sales Manager of the New York office, and lives at White Plains, New York. He married March, 1929, Hildegarde Klamroth. Issue. Dona Linda[7], born June 23, 1930; William McDonald[7] Neill, born July, 1933, and

Lewis[6] Neill, born June 13, 1908. Educated at Augusta Military Academy and Virginia Polytechnic Institute. Unmarried, lives with his mother.

45. Craig Woodrow[5], born February 13, 1871, died May, 1902, unmarried.

46. Flora[5], born 1873, died in infancy.

47. Fannie[5], born 1875, died in infancy.

48. Nannie Gray[5], born February 7, 1877. Married October 12, 1899, Ellery Lockie Eustaphieve. He died March, 1900. No issue. After the death of her husband she became a professional nurse. She had a responsible position with the American Red Cross, at St. Lesair Hospital and elsewhere in France during the World War. She lives with her sister, Mrs. Neill, when not employed professionally.

49. Hugh[5], born April 13, 1879. District Manager in National Biscuit Company, Gloversville, New York. Married September, 1910, Elizabeth Loadwick of Amsterdam, New York. Issue.

87. William Naylor[6], student at Cornell University.

50. Kathrine Powell[5], born May 29, 1880, at Berryville. Unmarried.

51. Leacy Naylor[5], born July 25, 1881. Married June 28, 1910, William Edwards Suddath, Attorney-at-Law, Warrensburg, Missouri. Issue.

James Walker[6], born November 26, 1911. Cadet Virginia Military Institute, later A.B. University of Missouri, 1933; William McDonald[6], born September, 1913. Died October 3, 1914; and William Edwards[6] Suddath, born March 28, 1918. Graduate County Day School, Kansas City, Missouri.

52. Mary Green[5], born March 9, 1885. Married September, 1910, Bayard Stevens, Gloversville, New York. Issue. John[6], born January 6, 1912; Bayard McDonald[6], born March 9, 1916; and Nancy Gray[6] Stevens, born May 29, 1925.

18. Marshall McDonald[4], born Romney, Virginia, October 18, 1835. He was named for the Marshall family, devoted friends of his parents. His health being delicate his schooling was not pressed. He developed early a taste for Biology and Chemistry and was afforded facilities for the pursuit of these along with his home studies. He obtained and mounted many specimens from land and water life and kept up constant intercourse with the Smithsonian Institution.

In 1856 he entered the third class at the Virginia Military Institute, graduating in 1859, tied for the top. He then entered the University of Virginia for the Master of Arts degree but a typhoid fever epidemic caused adjournment of classes. He then began the

study of medicine under his cousin, Dr. Hugh McGuire, in Winchester. In the fall of 1860 he was appointed Assistant to Professor Thomas J. Jackson at the Virginia Military Institute. His military career in the Confederate Army has already been sketched in the Diary and especially in note 92, page 108.

After the surrender of Gen. Jos. E. Johnston's forces, his health still being delicate, he made his way to Greenville, Mississippi, where he secured employment as tutor in the family of Dr. Taylor, on a plantation near Greenville.

In 1866, upon the reorganization of the Virginia Military Institute, he was appointed Professor of Chemistry and Mining Engineering.

In 1875 he was appointed Fish Commissioner of the State of Virginia. While so engaged, he invented and installed on the rivers of Virginia and a number of rivers in Europe, a fishway to enable fish to surmount dams. He received medals from many foreign countries for this and other accomplishments in pisciculture.

In 1879 he entered the service of the United States Fish Commission as assistant to his old friend, Doctor Baird. After Doctor Baird's death and in 1888 he was appointed by President Cleveland Commissioner of Fish and Fisheries. During this employment he invented the automatic hatching jar, a tidal hatching box, the inland salt aquarium and other devices which gave the work of the Commission a commercial standing. He held the office until his death, but not without struggles by politicians for his displacement.

In the *New York Times* of September 21, 1890, there appears a full account of one of these efforts. Its caption reads *What the United States Fish Commission has done. Testimony before the investigating committee, showing the value of Colonel McDonald's methods.* The effort to destroy the usefulness of the Commission and turn it over to the Department of Agriculture for patronage is shown to have been a signal failure and triumph for Colonel McDonald.

He was one of the organizers of the District of Columbia Society of the Sons of the American Revolution in 1890 and its Treasurer in 1890 and 1891. He was one of the early members of the Cosmos Club of Washington, D. C.

On December 17, 1867, at Frankford in Clarke County, Virginia, he married Mary Eliza McCormick, born October 18, 1840, daugh-

ter of Francis McCormick and his wife, Rose Mortimor Ellsey. They lived with Mrs. Cornelia McDonald at the John Jordan residence, now "Stono," at Lexington, but later he built a home of his own in which he lived until he left Lexington. He died September 1, 1895, and was buried at Washington in Oak Hill Cemetery. His widow survived him and lived in Berryville, Virginia, with their daughter Rose. She died February 8, 1934, and was buried in Berryville.

She was First Treasurer General of the Daughters of the American Revolution and at the convention of 1933 her portrait was presented by the Virginia Chapters to the National Organization and accepted with appropriate ceremonies. It hangs in the Continental Hall, Washington. Their children were:

53. Mary[5], born March, 1869, died at birth.

54. Rose Mortimer Ellsey, born in 1871 at Lexington. Her first employment was as teacher at Norfolk College. She resigned this position to become Principal of Berryville Institute and from there went to Arlington Institute, Alexandria, as teacher of English. Later she entered the Bureau of Fisheries as a Qualified Pisciculturist and was later appointed Librarian, where she prepared "An Analytical Subject Bibliography of the Publications of the Bureau of Fisheries." After its publication as a government document her services as an expert librarian were in much demand. She continued with the Commission until her mother's health demanded her presence at home.

During the World War she was Captain of the Red Cross Canteen and had an active part in looking after the welfare of the soldiers of the Engineer Regiments who were trained at Camp Humphrey for the A. E. F.

After the World War they sold the home in Alexandria and moved to Berryville. Here her mother was in constant touch with her two sisters, Rose and Nannie, who live next door.

Rose has carved out an enviable career for herself. She has for some years been Rural Supervisor of Schools and Judge of the Court of Juvenile and Domestic Relations of Clarke County. She was the first woman holding this latter office in the State. She is a member of the State Board of Education, being the first woman in Virginia to be appointed to this position. She was selected by the Sesqui-Centennial Committee from Virginia as the "Virginia woman having done most for the progress of women in 'Civics' during the last

fifty years in Virginia." Like her father she is constantly engaged in study and always alert to advance and improve her qualifications for life's duties. She is the author of a group of sketches "Historic Gardens of Clarke," and "Early Virginia Botanists" and has recently written and published a story for children, "Then and Now in Dixie" (Ginn & Co., 1933).

She belongs to the Colonial Dames, Daughters of the American Revolution, United Daughters of the Confederacy, Garden Clubs of Virginia and of America, and is incidentally a connoisseur and some time dealer in antiques. She is unmarried.

55. Angus[5], born May 28, 1871. Graduated at the Columbia Law School at Washington, D. C., and was affiliated with the National Press Bureau. In 1898 he enlisted in the Third Virginia Regiment of Infantry for service in the war with Spain. He was shortly detached as a courier. After the war he went to South Africa in the employment of Collis P. Huntingdon but the death of the latter left him stranded and he promptly enlisted in the British cause, becoming a courier in "Locke's Horse." He was a member of Lord Roberts' escort from Capetown. He was awarded a medal by the British Government for this service. Returning to America he was engaged on an irrigation project. He died at Milner, Idaho, January 17, 1905. He was unmarried.

56. Nannie Frank[5], born January 17, 1883, died April 4, 1886.

19. Craig Woodrow[4] McDonald. Born Romney, Virginia, May 28, 1837. A scholar at Romney Academy, Cadet at the Virginia Military Institute and student at the University of Virginia. In 1859 and to April, 1861, he was a tutor in Culpeper and studied law under Mr. James W. Green, his brother-in-law. Killed at battle of Gaines Mill June 27, 1862. Unmarried.

20. Susan Leacy[4] born at Romney, Virginia, December 10, 1839. Attended schools at Romney, Virginia, at "Ringwood" in Fanquier County, and at Winchester under Mr. Charles L. Powell. After the war she lived with her brothers at "Cool Spring." She married August 6, 1872, at the home of her brother, Marshall, in Lexington, Virginia, Major John B. Stanard, C. S. A., of Culpeper, a son of Colonel John Stanard, U. S. A. They later moved to Berryville. Major Stanard died January 24, 1897, and is buried at Berryville. She lived at Berryville for some years after the death of her husband, and in her later years moved to Charles Town, where she died February 15, 1930. No issue.

21. Flora[4]. Born Romney, Virginia, June 7, 1842. Her mother died when Flora was six months old and until her father married again she was cared for by her aunt, Mrs. William Naylor, who was also step-mother to his late wife. At page 255 of her book, "The Glengarry McDonalds of Virginia," in the account of her life, Mrs. Williams wrote:

> "One of Flora's earliest and happiest recollections was when "her new mother arrived and took her child's heart by storm, with "her kindly words and affectionate manner and in all the long "years following she had little cause to change those first im- "pressions."

With so many ahead of her, her schooling was somewhat desultory until she was twelve years old when she was sent to Charlestown, Virginia, to live with her sister, Mrs. T. C. Green, and attend private school. A severe illness intervened and caused another suspension of schooling and her return to "Windlea," where nature was her chief tutor for the next two years and she shared her liberties with her brother Marshall, in his quest for and mounting of "specimens." At Winchester she attended school under Mr. Charles Powell and Mr. York.

The story of her life during the war has been told by Mrs. McDonald but her own story in her book includes many other items of interest.

After the war she and "Sue" left Richmond on a pass issued by General Ord, U. S. A., and joined their brothers at "Cool Spring" as housekeepers for the boarding school. She married December 18, 1867, L. Eustace Williams, born at Wickliffe, Clarke County, Virginia, July 1, 1839, or 1840. In April, 1861, he left the University of Virginia, where he was a law student and joined the Clarke Cavalry, a part of General J. E. B. Stuart's Corps, C. S. A., and served with his company until he was severely wounded at the battle of Trevilian Station, June, 1864. After a year in Clarke County she and her husband moved to Culpeper, where he joined Mr. James W. Green in the practice of law.

Mr. Williams suffered greatly from his wound and the care of him and their family devolved chiefly upon his wife, a duty which she discharged with intrepid courage and sublime patience, ingenuity and skill. They moved to Staunton and rented a suburban cottage where she supported her family by operating a garden. It was said she produced here the first head lettuce, the novelty of which

brought in substantial returns. About 1873 they moved to Louisville, Kentucky, where Mr. Williams again took up the practice of law. They finally settled at Anchorage, Kentucky, and she assisted with her agricultural talents in supporting the family. Her husband died April 20, 1913, and was buried in Cave Hill Cemetery at Louisville.

As her children grew up and married and she was able to indulge in her love for the "out of doors" she bought a small orange grove in Brooksville, Florida. She sold a part and on the remainder she built a house in which she lived six months in every year almost until her death. The other six months were spent with her son after his marriage. She worked her gardens at both places. She was an active member of the United Daughters of the Confederacy from its organization, taking a leading part in the Stonewall Chapter at Staunton and later with the Albert Sidney Johnston Chapter at Louisville. For three terms she held the office of Treasurer General of the National Organization, declining re-election for the fourth term. She was one of the originators of the law introduced by Senator James of Kentucky, passed by the United States Congress, and signed by President Woodrow Wilson, which changed the official designation of the so-called "Civil War" to "The War Between the States."

She frequently wrote for newspapers and magazines and in 1880 published a war-time novel, "Who's the Patriot?", which she afterwards revised and published as "The Blue Cockade." Her "The Glengarry McDonalds of Virginia" was published in 1911. She took a course in story writing in her 86th year and had begun to write her autobiography when death overtook her.

In the spring of 1929 she joined my wife and me at Nashville and together with my son and his wife we made a delightful trip up the Valley of Virginia, visiting many relatives and scenes of her childhood. She left us at Charles Town and after a visit there returned to Anchorage. She died December 21, 1930, at Glendale, California, to which place she accompanied her son Eustace and his invalid wife in the hope of improving the health of the latter. Issue.

Leacy Peachy[5], born at Wickliffe, Virginia, 1869. She married at Staunton, Virginia, June, 1896, Ewing Cockrill, a son of United States Senator Cockrill of Missouri. He is a lawyer and they live at Warrensburg, Missouri. Issue.

Anne Ewing[6], born June 22, 1898. She married Carl Werner. Issue. Ewing[7] Werner. Anne Ewing[6] was divorced from Carl Werner and married, second, Richard Wermser. No issue.

Francis Marian[6], born in 1900. Married Marian Brown of Alabama. He is a writer for magazines. They have no children.

Flora McDonald[6], married Samuel Rauls. No issue.

Leroy Eustace[6] Cockrill, unmarried.

Flora McDonald[5], born Culpeper, Virginia, September 28, 1872. Married, 1895, Angereau Gray of Louisville, Kentucky. He is a banker and they live at Anchorage, Kentucky. Issue, seven children, four of whom died in infancy.

Flora[6], born 1898. Married Lieutenant Hugh G. Elliott, U. S. A. No issue.

Eustace LeRoy[6], born 1907. Unmarried.

McDonald[6] Gray, born 1911. Unmarried.

LeRoy Eustace[5], born Culpeper, Virginia, 1874. He married, 1900, Elizabeth St. Clair Smith of Berryville, Virginia. She died June, 1931, at Glendale, California. Issue, L. Eustace[6] Williams. He married, second, Catherine Chichester Duffie and they live in San Francisco, California. He attended the public schools of Louisville, and became a newspaper reporter and editor in that city. He was Secretary of the Kentucky State Highway Commission and was afterwards engaged, living at Anchorage, in building houses and selling them.

Angus Edward[5] Williams, died in infancy.

The children of 10. Angus[3] McDonald, by his second wife Cornelia Peake McDonald were:

22. Harry Peake[4], born at Romney, Virginia, April 14, 1848. After the family moved to Winchester he attended the Winchester Academy, taught by Peyton N. Clarke. His war experience has been fully detailed in the "Diary." Mrs. McDonald often refers to his trips through the enemy lines to "Clover Hill." His sister Flora, in her biographical sketch of him on page 260 of "The Glengarry McDonald's" gives his explanation made to her of how he accomplished at least one of these trips as follows:

> Oh well, I took a long whip with me and roamed around the field a while and then as I got near the picket I asked one of them if they had seen a stray cow anywhere around and he said that he had seen one shortly before and pointed in a direction outside his lines and I just walked deliberately by without being challenged.

Harry graduated in Engineering at Washington College in 1869. He went to Louisville, Kentucky, and got work as Assistant Engineer under John McLeod, who was Chief Engineer of the Elizabethtown and Paducah Railroad Company. When construction began he was advanced to Resident Engineer. It was here that he had a thrilling adventure which adds further testimony to his courage and bodily strength.

While he was eating lunch at a farm house, a huge stag which was being chased by dogs jumped over the fence and into the yard. He ran out and seized the animal by his antlers, threw him to the ground, opened his knife with his teeth and one hand, while he held the stag prostrate and stabbed him to death.

On completion of this road he again served under Mr. McLeod in the construction of the piers of the Louisville and Jeffersonville bridge over the Ohio River, which now carry the tracks of the Pennsylvania Railroad. He then opened an office in Louisville as Architect and Civil Engineer and one of his first structures was the City Workhouse. In 1876 he and his brothers Kenneth and Donald formed a partnership, McDonald Brothers, Architects, specializing in public buildings. Many structures in the Southern States are standing today which testify to the wide distribution, magnitude and excellence of their work.

In 1882 he was a partner in the firm of O'Connor and McDonald, Contractors for the piers of the Ohio River bridge at Henderson, Kentucky, for the Louisville and Nashville Railroad.

He built the Confederate Soldiers Home in Kentucky and on its completion became Secretary of the Board of Trustees. He was never in politics, except to use his best efforts to elect worthy men to office, until he was elected to the Legislature of Kentucky where he secured the passage of a bill to increase the pensions of the old Confederate Soldiers. While a member of this body he was stricken at Louisville with pneumonia and died on February 18, 1904. He was buried at Cave Hill Cemetery. On April 14, 1875, he married Alice Keats Speed, daughter of Phillip Speed, a cement manufacturer of Louisville. They lived at first with Mrs. Cornelia McDonald, but in 1876 they moved into a cottage on Chestnut Street. Later he built a brick residence. His widow and eldest daughter survive him in Louisville. Issue.

57. Fannie Speed[5], born September 12, 1876. She was educated in the public schools of Louisville and after the death of her father



MRS. CORNELIA McDONALD AND CHILDREN—1870 AT LEXINGTON.

STANDING, FROM LEFT—HUNTER, DONALD, KENNETH, ELLEN.
SEATED—ROY, ALLAN, MRS. McDONALD, HARRY. MADE BY MILEY.

she took up Stenography, which she has followed ever since. She became the personal Secretary of her uncle Donald McDonald, and served him and the interests he represented faithfully and well. Upon his death in 1925 she was retained in the position she held, by Byllesby & Company, the owners of the Louisville Gas and Electric Company, and still holds her place, loved and respected by all. She has never married but has become the main support of her invalid mother.

58. Cornelia Peake[5], born September 24, 1881. She died June 8, 1889.

23. Allan Lane[4] McDonald was born at Romney, Virginia, October 30, 1849. He was taught at home until the family moved to Winchester where he attended Mrs. Eichelberger's school. An interesting account of his experiences during the war is given in a letter from him to his sister Flora published, beginning at page 268, "Glengarry McDonalds." After the Surrender he worked on the farm at "Cool Spring" and attended that school for two terms, joining his mother then in Lexington and attending Washington College. In 1869 he was a member of the faculty of Austin College, Texas, later joining his brother William in Louisville. They established and operated the Louisville Rugby School which grew to an enviable position in the scholarship and physique of its attendants, the motto being *Sana Mens in Corpore Sano.* All of the teachers often engaged personally in the foot and snow ball games played at recess by most of the pupils on the ample school grounds. Some pupils from a distance boarded with Mrs. Cornelia McDonald. While the school flourished, the income from it was never sufficient to support the proprietors and their families, and the annual loss though small finally caused its abandonment. Allan married February 13, 1878, Fannie Burnley Snead, born January 13, 1856, daughter of Charles Snead, who established in 1849 the Snead Iron Works of Louisville, Kentucky, which, after a disastrous fire, was moved to Jersey City, where it is now operated under the title of Snead & Company, Inc.

When the school was abandoned in 1887 Allan's full brothers joined in the establishment of a manufacturing plant, placing Allan as the Superintendent, but his long career as a teacher had not fitted him for the competitive conduct of such an enterprise, which not only involved manufacture but salesmanship. After several years of struggle it failed, resulting in loss to all of the brothers involved.

They mutually assumed all debts, including Allan's. His family, then a large one, went to live with his wife's father and brothers at their home and Allan went to San Francisco, California, to start life anew, and, if possible, re-establish himself financially. He found work on the *San Francisco Call* as associate editor and special writer. After the Earthquake he was made Secretary of the California State Board of Development but still found time to write for the newspapers. His dreams of financial recuperation were not realized and he was never united again with his wife and children. He died in San Francisco November 16, 1915. His remains were buried beside his parents in Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond, Virginia.

Allan's children, all born at Louisville, Kentucky, were:

59. Charles Snead[5] McDonald, born February 18, 1878. Entered the School of Architecture of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology at the age of 16, being one of the youngest students ever granted admission. After leaving college he finally settled at Salt Lake City, Utah, where under the firm name of McDonald & Cooper he commenced the practice of Architecture. His contribution towards improvements in school planning were recognized nationally as important. In 1918, after being turned down for the Officers Training Camp on account of his health, he, nevertheless, joined the American Red Cross and went to France as a First Lieutenant. However, he was taken ill on shipboard and died March 28, 1918, shortly after landing in France. His body was interred with military honors in the American Cemetery at Surrenes, France.

60. Harry Peake[5] McDonald, born May 19, 1880, graduated in 1901 from Massachusetts Institute of Technology with a degree in Civil Engineering. Immediately thereafter he started his career with Snead & Company in Jersey City, where he held the office of Vice President in charge of production at the time of his death on August 22, 1921. He was a member of the American Society of Civil Engineers, American Society of Automotive Engineers and the American Society for Steel Treating. He developed many successful inventions for foundry moulding machines, automotive devices and electrical heat treatment. On June 8, 1905, he married Elizabeth Shapleigh of Philadelphia. They made their home at Montcleair, New Jersey, where his family still reside. Issue:

89. Waldron Shapleigh[6], born February 2, 1907.

90. Udolpho Snead[6], born May 18, 1908.

91. Harry Peake[6], born May 26, 1909.

92. Mary Alastair[6], born March 12, 1914.

61. Angus Snead[5] McDonald, born November 7, 1883. Graduated from the Columbia University School of Architecture in 1915. Immediately after graduation he entered Snead & Company and became its President on retirement of Udolpho Snead in 1916. He has been particularly active in development of library book stacks, taking an important part in the designing and installation of special equipment for many of the leading libraries of the world, including the Library of Congress in Washington and the libraries for Harvard, Yale, Illinois, Columbia Universities and the Vatican. On November 29, 1911, he married Elizabeth Prentiss Avery at Galesburg, Illinois, and they now reside at Hadlyne, Connecticut. Issue:

93. Frances Avery[6], born New York City July 2, 1914, and married to Albert Gordon Hill of St. Louis at Hadlyne on November 24, 1932. Angus Avery[6], born Great Neck, Long Island, September 14, 1918.

62. Nelly Snead[5] McDonald. Born August 8, 1886, married March 7, 1912, Oscar Rempel Houston of New York City, an internationally known admiralty lawyer of the firm of Bingham, Englar, Jones & Houston. Before her marriage she was a writer and designer for the *Ladies' Home Journal* and other magazines. Since her marriage has taken a leading part in social service work at her home, Great Neck, Long Island. Issue:

Charles Snead[6], born August 23, 1913, at New York City, Barbara McDonald[6], born July 6, 1917, at Great Neck, and Janet[6], Houston, born December 15, 1918, at Great Neck.

63. Francis McDonald[5]. Born December 25, 1893. He graduated from the School of Chemical Engineering of Columbia University in 1914. Shortly thereafter he became a Development Engineer for the Mid-West Oil Company of Casper, Wyoming. On the day the United States entered the World War he resigned his position to enter the army. He took air service training in the United States, Italy and France and at the time of the Armistice was First Lieutenant in a pursuit squadron. At the close of the war he again took up his chemical engineering work, first with the Oakley Chemical Company of New York and later with the American Potash Chemical Company of Trona, California. For the latter he did important development work in the recovery of potash, borax, soda ash, etc., from the deposits in Searles Lake, California. On November 3,

1928, he married Marjory Watson Vieweg at Great Neck. They now reside in Los Angeles, California.

24. Humphrey Peake[4] was born at Romney, Virginia, December 31, 1850. He died in infancy.

25. Kenneth[4] was born at Romney, Virginia, July 18, 1852. His first school was that of Mrs. Lewis Eichelberger at Winchester. At Lexington he attended the school taught by the Misses Baxter. He graduated at the Virginia Military Institute in 1873 and went to Louisville with the other members of the family and became a partner with his brother Harry, and at the same time a tutor of mathematics at the Rubgy School.

We have already learned from his mother's story and his notes thereto many of his experiences during the war and the so-called "reconstruction period" thereafter, but there is one story that his sister Flora, in her book, has told at some length, but which deserves further notice here.

While skating one day on North River on newly formed ice among numerous students, cadets and citizens of Lexington, youthful, middle aged and even old, the young son and namesake of the Reverend W. M. McElwee, skated on thin ice over a spring and disappeared all except his two little red mittens. Kenneth had just skated past the place and noticed it when he heard a yell of terror from all who saw the accident. He knew what had happened, turned at once and skated for the hole and when near it on the very thin ice slid into the hole face downward, but the boy had gone under. He finally found him, lifted his head above water, and kept it there. His heavy military overcoat and skates, together with his added burden, soon exhausted him. All the people were lined up on the bank shouting wildly and giving no aid except advice. Finally a "tall young "cadet stepped out of the crowd with a thin fence rail and walked as "confidently on that thin ice as he would walk on a dirt road" and with the water nearly to his shoe tops, handed him the end of the rail, and when Kenneth grasped it, towed both to safety. Kenneth then discovered who the boy was. The young rescuer was Henry Murrell of Lynchburg, Virginia.

Kenneth had inherited a talent for Art and with his training in Engineering and Architecture he naturally, in his new employment, had charge of the draughting room and the planning. Upon the death of Harry, Donald having left the firm several years previously,

Kenneth formed a partnership with W. E. Dodd, a practicing Architect of Louisville, the new title being McDonald and Dodd.

On November 20, 1879, he married America Rousee Moore of Louisville, born May 6, 1859. The young couple lived with Mrs. McDonald until they moved into a house of Kenneth's own designing and built by him on borrowed money. Their children, all born at Louisville, were:

64. Kenneth Garland[5], born January 20, 1881. He attended public schools of Louisville, studied engineering at Vanderbilt University and graduated in Architecture at the University of Pennsylvania, later studying at *Atalier de M. Paschal* in Paris and then in Italy. After two years work in New York he went to San Francisco to practice there. On December 9, 1908, he married Anita Davis, daughter of W. S. Davis of San Francisco. He was successful from the beginning. In 1928, after having completed some important work in Los Angeles, he moved to that city where he still lives. Issue.

94. Barbara[6], born June 17, 1913. Died February 14, 1920.

95. Winfield[6], born February 16, 1918.

96. James[6] McDonald, born July 2, 1921.

65. Allan[5] was born August 5, 1882. He attended the public schools of Louisville and graduated in Engineering at Cornell University. After a short term as manager of the Electric Street Railway at Jackson, Tennessee, he went to San Francisco and became one of the organizers of McDonald & Kahn, Contracting Engineers, specializing in reinforced concrete and later engaged in general Contracting for all types of buildings and Engineering structures. The firm has been successful and is now one of the "Six Companies" having the contract for the construction of the Hoover Dam at Boulder City, Nevada. In 1929 he was selected to represent the two cities and the county, with the title of General Manager, for the erection of the Golden Gate Bridge. At the breaking out of the World War when commercial shipping was very scarce, he was able to command the necessary financial backing among his friends and designed and built the reinforced concrete ship "Faith," which had a successful career and was the forerunner of other ships and barges of similar type. On April 21, 1910, he married Susanne Kirkpatrick, daughter of John C. Kirkpatrick of San Francisco. Issue.

97. Graeme K.[6], born June 5, 1911.

98. Susanne[6] McDonald, born September 6, 1914.

66. Graeme[5] was born July 6, 1891. He was educated in the public schools of Louisville, attended the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor for two years, and after a few years as Superintendent of Athletics and Playgrounds of Louisville and about four years as building contractor, on June 11, 1913, he married Maria Sidney Bacon of Louisville and took his bride to San Francisco. He became a traveling representative for a manufacturer of fruit baskets, later engaging in the same business on his own account. His business expanded and he branched out into other industries. Their children are:

99. Edmund Bacon[6], born July 25, 1915.

100. Alastair[6] McDonald, a daughter, born January 23, 1921.

After about forty years of successful practice 26. Kenneth[4] and his wife, who was in failing health, moved to San Francisco where they could be near their sons. He resumed his practice there and his wife's health improved. He early became a member of the Praesideo Golf Club and has served as its President for a number of years. He invested the proceeds of the sale of his property in Louisville in rental property and by careful living he was enabled to give up the practise of Architecture and spend much of his time in Drawing and Painting, for which he always had a great fondness. On June 15, 1928, his wife died and shortly thereafter he went to live with his son Graeme where he enjoys a well earned life of leisure and the untrammeled pursuit of his own devices.

26. Ellen[4] was born at "Windlea" September 30, 1854. She attended the Misses Baxter's school at Lexington and was taught French by her mother. She graduated at the Anne Smith Academy in 1873. On April 26, 1883, she married James Henry Lyne, born February 7, 1854, a merchant of Henderson, Kentucky. She and her husband have lived a simple life, finding their happiness in their home, among their friends and in the Episcopal Church, of which both are members. It was to their house that her mother came to live in her later years, where she found a happy home and spent her last days. The couple celebrated their Golden Wedding with all of their children and some of the "grands" present, in the same home into which they moved after their marriage. Issue.

Cornelia Peake[5], born August, 1884. She was educated in the public schools of Henderson and became a Stenographer. After some newspaper work she entered the United States Department of Agriculture, where she was rapidly promoted and when she had



MRS. CORNELIA McDONALD AND CHILDREN.

Made by Klauber, Louisville, Ky., 1883.

finally reached an executive position in the Bureau of Markets, she resigned to become an executive with the Child Welfare Department of the Red Cross, making her home in New York City. She is unmarried.

George Holloway[5], born January 27, 1886. Educated at the Henderson public schools and Lehigh University, where he studied Electrical Engineering. On October 26, 1918, he married Esther Carroll Byrnes, of Norfolk, Virginia. He is in the paint business with his father at Henderson. No issue.

Kenneth McDonald[5], born February 28, 1888, attended the Henderson public schools and graduated with degree of B.E. at the University of the South at Sewanee, Tennessee. He was Captain of heavy artillery in the A. E. F. and on his return from France became a cotton buyer. His headquarters are at Tupelo, Mississippi. He is unmarried.

Henry Linton[5], born March 20, 1891, died July 8, 1905.

Virginia Hunter[5], born October 2, 1892. On June 28, 1916, she married Robert Baylor Tunstall, of Norfolk, Virginia. He graduated at the University of Virginia, became an Attorney at Law and is now General Counsel of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad Company with headquarters at Richmond, Virginia. He is a member of the Board of Trustees of his *Alma Mater*. Among Virginia's many accomplishments is that of writing poetry. She has published a volume of her poems entitled "A White Sail Set." No issue.

Eleanor[5] Lyne, born March 20, 1898, married February 7, 1921, Arthur Godwin King of Norfolk, Virginia, graduate of Yale, now a Highway Engineer and Contractor at Hollywood, California. Eleanor is a Phi Beta Kappa graduate of the University of Chicago. She has published some stories in magazines. Issue.

Arthur Godwin[6], born November 26, 1921, and Kenneth Lyne[6] King, born September 16, 1905.

27. Roy[4] McDonald was born August 25, 1856, at "Windlea." He attended a school taught by Lewis Logan at Lexington and later Washington College until the summer of 1874 when he came to Louisville. His first employment was as a laborer in a pork packing establishment where the hours were long and the work not of a kind to appeal to the higher senses. He rose every morning at 5 o'clock and returned home after dark. He did his very best uncomplainingly. He later began the superintendence of buildings which his older brothers had in charge. Here he gained experience which

created a demand for his services. In 1886 he was appointed Building Inspector for the City of Louisville, serving as such for eight years. He was an officer in the Louisville Legion, a Military Regiment organized and commanded by Colonel John B. Castleman and had local charge of the armory. He married November 23, 1882, Nellie Cain, daughter of John S. Cain, who for many years was Clerk of the Jefferson County Court at Louisville. Issue.

67. Amanda[5], born 1883.

68. Roy[5] McDonald, born 1884.

Both of these children were born at the home of their paternal grandfather in Louisville. After their mother died they moved to Chicago with their mother's sister and have lived in Chicago ever since.

Amanda is very artistic, highly cultivated and a musician of rare ability.

Roy is a successful business man. Both of them are unmarried and they make their home together.

27. Roy[4]'s wife died October 1, 1891. He developed inflammatory rheumatism and was attended in a Louisville infirmary by a nurse, Miss Jean Martin of Pittsburg. They were married and went to Pittsburgh to live. He was bed-ridden for many years before his death, which occurred August 19, 1921. There was no issue of the second marriage.

28. Donald[4] was born at Winchester, Virginia, September 5, 1858. At Lexington he was taught at home by his mother until he was old enough to enter the Lewis Logan School. After three years in Engineering at Washington College, where he won distinction, he came to Louisville in 1875 and for the first two years he worked at anything he could find to do. His idle time was devoted to study.

He learned that there was likely to be a vacancy as Stenographer and Secretary to Mr. Frederick de Funiack, Chief Engineer and Superintendent of Machinery of the Louisville and Nashville and Great Southern Railroad Company. He began at once the intensive study of shorthand and the improvement of his penmanship inasmuch as the letters all had to be prepared in manuscript. His remarkable memory and mastery of English aided him greatly and within thirty days he applied for and was appointed to the place. Such dictation as could not be taken in shorthand he reproduced from memory and a few longhand notes. He produced well rounded

letters, expressing clearly his employer's meaning. They were signed readily and if his superior ever discovered any defects in his shorthand he did not make it known. Donald's technical knowledge, analytical mind, intense energy and inventive genius soon won for him recognition of his executive ability. Early in 1878 he was appointed Assistant Superintendent of Machinery. In 1881 he resigned and became a partner with Harry and Kenneth in the new firm of McDonald Brothers, Architects. He was an outside man, traveling much in the mountains, securing and executing work on jails and court houses. They took out numerous patents on jail construction.

Once while so engaged at Mt. Sterling he was attracted at night by loud cries and commotion on the street. He ran out and found himself in the midst of a howling mob, leading a Negro by a rope tied around his neck. They stopped at a railroad trestle in the outskirts of the town, placed the Negro on a barrel and the rope over a beam. Donald followed as a spectator. The leader questioned the Negro and Donald hearing the answers, was convinced of his innocence of the alleged attack on a white woman. The crowd, however, grew impatient and demanded immediate hanging. The leader called for a vote which developed only one "No." To the question put to McDonald of "Who in the hell are you?" he gave his name and address and stated that he did not propose to see a man hung on such evidence as he had heard. A parley ensued in which McDonald took an active part. Another vote was taken which was unanimously opposed to hanging. The accused was led back to jail and later acquitted by a jury. Donald's persuasive powers were enhanced by his handsome face and figure, a blond, six feet three inches in height and weighing 175 pounds.

On another occasion, while seeking an obscure mountain town in Kentucky to attend a County Court session to decide on plans for a new court house and jail, he discovered that he had left the train at the wrong station with no other trains running until too late for him to attend the session. He inquired of the agent about a buggy, but found that there was no such thing and no road but a footpath over the mountains. He at once left his valise with the agent and set out on foot. At a river, he could not induce the ferryman, who was plowing high up on the mountain side, to stop work to set him across. Accordingly, although it was in December, he tied his clothes and plans above his head and swam over. It was late in the night before he reached McKee, the county seat.

Next morning he overheard two of the numerous mountaineers who had come to town for "Court Day" in earnest conversation as follows:

"I am not in favor of giving the job to any damn city man. I want to give it to a mountain man," to which the auditor replied: "This fellow ain't no city man. Them city fellows all come over from Richmond in buggies and this man walked over from Livingston and swam Roundstone River in the winter time."

This feat became noised around and after McDonald had addressed the Court on the excellence of his plans, he was awarded the contract.

In 1890 Donald was employed to locate a pipe line to convey natural gas to Louisville. The enterprise failed and Donald was appointed Receiver. In 1892 the company was reorganized under his management and he became President and a large stockholder of the Kentucky Heating Company. He solved the problem of supplementing natural gas with artificial gas, with the result that the old Louisville Gas Company was absorbed by the new one. He later organized the Kentucky Electric Company which was finally merged and the two organizations became the Kentucky Heating and Lighting Company. His technical ability and fair and just treatment of the public made these accomplishments possible. In 1910 he was elected President of the American Gas Institute and was a recognized authority on municipal lighting and heating and Engineering and management.

H. M. Byllesby & Company finally acquired a majority of the stock of his company and added it to their other large holdings, retaining McDonald as President, a position which he held until his death.

On October 26, 1887, he married at Roanoke, Virginia, Betsy Breckinridge Carr, a daughter of George Watson Carr, a resident of Roanoke County.

Upon our entry into the World War he became an active supporter of every movement looking toward victory for the Allies. After its close he continued to advocate every measure which promised improvement in living conditions and advancement of public interest. He died June 3, 1924. He had on the previous day addressed a general meeting of the Louisville Board of Trade in the advocacy of a large bond issue for public improvement. As he resumed his seat he was overcome by the vigor and volume of the applause. He

swooned and was at once taken to a hospital. The end came without his having recovered consciousness. He had been aware of a weakness in his heart and the danger of overtaxing his strength, but his enthusiasm was not lessened by such knowledge. The following editorial from the *Courier Journal* is selected from among the many tributes which were paid to him by the press of his adopted city and state:

> Donald McDonald was a force in the life of Louisville—an aggressive, successful force in its business life and an impressive force in its community life.
>
> The vigor of his personality was felt in all his contacts, and his contacts were not few. He was alive to all that went on about him; alert both to the interests which were individually his own and to the interests of citizenship which he shared with his fellows. Always a man of strong convictions, which he never compromised and never surrendered, he asserted and maintained them strongly. There was nothing halfway in his opinions or half-hearted in his spirit. Positive in character he was positive in every manifestation of it. One might disagree with him, but one never doubted his sincerity or ability.
>
> Only death could conquer such a man.

His widow survives him, retaining her residence in Louisville but dividing her time with her children and in traveling. Their children, all born in Louisville, were:

69. Laetitia Sorrel[5], born October 25, 1888. On January 5, 1916, she married Wallace Irwin of New York City. She has written a play which was produced and ran in New York City, and a very acceptable and successful novel. Issue.

Donald McDonald,[6] born December, 1916, and Wallace[6] Irwin, Jr.

70. Donald,[5] Jr., born January 12, 1891. He married January 7, 1914. Juliette Avery, daughter of George C. Avery of Louisville. Juliette Avery died in October, 1922. Issue.

101. Juliette Avery[6] McDonald, born October 29, 1916.

He was a Captain of Artillery in the World War. On June 26, 1926, he married Josephine Farrel, daughter of Edward P. Farrel of Lexington, Kentucky. No issue.

71. Maria Carr,[5] born January 12, 1893. On January 12, 1926, she married Eugene Jolas of Alsace-Lorraine. He is a writer and journalist and has been editor of a French magazine for the last few years. Issue.

Betsy McDonald,[6] born October 26, 1926, and Maria Christine[6] Jolas, born June, 1929.

72. Cornelia[5], born March 5, 1896. On June 7, 1917, she married Kenneth Davis. Issue. Kenneth Davis, Jr., born March, 1918.

In May, 1926, she married W. D'Urban Pemberton, a British subject. They now live at Somerville, South Carolina.

73. Angus[5] McDonald was born July 4, 1898. He served in the army in France and was accidentally killed September 29, 1920.*

29. Hunter,[4] born at Winchester, Virginia, June 12, 1860, was named for his father's cousin Doctor Hunter Holmes McGuire of Winchester, Virginia. The story of his early youth has already been told by his mother.

Upon his retirement as Chief Engineer of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway on November 30, 1931, he wrote for the *News Item,* a monthly paper published by the employees, the story of his origin and how he managed to "horn in on Grand Pa's Road" in Tennessee. It was published in the November 15 issue of the *News Item.* That part of the story which is covered by the "Diary and Reminiscences" is omitted here and the story begins with August, 1873, at Lexington.

He had been taught at home up to 1871, with the next year in public school, 1872, in a private one, taught by Mrs. Susan P. Lee, widow of General Edwin G. Lee, C. S. A., and daughter of General Wm. N. Pendleton, General Lee's Chief of Artillery and after the war, Rector of the Episcopal Church at Lexington.

We will turn aside here for a moment to relate how nearly the hegira to Kentucky came to reaching a full stop. His brother Allan had come back to Lexington with cash and tickets needed for the journey. Before leaving he wanted to take one more look at the Natural Bridge. He made up a party of five, Miss Agnes Lee being one. Hunter was allowed to hold on to the trunk seat behind, the place usually assigned to small boys, if allowed to ride at all and frequently pre-empted by them surreptitiously. Allan had the tickets and money in a large wallet and according to usual custom at that time, he carried it in the inside pocket of his coat. While lying face down and looking over the bridge into the gorge below, near the site of the famous cedar stump, the precious book fell out and lodged on a ledge, said to have been about 120 feet below. Efforts to dislodge it by throwing stones were fruitless. A consultation was held with another alumnus of the college, a member of the party, and, over the vigorous protests of the ladies, it was decided to lower Hunter on a rope.

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*Data for births, marriages and deaths furnished by Mrs. Betsy Breckinridge McDonald.

The place selected was some distance from the point near the cedar stump. The distance down was guessed at and seated on a stick tied at the end of the rope, he was gently swung out into space, two men holding the rope and Allan paying it out gradually from two wraps around a nearby tree. The upper rocks overhung, and the boy revolved slowly and helplessly in the descent until it was discovered that about twenty-five feet more of rope was needed. After an hour the rope was lengthened and the journey resumed. He found a safe landing on the ledge, crawled on hands and knees for about sixty feet, recovered the book and was hoisted to safety, where he was hugged and kissed by both the ladies. An artist of the *Day's Doings,* a weekly published in New York, was present and made a pen sketch. A friend sent Hunter a copy, but it was lost in his travels. A few years ago he found it in the Congressional Library and had the page on which the sketch appeared photographed.

His brother told him he would give him anything he wanted. He pondered the matter over for some time. He had lately been engaged in trapping rabbits in the cedars with snares and box traps and badly needed a hatchet, so he chose that. He did not get to use it, however, as the family soon packed up and mounted the stagecoach for the twenty-two-mile drive to Goshen, where they took the train on the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad for Huntingdon. Roy and Donald remained to complete their courses at the University. That was Hunter's first sight of a railroad train and they say he had to be blindfolded before he could be gotten on board.

At Huntingdon they transferred to a steamboat and dropped peacefully down to Cincinnati where about five hours were spent waiting in the Pennsylvania depot for a train over the Louisville, Cincinnati and Lexington Railroad, now the Louisville and Nashville.

In September, 1873, Hunter entered the Louisville Rugby School, where he combined collecting tuition fees and other chores with his school work.

During 1877 and 1878 the family lived on a farm near the Ohio River in what is now West Louisville, and Hunter's spare time was spent in raising and marketing vegetables. In the summer of 1878 he made a corn crop in the Ohio River bottom and caught a bad case of malaria. In September, having graduated at the Louisville Rugby School, he left for Washington and Lee University along

with a number of other school graduates. He had in mind becoming an Engineer like his four elder brothers, and chose a special course in Applied Science with field work in Surveying.

The mountain air gradually banished the malaria, but in the spring it went out in paroxisms of chills and fever and he got back to Louisville almost a wreck. His brother, Donald, had become private secretary and assistant engineer to Mr. Frederick De Funiak, Chief Engineer and Superintendent of Machinery of the Louisville, Nashville and Great Southern Railroad. Mr. De Funiak gave Hunter badly needed employment as Assistant Engineer in charge of a party of two other whites, a chainman and a Negro cook. He was equipped with a light two-speed lever car fitted with lockers and a camping outfit and instructed to measure about 900 miles of the system, mark the mile post locations correctly, note "pluses" at all physical features and political boundary lines and survey a few depot grounds. He was given a timetable, a 100-foot unsoldered link chain, some tailors' chalk, a pocketful of lead car seals, a pot of red paint for marking stakes for the mile posts, and an old compass. The head chainman drew a line with his chalk across the rail top along the edge of his chain handle after stretching it tightly along the inner side of the rail base. He marked the number and placed a lead seal on the mark to insure visibility. The rear chainman picked up the seal and called out the number. Hunter kept tally and at the end of each mile they checked the count. If the checks did not agree, the mile was measured again. This was a great incentive toward accuracy.

The chain when done up almost filled a water bucket. It had a swivel and screw adjustment but it often hung under a spike head and the chainman, traveling in the center of the track at a brisk walk, pulling with both hands behind, when so suddenly checked, frequently lengthened the chain. It also continually lengthened by wear at the joints. It was tested always twice a day with a ten-foot rod. Steel tapes apparently were uncommon. They kept it repaired with wire from bucket handles. When he looks back at such crude methods Hunter has a strong suspicion that some of those miles were of variable length. However, when Montgomery, Alabama, was reached they had added nearly a mile to the recorded distance from Louisville.

This was the beginning of Hunter's railroading. They averaged ten miles a day and sometimes made twenty. They camped out every

night on the right-of-way, but the noise of trains did not disturb them. Hunter grew to strength and vigor within a month, assisted by some chill medicine consisting of whiskey and quinine which his brother Edward furnished him as a sure-cure tonic.

They had many adventures on this trip, some amusing and some otherwise. The cook worked the hand car, Hunter pushing up heavy grades. They first put the car off according to the timetable, but soon learned that extra trains sometimes ran and regular trains sometimes ran ahead of time. They lost much time waiting for late trains. It was decided not to put the car off until a train was heard coming. "Pete," the cook, had sharp eyes and ears and was able to keep the car about 100 feet ahead of the party. They had many narrow escapes, but only one collision. This occurred near Brownsville, Tennessee, on the Memphis Branch. They had just started at 6:00 A. M. The train came around a curve out of some heavy timbers. The crew of the freight train were all in the caboose eating breakfast and the hand brakes did little good. "Pete" was about 200 yards ahead pulling against a stiff wind and did not hear the whistle. Well, they left the fragments, including the tent, taking a bag of rations, their blankets and rain coats and finished the job at Memphis, having made about 950 miles in 90 days. They had covered the line as far as Montgomery, the terminus of the road at that time.

Hunter returned to Louisville and spent the month of November writing up his notes. He astonished his immediate superior, Mr. A. V. Gude, Principal Assistant Engineer, by being able to recall from memory almost every station, bridge and siding noted on the trip. Mr. Gude reported favorably to Mr. DeFuniak. Hunter had worked himself out of a job.

About that time Mr. DeFuniak had received a letter from Colonel R. C. Morris, Chief Engineer of the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railway, seeking to employ a young man as his assistant. Hunter was told to write Colonel Morris and did so, painting his abilities in such glowing terms that he was employed and reported to Colonel Morris on December 1, 1879.

He realized at once that he would have to work hard to live up to the recommendations he had framed for himself. He never saw Mr. DeFuniak's letter but a copy of Colonel Morris' letter is in the office files. He made it a point not to acknowledge that he could not do anything that was assigned him but to learn how to do it instead of confessing ignorance. "Troutwine's Pocket Book" was his

constant companion. He had his college books and Colonel Morris lent him others. Wherever he went, he went quickly and returned the same way, usually with what he had gone for. He soon learned that he was among friends and has been among them ever since.

The story from the *News Item* was here.

On Thanksgiving Day in 1884, at "Sulphur Spring" baseball park in Nashville, he played fullback on the Nashville Athletic Club eleven, against a picked eleven of Yale and Harvard graduates. He made a seventy-yard run for a touchdown. This was the first game of Rugby football played south of the Ohio River.

In 1909 on account of impaired health he was given a leave of absence and with his wife and son visited Alaska and British Columbia, being gone two months. He spent two weeks in the Presbyterian Hospital at Atlin, British Columbia, with two broken ribs, inflicted by a runaway mustang, masquerading as a family buggy horse. One day while lying on his bed in the hospital, between an Irish miner on one side and a Scotchman on the other, the fact that there were four families of McDonalds in that little town of about a hundred souls was brought up, and Dennis said to Sandy:

"Do you know how it happened that there are so many McDonalds and McLeans in the world?" Sandy did not know.

"Well," said Dennis, "I'll tell ye. When the flood came along every living one of them had his own boat."

In spite of this rude interruption of a family fishing excursion he returned after two months' absence much improved in health. He was so much impressed with the good effects of a short stay in the far north that he has spent his vacations with his family each year, when it was possible, boating and fishing on those beautiful waters.

In 1912 he acquired a rocky island in the French River region of northern Ontario, and built a camp which he named "Craggan an Phithich." His motor boat is the "Invergarry." The family, including the three "grands," are preparing for the usual outing in 1934.

In the summer of 1900 he organized and established at White Bluff, Tennessee, on the Highland Rim, thirty miles west of Nashville, The Highland Summer Club. Here each of the ten stockholders with their families spend the hot summer months in the virgin forest, nine hundred feet above the sea, where the nights are

cool and a swimming pool, tennis court and bowling alley are provided. Highway and railway afford daily contact with the city. It is an unsurpassed haven for "grown-ups" and children. He has been President and General Manager since the Club was organized.

He has occasionally hunted quail, ducks and deer and dug up some turf on golf links, but has aimed at mediocrity in records and the maximum of enjoyment. He has derived much pleasure and benefit from his membership in the "Old Oak," a literary club of long standing in Nashville.

But alas! the "One Horse Shay" ceased to function properly and many of these delights have been forgone forever. In 1928 he was generously granted another leave of absence in quest of improvement of health and he and his wife made a trip around the World traveling by ships. It was on this journey that he began the annotation of his mother's "War Diary and Reminiscences."

Those of his friends who knew his plans have wondered at the long delay. Some explanation may be gathered from what has been written heretofore and much more from the limited working hours, frequent changes of residence with mislaid and absent papers, and so on, but it is a fact that there is an irresistible fascination in the pursuit and identification of ancestors and this fact has been no small factor in the delay. The last straw, however, has been the chasing down of illusive and dilatory descendants, and it is brought to a close with a sigh of relief.

His best day's work was on his wedding day, when he formed a partnership, which has been a continuing source of pleasure and delight. He married February 8, 1893, Mary Eloise Gordon, eldest daughter of Richard Cross Gordon and his wife Mary Camp (Webster) Gordon of Maury County, Tennessee. The Right Reverend Charles T. Quintard, Bishop of Tennessee, performed the ceremony at St. Peters Church, Columbia.

He has not, like many of his predecessors of the Clan, launched many vessels on the sea of posterity but such as have been directly and incidentally launched, give promise of a smooth, regular and gentle journey through life.

There remains the task of cleaning up the litter, gathering up the tools and waiting for the final blast of the whistle.

He has been an Episcopalian all his life, was a Vestryman of Christ Church at Nashville for thirteen years and Chairman of the

music committee of that church for five years. This assignment was not because of any great musical talent but was chiefly due to his knowledge of human nature. Each year of the five should prove a step toward the throne*

74. Hunter[5] McDonald, Jr., born at Nashville, July 12, 1896, attended public schools to the eighth grade, graduated at Duncan Preparatory School at Nashville in 1914 and entered Vanderbilt University. In the summer of 1916, he took R.O.T.C. training at Plattsburg, New York.

In April, 1917, his senior year at Vanderbilt, at the news that war with Germany had been declared, he promptly enlisted at Columbia, Tennessee, and was assigned for training to Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia. In July of that year he was commissioned First Lieutenant of Artillery and assigned to the headquarters company of the 56th Field Artillery Brigade, then training at Camp Wheeler near Macon, Georgia. He became an instructor in equitation and drilling. He was later sent to Fort Sill for training for the Aviation Squadron of his Brigade. Before this was completed he was absorbed, with other cadets in aviation, into the Signal Corps. His training was continued at Camp Dick, Selfridge Field, and other schools of aviation and gunnery.

He sailed from Hoboken July 9, 1918, landing at Brest, France, July 21 and went into active service as Aerial Observer in the 135th Aero Squadron, then stationed at Tour. His squadron was later moved to Tours, much nearer the enemy lines and not far from Metz. He saw considerable service over the enemy lines and was commended in the following letter:

From the Chief of Staff to Lieutenant Hunter McDonald, Observer; 135th Squadron, A. S. U. S. A. Subject, Commendation.

A report has been received at these headquarters giving a description of a special reconnoissance flight made by you on Nov. 9th, 1818, under trying and dangerous atmospheric conditions for the purpose of verifying reports of enemy troop movements in the vicinity of Chambly and Mars Le Tours. The Army commander directs me to say to you that he is fully aware of the difficulties and dangers attending upon flights at low altitude such as you were compelled to make, and wishes to express to you his appreciation of the zeal and devotion to duty shown by you in volunteering to make this flight.

(Signed) D. L. STONE, *Deputy Chief of Staff.*

The troop movement mentioned in this letter was the beginning of the final retreat of the Germans. They were moving along the

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*For an account of the Gordon and Webster families, see "Family Chronicle and Kinship Book," by Mrs. Octavia Zollicoffer Bond, Nashville, Tennessee, 1928.

roads in the back areas in trains, motor lorries and marching in column squads. In addition to the reconnoissance made, four bombs were dropped on trains and crossroads and about seven hundred and fifty rounds of machine gun ammunition were fired from an altitude of between one and three hundred feet with visible destruction. Ray W. Krout was the pilot with Hunter on this mission and for it they were recommended for the Distinguished Service Cross, which, however, has not materialized. Hunter's service ribbon has two battle clasps.

He was honorably discharged at Garden City on February 12, 1919, and in the fall, took a special course in Agriculture at the University of Wisconsin. He received his B.A. degree from Vanderbilt University in 1920.

The prospects in Agriculture not appearing attractive he joined one of his aviation "Buddies," Lawrence N. Polk of Nashville, and established the Family Service Laundry, of which he became President. Later a branch was established at Chattanooga. The enterprise has proven successful.

In September, 1923, he married Clara Gilliland, eldest daughter of Edwin A. Gilliland and his wife Bertha (Hendon) Gilliland, both of Nashville. He enjoys hunting and fishing, is a member of the Belle Meade Golf and Country Club and has built an attractive residence in the Belle Meade suburb. Issue.

102. Hunter[6] III, born August 13, 1924.

103. Robertson[6], born May 12, 1927.

104. Clara[6] McDonald, born May 25, 1930.

30. Elizabeth[4] McDonald, born October 29, 1861, at "Hawthorn," Winchester, Virginia; died August 23, 1862. She was named for her aunt 58. Elizabeth[6] (Peake) Buck. Her story has been told in the "Diary and Reminiscences." She now lies beside her parents in Hollywood Cemetery at Richmond, Virginia. Her great-nieces, Mrs. John B. Hamsberger of Front Royal and Mrs. Robert B. Tunstall of Richmond, were present at the re-interment.

NAYLOR

The founder of the Naylor family in Hampshire County, Virginia, was William Naylor, born at Carlisle, Pennsylvania, in 1771. He died March 4, 1840, and was buried in Indian Mound Cemetery

at Romney.* He was a son of William Naylor[4] and his wife —— Armstrong, and grandson of Robert Naylor, a Quaker from Darby, England, who settled on Naylor Run in Upper Darby, York County, Pennsylvania, in 1638, and his wife Elizabeth, who came with him to America.** William Naylor's wife, ——— Armstrong, was a daughter of Jean Denison of Edinborough, Scotland, whose father was a Presbyterian minister. She eloped and married Captain Armstrong of the British Navy. The date of arrival of the Armstrongs in America and the place of their settlement has not been ascertained. William Naylor of Hampshire had brothers and sisters as follows: James, who died young†; Mary, who married Thomas F. Wilson, a merchant of Philadelphia, who represented the Erie District of Pennsylvania in Congress in 1816; John, who died young; and Jane, who married Mr. Stephens of Jefferson County, Pennsylvania, and lived there.

William Naylor graduated at Dickenson College and went to the lower part of Virginia in 1793. In 1795 he moved to Winchester and taught in the school of the Reverend Doctor Hill, studying law at the same time. His name appears, as a practicing attorney in Winchester, in 1812.‡ In the records of Hampshire County, in 1800, he is shown to have been the trustee in a deed from Stephens Leigh, which was executed to secure a debt of Leigh to John Thompson. It is not known whether at that time he had been admitted to the bar, nor when that occurred, but he began practice in Romney, to which place he had moved. He was qualified as Commonwealths Attorney for Hampshire County, June 20, 1831.

He was one of four delegates from Hampshire, Hardy, Berkeley and Morgan counties to the Constitutional Convention of 1829 at Richmond, where he took a notable part in the proceedings, especially in the debates on the report of the Committee on Legislative

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*The inscription on the slab was furnished by R. B. Woodworth, of Burlington, Va., Aug. 4, 1934. He also furnished other data regarding the family. He is writing a history of the Presbyterian ministers of Virginia. He is a great grandson of 3. Elizabeth Sherrard, who married John Bell of Winchester.

**Family papers furnished by 54. Rose[5] McDonald.

†"There was a Presbyterian minister in Hampshire named James Naylor, born in Romney, July 4, 1821. Whether he was a brother, cousin, or son of William Naylor, is not known." (R. B. Woodworth.)

‡The Story of Winchester in Virginia. p. 199. (Morton).

Department, in which it was provided that, in determining the measure of apportionment among the various sections of the state, of their representation in the house of delegates, "regard should be had to the white population exclusively." This report was sought to be amended by a substitute offered by the delegate from Culpeper, John Williams Green, who at the time was President of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia.

The crucial point of the Green substitute provided that such representation should be based on "white population and taxation combined." William Naylor opposed this amendment, urging with great eloquence that representation in the House of Delegates be based on "white population exclusively," without regard to varying amounts of taxes paid in different sections. After long debate, the tie vote was decided by the President of the Convention, James Monroe, in favor of the plan of representation being based upon "white population exclusively."

> "A sequel to this association between William Naylor of Hampshire and Judge Green of Culpeper, interesting to numerous descendants of each, is that twenty-three years later, twelve years after the death of William Naylor and twenty years after the death of 2. John Williams[3] Green, a granddaughter of William Naylor, 13. Mary Naylor[4] McDonald was married to 3. Thomas Claiborne[4] Green, a son of 2. John Williams[3] Green. Three years after this, another granddaughter of William Naylor, 15. Anne Sanford[4] McDonald was married to 4. James Williams[4] Green, the youngest son of Judge Green."*

William Naylor sat in the 75th Session of the Winchester Presbytery at Romney in 1825 as elder from the Mount Bethel Church (later Romney), also the 83rd in 1828 and the 93rd in 1832.**

William Naylor married October 2, 1800, Anne Sanford in Hancock, Maryland, a runaway match. His wife was a daughter of Captain William Sanford and his wife Penelope Thornton, both of Virginia. Anne's father was a Captain in the Virginia Continental Line, in the Revolutionary War. For this service his representatives were awarded seven warrants for 746 acres each, one warrant for

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*Data regarding law practice and Constitutional convention, furnished by 22. Raleigh T.[5] Green.

**R. B. Woodworth.

each year of service, which were surveyed in the Virginia Military District of Ohio.

Family Records* indicate that one of Anne Sanford's grandmothers was a great great great granddaughter of Robert Woodrow of Edinborough, Scotland, the Ecclesiastical Historian of Scotland, the line of descent being through Elizabeth Woodrow, born near Moorefield, Virginia, on January 24, 1785. who married in ———, 1801.

The children of William Naylor by his first wife were William Sanford, born 1801, died 1847. He graduated at Princeton University. In 1836 he was a practicing attorney at Clarksburg, Virginia. He never married. Leacy Anne, born 1803, died February 3, 1843, who married 10. Angus W.[3] McDonald, Jane, born 1806, died 1847, who married 1st Chichester Tapscott and 2nd . . . Campbell, Anne Sanford, born 1809, who married Doctor Joseph W. Bronaugh, a physician of Loudon County, who died in Manchester, Virginia, James, and Mary and Sidney (twins), all of whom died in infancy.

After the death of his first wife, William Naylor married, second, Susannah McGuire, a daughter of Edward McGuire of Winchester, by his second wife Millicent. Their children were: Edward Ralph, who moved to Shelby County, Missouri; James, a Presbyterian Minister, who graduated at Hampden-Sidney College and married, 1844, Annie R. Graham, born 1825, died 1864, a daughter of Rev. Samuel Lyle Graham, a professor at Union Theological Seminary, 1839-1851; they settled in Mississippi; John Samuel, a physician, and Millicent, who never married but moved to Missouri with her widowed mother where both died. There were three other children who died in infancy.

Thornton Sanford, an only son among seven sisters, children of Richard G. Sanford, brother of Captain William Sanford, married 5. Eleanor[2] (McDonald) Tidball, widow, and with her daughter emigrated to Kentucky, probably to Bardstown. Two of the daughters married Cresaps.**

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*A statement by Anne Sanford ("Aunt Nannie"), wife of Doctor Bronaugh, which was furnished by 54, Rose[5] McDonald.

**Data regarding Sanfords were taken from Appendix E, "Glengarry McDonalds," and some supplied by Mrs. John Randolph Tucker of Welch, W. Va.

THE PEAKE FAMILY OF THE "NORTHERN NECK" OF VIRGINIA

I am indebted to Mr. Harold Fordyce Crooks for the privilege of using a portion of his unpublished manuscript, a part of a much more comprehensive study than is here attempted. Doctor Campbell Ford of San Francisco has given much aid and especially so, in putting me in contact with the work of Mr. Crooks, who seems to be making his study as a means of diversion from his ordinary task of Commercial Geologist. I have drawn from his data down to and including the fifth generation and I quote his opening paragraph:

> Judging from the repetition of male surnames through eight American generations, the Peake family of Stafford, Prince William and Fairfax Counties, Virginia, is possibly descended from the English family of that name which was seated near Wharton and Horncastle, Lincolnshire, for at least three generations prior to 1562. A close search of the wills recorded at the Prerogative Court of Canterbury would probably prove the point.

An attempt, extending over several years to develop this suggestion, made through searchers by correspondence, proved futile. Neither could the point of departure of John Peake, brought over by Lieutenant Colonel Cheeseman in 1651-1652, be ascertained. These failures were probably due in some measure to the absence of any tie to the land. John Peake patented on September 26, 1668, land lying on the northwest side and near the head of Potomac Creek, Stafford County.*

On June 11, 1690, John Peake petitioned the Stafford County Court to remit further levies upon him on account of his age, being 63 years, his illness and his having "paid duties in this colony above 40 years." His petition was granted.

On October 6, 1691, his widow, Mary Peake, petitioned the Court for her appointment as administrator of her husband's estates, he having died about a month since "without making any will."

In view of this and the fact that the will books containing his son's will were destroyed by Union troops during the Civil War, John Peake's

> . . . relationship to succeeding generations has been established by the will of his grandson 4. William[3] Peake and by a deed between his grandsons 12. John[4] Peake and 13. Humphrey[4] Peake, both instruments recorded in 1761, (Crooks).

The prefixed numbers used by Mr. Crooks do not correspond with mine. His for John and Humphrey respectively, are 35 and 36.

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*Va. Land. Reg., Vol. No. 179.

James Parton in his "Men of Progress" (1870), page 321, *The Peake Family,* says:

> The Peakes are of English descent and can be traced back as far as the year 1284 to the reign of Edward I and the conquest of Wales.
>
> In 1598, in the reign of Elizabeth, we find the grant of their coat of arms. Sir Robert was with Charles the First in the battle of Naseby and Major Thomas Peake in the cavalry service of Prince Rupert, nephew of the King. We find Sir William Peake, Lord Mayor of London in 1668, and Sir John Peake filling that office in 1687. . . . Just before the French war in this country, two brothers came to America. One settled in the Northern Neck of Virginia and the other in Woodstock, Connecticut . . . thence to Walpole, New Hampshire.

In the subsequent pages, several prevalent ideas, such as the "two brothers" story above, are evidently proven mythical.

If the John Peake who went to New Hampshire was a brother of William Peake who fought with Braddock, as Parton says, then John must have been born in Virginia and was not an immigrant to America. The above named William Peake was a grandson of John Peake who emigrated from England to Virginia in 1652.

The Peakes descended from John, the immigrant to Virginia in 1652, could not be descendants of either of the two Lord Mayors of London, Sir John and his son Sir William. Mr. Crooks, after an exhaustive study, has failed to discover that any Virginia Peake family ever used a coat of arms. These pages also bear out the statement of George R. Peake of Richmond, Virginia, quoted by Parton in the above named sketch of the Peake family as follows:

> I have followed the name wherever it could be traced and have yet to find the first instance of crime to be charged against it or an arraignment in a court of justice for violation of law. I have never known one ambitious of political fame, mean, cowardly or tyrannical, none who ever lived by his wits; only one office holder, 39. Humphrey[5] Peake who was appointed Collector of [the Port of] Alexandria by General Washington [President Monoroe probably intended. Because of the destruction of records in the War of 1812, it is not possible to determine whether President Washington ever appointed 13. Humphrey[4] Peake to same position, although it is not improbable], and who held that office until the time of President Jackson . I think the great merit of which the family can boast is attending to their own affairs and demanding that everyone also attend to theirs.

Mrs. McDonald in a letter to her nephew, dated 1880, says of the Peakes:

> I believe they were a race of good and honorable people and they certainly were a cultured and refined one as well as remarkable for brilliancy of intellect. My grandfather Peake has been dead more than a hundred years, as my father would now be a hundred and ten, . . . so I suppose he did not take part in the Revolution and his sons were too young, but of that I know nothing, they might all have been Tories for all I know and I would think quite as much of them. I have read in history that a Captain, Sir William Peake, commanded a British ship in the War of 1812, and sailed up the Potomac, but my father was then Surgeon to the troops who defended Washington. . . . The Willow Spring Farm on the Potomac was abandoned before my grandfather's death on account of unhealthiness, caused by encroachment of the waters of the Potomac River.

The only known issue of 1. John[1] and his wife Mary was 2. John[2] Peake. His will dated November 16, 1728, is not available for reasons already stated but the index for Stafford County shows it was dated November 16, 1728, and duly recorded. He was a prosperous planter as shown by the estate left to his children. His wife's name is unknown and their known issue was 3. John[3]. He was granted a patent from the Proprietor's office October 23, 1728, for 420 acres on the main branches of Neabsco Run. Deeds recorded by his sons in Prince William show that he owned much land. His will was proved January 1, 1751, in Prince William County. His wife's name was Lucy and she was living in 1761. Their known children were 5. William[4] of Fairfax and Prince William. Two counties are named as a result of the separation of Fairfax from Prince William in 1742 and not because he moved from one county to the other. His wife's name was Barbara. He was a well to do planter and is supposed at one time to have served as manager of George Washington's estate. In Volume 1, page 132, of "George Washington's Diary"* under date of February 26, 1760, he wrote:

Went down to Occoquan by appointment to look at Colonel Cocke's cattle but Mr. Peake[1] being from home I made no agreement for them, not caring to give the price he asked for them.

Note 1—The first Peake on the Potomac appeared in 1668 when he had a large land grant on Potomac Creek. His descendants steadily moved up the river during several generations. Those of them who appear in the diary were William Peake and his sons who lived in the fork of Little Hunting Creek and were Washington's nearest neighbors. This William was a Vestryman of Truro Parish, 1733-44, again iu 1749-62, when he died and Washington was elected in his place (Truro Vestry Book, ed., Goodwin, pp. 7-34). The Mr. Peake here mentioned is one of William's sons who was living in 1760 on Catesby Cocke's land on Occoquan. He may have been Humphrey Peake who appears in the diary.

The first paragraph of the "Note" above quoted confirms the foregoing account herein of the settlement of the Peakes in the "Northern Neck," but there is some conflict between the facts and conclusions, as stated in this note and those given herein.

The Mr. Peake mentioned in the first paragraph of the note was 5. William[4], son of 3. John[3], whose wife was named Barbara and who lived on the head waters of the Occoquan. The William who appears in the diary and whose descendants also appear, was 4. William[3] whose wife was also named Barbara, which fact has probably caused the confusion. He and his descendants are mentioned at least fifty times in the four volumes of the diary, between February 26, 1760, and October 4, 1799. Further reference will be made to these entries under 4. William[3].

**Mount Vernon Ladies Association of the Union. 1925.

Mr. Crooks quotes from S. M. Hamilton's compilation of "Letters to Washington," Vol. IV, p. 31, in which 5. William[4] Peake tells of Washington's instructions to him regarding arrangements to fill a crib every year and to provide a free fishing stream on the Washington lands for the use of the deserving poor. Mr. Crooks also refers to "Hennings Statutes at Large," Vol. 7, pp. 21, 22, which states that William Peake, a trooper of Captain William Baylis' company of Militia, Prince William County, received in 1756, 1320 pounds of tobacco for his services, and concludes, no doubt correctly that since 5. William[4] was the only William Peake living in Prince William County at that time, he is the one referred to. However the same authority for Fairfax County on page 21 shows for the same date, William Peake, Jr. Old letters in each branch of descendants of 2. John[2] support these records. It is most likely that both were members of Braddock's Expedition. William[4] died leaving known issue as follows:

16. William Jr.[4]

17. William Brown[5] Peake, who married a Ralls, a daughter of George Ralls of Fairfax County. Issue:

40. Hannah B.[6].

41. Martha A.[6].

42. Ann B.[6].

43. Lucy A.[6].

44. Mary Jane[6]. She married Allen G. Peebles and moved to Georgia and left issue.

45. George Ralls[6] Peake, born October, 1803. He died in Kansas City, October, 1890. He married and had known issue.

63. William[7] Peake, and

64. Son[7].

65. Son[7].

66. Son[7] Peake.

6. John[4] of Prince William County. His wife's name was Jemima, as shown by a deed to Thomas Lawson, by which they convey the same 420 acres, previously mentioned, granted by the Lord Proprietor, to 3. John[3] and devised by him to 6. John[4]. No will was found.

7. Thomas[4]. He and his mother, Lucy Peake, of Dettingin Parish, Prince William County, deeded to Thomas Davis April 27, 1761, land which 3. John[3] had bought of William Champe, 100 acres on

a branch of the Occoquon. John Tyler, Jr., was one of those present when the deed was signed.

8. James[4], a planter of Prince William County, married Constant. He and his wife deeded to Levi Scott a tract of one hundred and twenty-two acres on the branches of Hooe's Creek and Beaverdam, which was granted to 8. James[4] Peake, September, 1788. Thomas Lee, Sr., was one of those present when the deed was signed. 8. James[4] died between July, 1824, and November, 1826. Issue.

18. Eleanor[5], married James Halley, son of John Halley of Prince William County.

19. Craven[5]. He with his brother 22. James[5], was party to a deed to John Mills, all of Prince William County, which was witnessed by John S. Fairfax, Peyton Mills and John Fairfax, Jr.

20. Polly[5], married .... Powers.

21. Dr. William[5] Peake of Prince William and later of Fairfax County. He married Sarah Elisabeth Janney, daughter of Thomas and Sarah Elisabeth, his wife, (Hinkle) of Alexandria, Virginia, who was born in Leesburg, Virginia, February 9, 1799, and died in Marshall County, Illinois, in 1859. On April 24, 1824, William Peake, of the town of Haymarket, Prince William County, deeded two slaves to William B. Tyler of Loudon and George G. Tyler of Prince William.* This deed shows that George G. Tyler was trustee for 23. Ann L.[5] Peake. Issue.

49. Mary Irwin[6] Peake, an only child. Mr. Crooks says regarding her:

> She was a woman of more than ordinary beauty and mental power. Alexander Campbell said she was a woman of as great intellectual attainment as he ever saw.

After the death of her father, her mother moved to Marshall County, Illinois, where Mary married March 4, 1854, Doctor J. J. C. Birch, born in Lexington, Kentucky, in 1824. He died at Mount Ada, Arkansas, May 9, 1883, probably at the home of their only son, William P. Birch. Mary died in Marshall County, Illinois, February 3, 1860.

22. James[5]. Aside from the deeds heretofore mentioned, in which he was a participant, nothing seems to have been known of him except that his father 8. James[4], lived with him from January 1, 1800, to the same date in 1804.

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*He was evidently a widower previous to 1800 and must have remained so. Pr. Wm. Deed B. 13, pp. 387-88.

23. Ann L.[5] She was a party to the same deed, which sets forth that her father had lived with her.

24. Jane[5]. She was also a party to the same deed.

9. Francis[4]. On November 2, 1764, he joined with his brothers 10. George[4] and 11. David[4], all planters, in a deed to the Hon. John Tayloe, Esq., of "Richmond," County of Prince William, for 300 acres on Folly Branch, devised to them by their father. 3. John[3] Peake.*

10. George[4]. Other than next above, nothing is known of him.

11. Daniel[4] Peake. He is said to have participated in the Colonial Wars and to have lived to the age of 94. His wife's name and the names of the children are unknown, except a daughter.

4. William[3] was evidently of Prince William prior to the creation of Fairfax County in 1742, by which change he was taken into the latter county. In 1734 he witnessed a deed between Francis Adams of Prince William and Samuel Wharton,** while in 1744 he voted in Fairfax as shown by the Poll List for Burgesses.

As previously shown, he was a vestryman of Truro Parish which at that time embraced Prince William and all of what is now Fairfax and Loudon counties. His will was dated January 11, 1761, and was probated in Fairfax February 17, 1761. The complete text appears in Mr. Crooks' MSS. After the usual averment of weak body, sound mind, faith in the Almighty and directing his burial at the discretion of his executors, he bequeaths his property as follows: To his son 12. John[4], and his heirs, the tract of land which was bought by his father from Thomas Baxter, and another tract adjoining same, which was bought by his grandfather, from Robert Collingsworth, also slaves Sue and Milly with their increase, five leather chairs, his horse called Jockey and a negro girl named Sena. To his son 13. Humphrey[4], 150 acres lying on Little Hunting Creek, which his father bought of John Todd,

except the plantation whereon Abenego Adams now lives, including one hundred acres which I reserve for my daughter 14. Mary[4]:

Also three slaves Caesar, a man, Ben, a boy, and Alice, a girl; one silk rug, a mare named Flower and her colt and five leather chairs.†

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*Pr. Wm. Deeds B. Q., p. 205.

**Pr. Wm. Deeds B., p. 428.

†Mrs. McDonald states in a record and several letters that the plantation was named "Mount Gillead." It is shown on a map opposite page 90 of "Washington, the Man and the Mason" (Callahan) as the "residence of Humphrey Peake, Washington's nearest neighbor." This home and all of those of the early Peakes were of frame construction.

To his daughter Mary Adams and her lawfully begotten heirs, the tract of 100 acres of land whereon she now lives, lying on the fork of Little Hunting Creek, heretofore excepted from the land bequeathed to 13. Humphrey[4] (metes and bounds given), also

one negro woman slave named Kate and her future increase, to her and the heirs of her body, lawfully begotten forever and in default of such heirs I give and devise the aforesaid tract of land and one negro named Kate, with her future increase, to my son 12. John[4] Peake and his heirs forever. Also I give and bequeath to my said daughter Mary, one cow and calf, two heifers, one feather bed and bolster, one pair of sheets, one blanket, one rug, two pewter dishes, six pewter plates, one iron pot and three silver spoons.

To his daughter Sarah and her heirs lawfully begotten, he gives 114 acres, part of a tract which his father bought from John Waugh, negro slaves, two boys, one woman and a girl, which, in default of heirs as before described, are to be divided between his sons John and Humphrey. He also gives to Sarah, one feather bed, bolster and two pillows, one pair of best sheets, one blanket, one white counterpain, with the curtains, bedstead cord and hide, one iron pot and hooks, three pewter dishes, six pewter plates, one brass kettle, one box iron and heater, one pail, one pigin, one horse called Monk, one mare called Betty and all her colts, three large silver spoons, six silver teaspoons, two high leather chairs, one tea kettle and tea ware, one dressing glass, ten hogs, two cows and calves, two heifers, one four-year-old steer and the newest walnut table,

also I give to my said daughter Sarah, the use of my negro man slave Terry and my horse called Munday, during the time she remains single and if she marries, then I give the said slave to be divided between my said daughter Sarah and my sons John and Humphrey and the horse to my son Humphrey.

He also gives to his sons John and Humphrey one hundred acres on Crooked Branch of Occoquan in Prince William County, adjoining the land given by his father to,

my son William, which he purchased from Wansford Arrington, which said one hundred acres of land I purchased from William Bland.

His estate is not to be appraised and all residue not already devised (after payment of just debts and legacies), to be equally divided between John, Humphrey and Sarah. Sarah is allowed one year after his decease, the use of the plantation on which he lives.

His sons, John and Humphrey, are made executors. Witnesses: P. Wagener, Wm. Bagley, Pet Wagener, Jr., Bennett Hill and William Hunger. This will was probated and recorded in Fairfax County, February 12, 1751, the record being signed by "P. Wagener, Co. Clerk." His wife's name is not known but she predeceased him as also did his son 16. William[4], Jr., the trooper under Braddock.

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*Pr. Wm. Deeds B. p. 428.

12. John[4], born *circa* 1720, married *circa* 1746, Mary Harrison, daughter of William and Sibel Harrison, who married Hugh West, Jr.*

Mr. Crooks prints in full "a most interesting deed," made October 20, 1761, between John Peake of Loudon County and his wife Mary, of the one part, and Humphrey Peake of Fairfax County of the other part, involving the tract of land containing 162 acres conveyed by Wansford Arrington to John Peake, late of the County of Stafford deceased and by him devised to his grandson 16. William[4] Peake, Jr., etc. This deed was signed by John Peake and Mary Peake and witnessed by John Bayliss, John Linton, John Hancock and H. West.**

On October 23, 1764, John Peake was nominated a Justice of the Peace for Loudon County, but declined the honor. In the nomination he was styled "Gent." Mr. Crooks quotes Bruce in "The Social Life in Virginia" as quoting a distinguished genealogist of the seventeenth century as saying that

—after a long course of investigation I am unaware of a single person, whose name in deeds is followed by the term 'gentlemen,' who was not entitled to use of a coat-of-arms."

12. John[4] Peake's will is dated June 28, 1770.† After the usual preliminaries he disposes of his property after payment of just debts, as follows: To his wife Mary all real and personal property during the "natural life or widowhood," at her death to be bequeathed at her discretion, for the benefit of his several children except, that Sally the eldest daughter shall have "one negro boy called Daniel, the son of my negro wench called Mill, Mary, the next oldest daughter to have "one negro girl named Dinah." To the youngest daughter Elizabeth, one negro boy named Ben and his son Thomas, one negro girl named Mima, all to be given at the discretion of his wife either before or after his wife Mary's death. He names his wife Mary sole executrix. No record of her will has been found. Mr. Crooks says that the *Virginia Historical Magazine,* Vol. XXIII, states, Mary Harrison married first John Brown and second 12. John[4] Peake and that he has found no record to sustain this first marriage and does not credit it.

26. William Harrison[5] Peake, born at Loudon county *circa* 1748. He was a party to a marriage contract with Sibill Halley, Fairfax

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*Fairfax C. Deeds, C. B., p. 347, March 19, 1752.
**Prince William County Deeds, B. P. p. 121.
†Fauquier County Will B. 1, p. 391, Hamilton Parish.

County, dated September 5, 1791.* Witnesses, James Halley, John Peake, John Brown and William B. Lewis.

Sibill Halley was probably the daughter of John Halley and sister of James Halley who married 18. Eleanor[5] Peake; John Peake was without doubt, the brother of the future groom.

26. William H.[5] Peake served as Quartermaster Sergeant, 1st Regiment 5th Troop Light Dragoons, commanded by Lieutenant Colonel Henry Lee in the Revolutionary War. Mr. Crooks presented full records to sustain this. The land which he received for his services was located in Kentucky where he lived for some time. No record has been found of his will. His wife must have predeceased him. He died August 16, 1816, probably without issue since there is no mention of any in the numerous letters written by his nieces during his lifetime.**

27. Ann[5] married .... West and moved to Bardstown, Kentucky. Her daughter Ann B. West was defendant in a lawsuit at Bardstown in 1805 to 1817. She was defended by her uncle 29. John[5] Peake.

28. Elizabeth[5], married William Fowke of Loudon County, born *circa* 1766.

29. John[5] Peake was born December 28, 1756, in Fairfax County. Early in the Revolution he enlisted in Captain Henry Lee's Company of Dragoons in Prince William County, where he served for six months and was discharged on account of illness. In September, 1777, having recovered, he enlisted in Captain Benjamin Harrison's Company in Fauquier County for three months service. The company became a part of Major Martin Pickett's Battalion and marched to General Washington's headquarters at Germantown, Pennsylvania, arriving the day after the battle. At the end of his three months' service he returned with Major Pickett to Fauquier County, where he was discharged. The records of the United States Pension Office† show that he was living in Logan County, Kentucky, in 1834, 78 years of age, applied for pension December 2, 1832, and was placed on the pension rolls January 28, 1834, at $35.00 per

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*Fairfax County Deeds, B. U., p. 101.

**Severely wounded January 19, 1778, at Lee's Surprise in the Stone House in Pennsylvania. Put on Pension List . . . paid for January, 1786, as Quartermaster Sergeant Bland's, Light Dragoons. Lives in Loudon Co. Cert. W. Foushee August 11, 1788. Virginia Archives. Put on Pension Roll August 11, 1788, from January 1, 1786. Transcript Fairfax Co. deeds, B. R., p. 319, bears signatures of Governors Edmund Randolph, August 11, 1778, James Wood August 3, 1787, and John Tyler November 1, 1809. See also Land Office at Richmond B. No. 2, p. 430, Warrant 4831, for 400 acres, issued to Wm. Peake November 17, 1797.

†I. S. C. File 32, 439.

annum. Account of infirmaties of age he went in 1835 to Salisbury, Sangamon County, Illinois, where he lives with his younger brother, 33. Thomas[5]. He died December 21, 1841, and was buried at Salisbury. Mr. Crooks reproduces a diary of his kept in 1837, which is quite unique and shows him to have been a very pious man.

30. Elizabeth[5]. Married William Slaughter and moved to Logan County, Kentucky, where she was living in 1837.

31. Sarah[5]. Died in Logan County, Kentucky, unmarried.

32. Mary[5]. Died in Logan County, Kentucky, unmarried.

33. Thomas[5] Peake, born in Fairfax County May 29, 1767. Died February 2, 1843. He married Sarah Moss Adams, born April 15, 1778, daughter of Abednego and his wife Sarah (Moss) Adams of Fairfax. Their descendants are quite numerous and full information is not readily available. For their issue, see note.* Since Mr. Crooks' memorandum ends with generation five, from here on information regarding the Peakes is drawn from other sources.

13. Humphrey[4] Peake was the second son of 4. William[3] and his wife Barbara ..... He has been mentioned heretofore in his father's will. The plantation which he inherited was known as "Willow Spring,"** and is the site of "Gum Spring Village," now a part of Mount Vernon. His will was proved June 20, 1786. He married Mary Stonestreet, daughter of Butler Stonestreet, whose will was proved December 3, 1755, in Prince George County, Maryland.†

It sets forth that he is of the Church of England. His home, "Exeter," was at the head of Piscatawney Creek, which flows into the Potomac directly opposite Mount Vernon. The witnesses to the will, all being duly sworn on "Holy Evangelists of Almighty God,"

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*I. S. C., File 32, 439.

**Mrs. Cornelia McDonald's family record and letters.

†Book 30, p. 35, Peter Dent, Dept. Com.

*[The following was furnished by Doctor Campbell Foard:]

Mary Adams[6], born 1801, died 1843 at Salisbury, Illinois, married 1825, William Brown Carter.

William Brown[6], born 1803, died 1880, married Jane Powell.

Thomas[6], born 1805, died 1885, married 1845, Mary Ann Elam.

Ann Louisa[6], born 1807, died 1840, married John Goodman, his second wife.

John Adams[6], born 1810, died 1826, unmarried.

Sarah Jane[6], born 1811, died 1847, married 1843, James Clark.

Frances Elizabeth Fowke[6], born 1813, died 1896, married 1849, Reverend Ruel C. Norton.

Lucy Catherine[6], born 1816, died 1897, married William T. Pride.

Parmelia Ann[6], born 1820, died 1896, married 1842, Doctor John S. Allen.

Margaret Ann[6] Peake, born 1823, died 1912, married John Goodman, son of John Goodman, who married Ann Louisa[6] Peake.

were Catherine Edelin, a daughter of his first wife, probably named Elizabeth, H. Addeison and Alexander Frazer. He requests his friends

> Messieurs John Tolson, Luke Marbury and Henry Low that they will be trustees of this my last will and testament and I do exhort and empower them to take every legal step and measure to see it faithfully executed.

The earliest record available of the Stonestreet family of Maryland is a copy of the will of Thomas Stonestreet of Charles County, Maryland, which is in the Maryland Historical Society at Baltimore. It is dated October 14, 1706, and its only bequest is to his son Edward, the dwelling plantation with the land thereto belonging called "Morrises Help." Neither his wife nor any other children are mentioned.

The will of Edward Stonestreet of Charles County is dated December 19, 1746. He leaves his personal property to his wife Susana, who is made executrix. He also leaves to her during her lifetime "Morrises Help" and one hundred acres. After her death the house and land are bequeathed to his son Butler Stonestreet. The personality left after his wife's death is to be divided equally between his three children, viz., Butler Stonestreet, Elizabeth Newman and Anna Owens. It provides that "Morrises Help" and the land are not to be sold or mortgaged.

The will of Butler Stonestreet, dated May 15, 1774, is recorded in Charles County and leaves his personal property to his wife Elizabeth and names her executrix. At her death it is to be divided among his four sons and two daughters, Butler, Edward, Thomas, James, Elizabeth and Mary Stonestreet. No real estate is mentioned. Since the will of Butler Stonestreet, father of Mary, was recorded in Prince George County, in 1755, it would appear that he was a descendant of another branch of the family.

Mrs. Frank Hoffer of Washington, D. C., is a daughter of Nicholas Stonestreet and granddaughter of Benjamin Gwin Stonestreet, a noted criminal lawyer of Charles County, Maryland, and his wife Mary Elam. Her uncle, Charles Henry Stonestreet, who deserted the Episcopal Church and became a Catholic Priest, was active in the establishment of Georgetown University in Washington.

Mrs. Hoffer has the family silver engraved with the Stonestreet coat of arms, inscribed "The Reverend George S. Griffin Stonestreet,

Halton Co. Sussex and Stondon Hall Co. Essex." Motto, *"Sub Cruci Veritas."**

The children named in the will of Butler Stonestreet were Sarah Edelin, married prior to 1755, Richard Edelin, Mary Stonestreet, married after 1755, Humphrey Peake, Charity, of age prior to 1755. Verlinda, Catherine, married Richard Edelin, Eleanor (and her child to be born), Henry, Richard and Butler Edelin, born after his father's death.

The two last named were children of his second wife Jane. The last six were minors when their father died.

Butler Edelin married Frances Toulson, daughter of Francis Toulson and Ann, ————, his wife. He was enrolled for service in the Colonial Army by Ensign Horatio Clagett July 15, 1776.

George Washington, in his diary, page 46, Volume II, December 28, 1771, records having hunted with the two Tripletts, Mr. Manley, Mr. Peake, young Francis Adams [Note 1 says "son of Robert Adams of Alexandria"] and one "Stone Street" [note 2 "Toner thinks Stonestreet of Maryland"], also Mr. Peake's daughter and Miss Fannie Eldridge.

He hunted again on December 30, with the former company and dined with Mr. Triplett. Miss Peake went home. The Mr. Peake was 13. Humphrey[4], Miss Peake 38. Ann[5] and Mr. Stonestreet, presumably, Butler Edelin Stonestreet.

In Volume 11, January 3, 1785, page 333, Washington records that Doctor Craik visited Mr. Peake and on the 13th, page 335, he states that he was invited and went to the funeral of Mr. Peake who died on Tuesday night, the 11th. In Volume II, November 7, 1785, page 433, he records that Mrs. Peake and Miss England dined at Mount Vernon. In Volume III, October 19, 1788, page 34, Washington records that Mrs. Peake, her son Henry, and nephew Eaglan (meaning Edelin) among others dined at Mount Vernon. In Volume IV, August 4, 1779, page 257, he records that Mrs. Peake and Major Evelin (again meaning Edelin, her brother-in-law), dined at Mount Vernon. Mr. Peake and family were among those who were given notice by Mrs. Washington's desire of the time fixed for the funeral of General Washington. ("Washington, the Man and the Mason." Page 192, Callahan.)

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*The information regarding the ancestry of the Stonestreets of Maryland was secured by Mrs. John B. Harnsberger of Front Royal, Virginia.

Humphrey Peake was in sympathy with the Revolution as shown by records of his having furnished supplies for the army.*

The children 13. Humphrey[4] Peake and his wife, Mary Stonestreet, were.

34. William[5], married Elizabeth . . . of Maryland. "He died early and left one son, who was a middle aged man when I was a little child."** His will was proved in Fairfax County July 21, 1784.

35. Henry[5] (Harry), born 1762. He married Catharine Moffatt. Issue.

50. Doctor Humphrey[6]. "He went to Texas about 1830. I have heard of sons of his that occupied honorable positions."**

51. Doctor Oscar Peake[6]. His home was "The Locusts" in Frederick County, Virginia. He married Mary Chichester. "He was the "handsomest man I ever saw. In his early manhood he was a surgeon "in the Mexican Navy. In middle age he moved to Missouri, where "he ran away with another man's wife, and the man shot him."** Issue.

67. Arthur.[7]

68. Edward[7] died without issue.

69. Fauntleroy[7] died without issue.

70. Oscar.[7]

71. Laura.[7]

72. Adelaide[7] Peake died without issue.

35. Henry[5] married 2nd Alicia (Chichester) Henning. Issue.

52. Susan[6] married James Gordon Henning, born May 20, 1812. He was a son of John and Mary (Adams) Henning of Fairfax County. Susan married 2nd Charles Henshaw.

53. Elizabeth[6] married ———— Gordon and 2nd Edwin Hyde. She was living in St. Louis in 1880.

54. Samuel[6] married Elizabeth Lane. (See page 500, *post.*) He had a colorful career as a member of the staff of General Sterling Price, C. S. A.

73. Samuel, Jr.,[7] was living in Chicago in 1880.

74. Fannie.[7]

75. Elizabeth[7] Peake.

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*Virginia State Archives, Court of Claims, Fairfax County, February 12, 1782.
**Mrs. Cornelia McDonald.

36. Doctor John[5] studied medicine in Edinborough, Scotland. Married Miss Catharine Bowie of Maryland. Her will was dated 1847. He was living at Blandville, Westmoreland County, Virginia, in 1811. "Uncle John left two daughters who married two grandsons of old Counsellor Carter and lived in lower Virginia."* Known issue.

55. John H.,[6] of Westmoreland County, married June 10, 1823, Elizabeth Parker.

56. Catharine married May 22, 1816, Emmanuel Peck.

37. Ann[5] married Francis Adams, born February 8, 1749, son of Francis and Mary (Peake) Adams, who were married February 8, 1777. He was Collector of Internal Revenue under President John Adams.** He died May 1, 1811, and she died October 24, 1827. She was the Miss Peake and Miss Nancy Peake, referred to frequently in "George Washington's Diary."

38 Elizabeth,[5] born 1763 or 1764, died unmarried in 1783 or 1784.

39. Humphrey Peake,[5] born 1773 in Fairfax County. Married 1798, 13. Anne Linton[4] Lane, born 1780, daughter of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr. He was Lieutenant of the 60th Regt. Va. Mil.

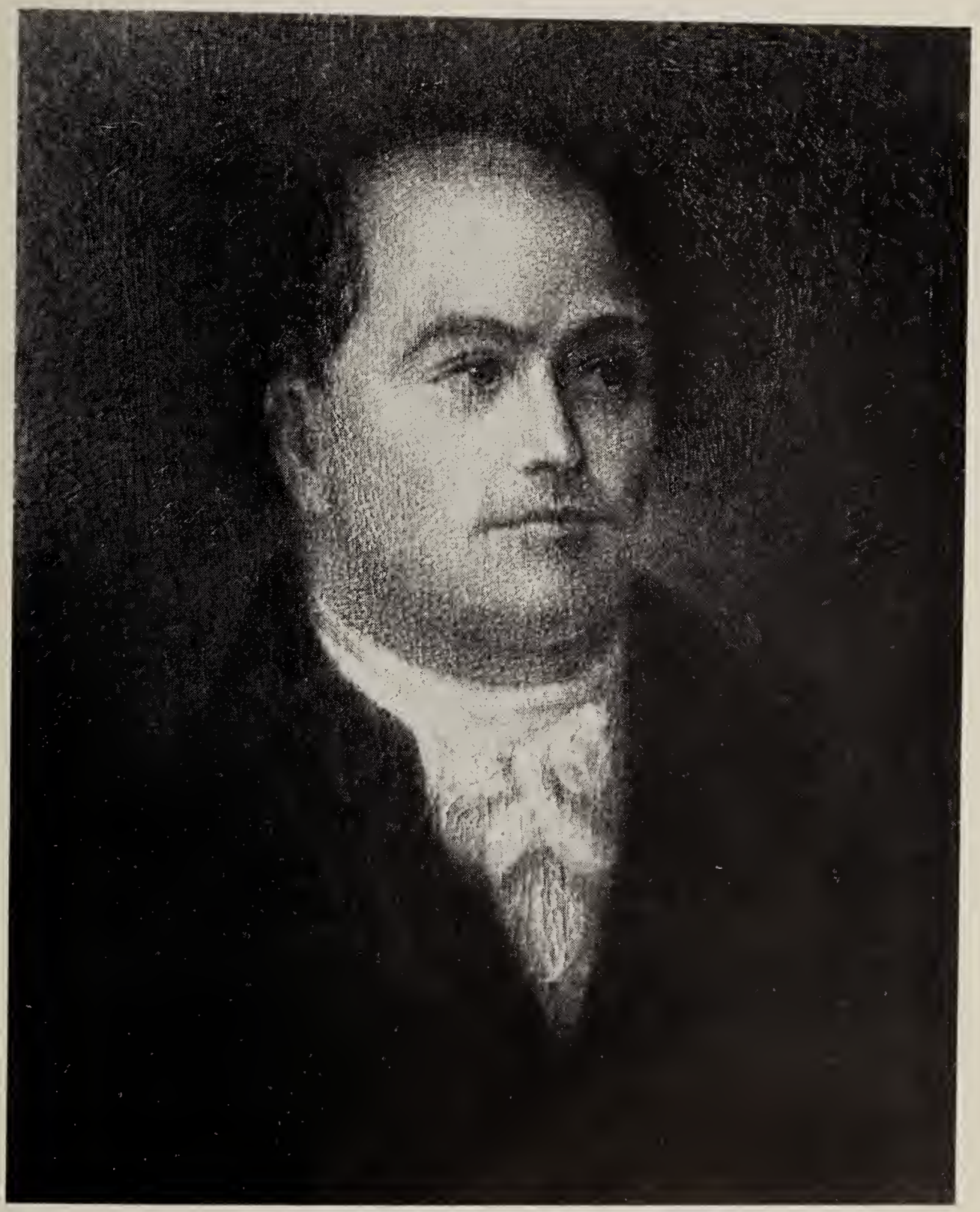
39. Humphrey[5] was a Justice of the Peace of Fairfax County in 1813 and Collector of the Port of Alexander from April 6, 1820, to February 16, 1830, appointed by President Monroe. "He was a Whig and was removed by President Jackson and George Brent appointed in his place."*

Mrs. McDonald, in her letter of March 13, 1880, previously quoted, gives the following account which she wrote after an interview with her elder sister Susan, who was then living in St. Louis:

> President Monroe had always been my father's intimate friend. My father owned a fine property, was considered a rich man, but accepted the office of Collector of Customs at Alexandria, worth $5,000.00 a year, a great sum at that time. He held the office for ten years, at the end of which time General Jackson was elected and he was turned out of office. He was opposed to Jackson in politics. . . . This occurring at a time when there was some derangement of the money affairs of the office, what and in what manner I never heard, threw him into great embarrassment about adjusting his accounts as no time was given him. So he immediately gave up all his available property to satisfy the demand on him. This so far exceeded the amount due that the authorities immediately *refunded* $30,000.00 of it to my mother, and years after all was settled he learned that $20,000.00 of it was never used but remained a balance in the hands of the trustees, Morgan

*Mrs. Cornelia McDonald.

**War, 12. Virginia State Archives, Organization of Virginia Militia, 1792-93-95-97. Fairfax 23, March 22, 1799.



HUMPHREY PEAKE.

Father of Mrs. Cornelia McDonald. From a portrait painted at Alexandria, Virginia, about 1825, now belonging to Mrs. J. Henry Lyne of Henderson, Kentucky.

Johnson and Thomas F. Mason, Mayor of Alexandria. It was to recover this that he visited Virginia so often and was engaged in the suit, in which he employed John Carroll Brent of Alexandria, when he was stricken with paralysis and was compelled to remain there until he died.

The facts as related above are substantially confirmed by the record of the Corporation Court at Alexandria,* which were examined by Mrs. Gottschalk, in her search for Lane data, and as a result sent me the following memorandum:

Humphrey Peake and Anne L. Lane, June 25, 1829, at which time he lists everything that he owned, real and personal estate, to secure his debts and accounts in his affairs as Collector of the Port of Alexandria.

It seems that he signed as security many personal notes and whether they defaulted and forced him into bankruptcy or not, is not clear to us, but the dear old man put up everything he had and it was to be used to clear up the affairs. The list is pages long. "Willow Spring" farm, land in Wood County, Kentucky, opposite Marietta, Ohio, conveyed him by William Lane, May 17, 1816, 1,900 acres, pew in St. Paul's Church. I have the list and will send it.

The story of Doctor Peake's removal to "Waterfall," his emigration to Palmyra and removal to Hannibal, Missouri, has already been told in a rather fragmentary manner, but the best word portrait of him was painted by Mark Twain in words that will endure. It occurs in this story dictated December 1, 1907, with the other sketches for his "Autobiography" and was first published January 4, 1907, in *The North American Review,* entitled "An Exciting Event." It was not included in the bound volume of his "Autobiography."

It first came to my notice in a clipping from the *Quincy Herald* of February 21, 1908, under the heading *"How Mark Twain Was Hypnotized in Hannibal."* The author relates his intense interest in the arrival and nightly exhibitions of "the mesmerizer" and how he, Mark, finally succeeded in becoming the most outstanding "subject" on the stage, before a large and skeptical audience. We will quote only the portrait, with full confidence that the reader will look up and study the setting.

After that fourth night—that proud night, that triumphant night—I was the only subject. Simmons invited no more candidates to the platform. I performed alone, every night, the rest of the fortnight. In the beginning of the second week I conquered the last doubters. Up to that time a dozen old heads, the intellectual aristocracy of the town, had held out as implacable unbelievers. I was as hurt by this as if I were engaged in some honest occupation. There is nothing surprising about this. Human beings feel dishonor the most, sometimes, then they most deserve it. That handful of overwise old gentlemen kept on shaking their heads all the first week and saying that they had seen no marvels there that could not be produced by collusion; and they were pretty vain in their unbelief, too, and liked to show it and air it, and be superior to the ignorant and the gullible. Particularly old Dr. Peake, who was the ring-leader of the irreconcilables, and very

*Deed Book R. 2, p. 411, *et seq.*

formidable, for he was an F. F. V., he was learned, white-haired and venerable. Nobly and richly clad in the fashions of an earlier and courtlier day, he was large and stately, and he not only seemed wise, but was what he seemed in that regard. He had great influence, and his opinion on any matter was worth much more than that of any other person in the community. When I conquered him at last, I knew I was undisputed master of the field; and now, after more than fifty years, I acknowledge, with a few dry tears, that I rejoiced without shame.

In 1847 he was living in a large white house on the corner of Hill and Main Streets, a house that still stands, but it isn't large now, although it hasn't lost a plank—I saw it a year ago and noticed that shrinkage. My father died in it in March of the year mentioned, but our family did not move out of it until some months afterward. Ours was not the only family in the house; there was another—Dr. Grant's. One day Dr. Grant and Dr. Rayburn argued a matter on the street with sword canes, and Grant was brought home multifariously punctured. Old Dr. Peake calked the leaks and came every day for awhile to look after him.

The Grants were Virginians, like Peake, and one day, when Grant was getting well enough to be on his feet and sit around in the parlor and talk, the conversation fell upon Virginia and old times. I was present, but the group were probably quite unconscious of me, I being a lad and a negligible quantity. Two of the group—Dr. Peake and Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Grant's mother—had been of the audience when the Richmond theater burned down, thirty-six years before, and they talked over the frightful details of that memorable tragedy. These were eye-witnesses, and described the scene of the holocaust with intolerable vividness; I saw the black smoke rolling and tumbling toward the sky, I saw the flames burst through it and turn red, I heard the shrieks of the despairing, I glimpsed their faces at the windows, caught fitfully through the veiling smoke, I saw them jump to their death, or to mutilation worse than death. The picture is before me yet, and can never fade.

In due course they talked of the colonial mansion of the Peakes, with its stately columns and its spacious grounds, and by odds and ends I picked up a clearly defined idea of the place. I was strongly interested, for I had not before heard of such palatial things from the lips of people who had seen them with their own eyes. One detail casually dropped, hit my imagination hard. In the wall by the great front door, there was a round hole as big as a saucer—a British cannon ball had made it, in the war of the Revolution. It was breath-taking; it made history real; history had never been real to me before.

Very well, three or four years later, as already mentioned, I was king bee and sole "subject" in the mesmeric show. It was the beginning of the second week; the performance was half over; just then the majestic Dr. Peake with his ruffled bosom and wristbands and his gold-headed cane* entered, and a deferential citizen vacated his seat beside the Grants and made the great chief take it. This happened while I was trying to invent something fresh in the way of a vision in response to the professor's remark:

"Concentrate your powers. Look—look attentively. There! Don't you see something? Concentrate—concentrate. Now then. Describe it."

Without suspecting it, Dr. Peake, by entering the place, had reminded me of the talk three years before. He had also furnished me capital and was becoming my confederate, and accomplice in my frauds—I began on a vision, a vague and dim one (that was part of the game at the beginning of the vision; it isn't best to see it too clearly at first; it might look as though you had come loaded with it). The vision developed by degrees, and gathered swing, momentum, energy. It was the Richmond fire. Dr. Peake was cold at first, and his fine face had a trace of polite scorn in it; but when he began to recognize that fire that expression changed and his eyes began to light up. As soon as I saw that I threw the valves wide open and turned on all the steam, and gave those people a supper of fire and

*Presented to him by General Washington. It was given by Doctor Peake to John Carroll Buck, at whose father's house Doctor Peake died. It was stolen from John Carroll and never recovered.

horrors that was calculated to last them one while. They couldn't gasp, when I got through—they were petrified. Dr. Peake was standing and breathing hard. He said, in a great voice: "My doubts are ended. No collusion could produce that miracle. It was totally impossible for him to know those details. yet he has described them with the clarity of an eye-witness, and with what unassailable truthfulness God knows I know."

I saved the colonial mansion for the last night, and solidified and perpetuated Dr. Peake's conversation, with the cannon ball hole. He explained to the house that I could never have learned of that small detail, which differentiated this mansion from all other Virginian mansions and perfectly identified it; therefore, the facts stood proven that I had seen it in my vision. Lawks.*

Hortensia Tyler Leache, daughter of 57. Julia Ann[6] (Peake) Tyler, wrote in 1916 of Doctor Peake and his wife as follows:

I never knew much of my grandmother because her family moved to Missouri before I was born, but my mother used to hold her up as an example to me of extreme modesty and refinement. Grandpa in his old age spent a good deal of his time with us. He was so well read and instructive that, as a child, I always delighted in his conversation. He was a portly, fine-looking old gentleman, well dressed, and his watch chain and seals were always in evidence. He was a devout churchman. Used to sing a hymn in his room and read the service every day. He asked the blessing at the table before the meal and gave thanks afterwards. When he would round us children up for prayers, he would say, "Children, come to duty."

Doctor Peake died in 1856 in Front Royal, Virginia, while staying with his daughter, Elizabeth Buck. His will, dated December 21, 1829, is probably included in the Alexandria Corporation Court record previously mentioned. He was buried in the old Buckton graveyard near Front Royal. His wife is supposed to have died at Palmyra, Missouri, about 1837 and to have been buried there. Mrs. McDonald has said that there were fifteen children of this marriage and that she was the youngest. Those who reached maturity were the following, but the order and dates of birth are approximate:

TYLER

57. Julia Anne[6] Peake, born January 1, 1802; died July 20, 1849; married May 13, 1859. 3. George Gray[3] Tyler, born in Prince William County, February 11, 1797; died at Front Royal, October 21, 1856. He was a grandson of 1. John[1] Tyler, the founder of the Prince William County, Virginia, branch of the Tyler family, who married Margaret ———— and whose estate was inventoried in 1793. 1. John[1] was a member of the Committee of Safety of his county and a lieutenant in the Continental Army, for which service he received a grant of land in Kentucky. His son 2. Charles,[2] whose inventory is recorded in Prince William County in 1815, married Sarah Brown, a daughter of Reverend Richard Brown of "Rich Hill," Maryland, who died in 1839. Issue.

*This was no doubt the "Willow Spring" residence, which Mrs. McDonald has stated was a frame house like those of the other planters in the neighborhood.

3. George Gray[3] Tyler. His home was "Water Fall" about seven miles north of Haymarket, in Prince William County, where he lived until 1846, when he acquired the ancestral home "Mill Park," where he lived until 1856, when he sold the property and moved to Front Royal. Both homes had mills operated by the waters of Catharpin Creek, flowing down from Bull Run Mountain and their lands became the scene of a large part of the battle of Bull Run in 1861. The house at "Water Fall" was torn down about 1927 except the chimney, which still stands. The "Mill Park" estate after several changes of ownership is now a country club.*

4. Charles Humphrey,[4] born April 20, 1826; died 1872 at his home, "Cross Keys," in Rockingham County, Virginia. He married in 1858 Elizabeth Wright, daughter of Assistant Surgeon J. B. Wright, U. S. A., and his wife, Elisa Jones.** Issue.

11. Johnston Wright,[5] born 1858; died 1901; married 1884, Roberta Green Turner, a daughter of Doctor James H. Turner, by his first wife, 6. Annette[4] Tyler, *q. v.* No issue.

5. James Monroe,[4] born August 28, 1831; died suddenly in 1868 at Bolton, Mississippi, while on a business trip. He married May 24, 1856, Ada Lindsey of Fairfax County and St. Louis, born 1832, died 1913 at St. Louis. Shortly after his marriage he engaged in wholesale shoe business. At the close of the war he returned to St. Louis and resumed his business.† Issue.

12. George Gray,[5] born at St. Louis in 1858, died 1904. He was in business with his uncle.

13. Julia Beauregard[5] Tyler, born 1857; died 1921; married *circa* 1880, Captain Daniel Lane Howell, U. S. A., born 1853.‡ About 1877 Julia was living in St. Louis and visited us in Louisville. She was beautiful and vivacious. Issue.

Mary Isabel[6] Howell, born 1882, married Captain James Wentworth Clinton, U. S. A., born in North Carolina in 1868, died in 1918.§ Issue: Julia[7], born 1898, died 1899, and

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*For the above data and much of what follows in the Tyler sketch I am indebted to Miss Julia Peake Leache. 14. James Monroe[5] Tyler of St. Louis, Missouri, also aided greatly.

**For the military record of 4. Charles H.,[4] see note 83, p. 103.

†For his military record, see note 147, p. 157.

‡Born in Iowa. Graduated U. S. M. A. June 13, 1874, 2nd Lieut. Inft.; April 23, 1879, 1st Lieut.; April 26, 1898, Captain (Heitman). He attained the rank of Colonel before he retired.

§Enlisted from N. C. Pvt. Corp & Sergt. F4 Cav. 1893; 2nd Lieut. Inft. 1897; 1st Lieut. Art. 1898; Capt. 12th Cav. 1891 (Heitman).

James Wentworth[7] Clinton, Jr., born 1902 married Dorothy Leitch. Issue.

Carroll Howell,[8] born 1929; James Wentworth[8] Clinton, born 1930.

Mary Isabel[6], married, 2nd, Captain Tieman Newell Horn, U. S. A.* Issue. Ada Howell[7] Horn, born 1920.

Ada Delphine[6] Howell, born 1883, married Charles P. Williams, born 1877, a cotton planter of Greeneville, Mississippi. No issue. I encountered her one day in the bow of a "dugout" on Mud Lake, an old bed of the Mississippi River, with a gun across her lap and a fine bunch of dead Mallard ducks in the boat behind her. A negro pusher propelled the boat, quietly through the shallow tortuous trails, cut out through the willow swamp. Kenneth and I afterwards called on them at their home in Greeneville.

James Bruin,[6] born 1885, married Geraldine Forbes, born 1893. Issue. Thornton,[7] born 1915; James Bruin,[7] born 1917, died 1926; George Tyler[6] Howell.

14. James Monroe[5] II. Tyler, born 1868, married Sarah Norton, born 1870. They live in St. Louis, Missouri. Issue.

15. Julia Sparks,[6] born 1895, married O'Neil Ryan, Jr., born 1896. Issue. Sarah Ann[7] Ryan, born 1926.

16. Mary Caroline,[6] born 1898.

17. James Monroe[6] III, born 1903.

18. Sarah Norton,[6] born 1905.

19. Ann Contesse[6] Tyler, born 1909.

6. Annette,[4] born May 16, 1835, died 1863, married Doctor James Hite Turner, who died in 1911. Issue.

Roberta Green[5] Turner. Her mother died when she was three years old and she was cared for by her aunt, 8. Hortensia,[4] while her father was in the Confederate Army. After the war her father married again and took her to live with him. In 1884 she married 11. Johnston Wright[5] Tyler, who died in 1901. There was no issue of this marriage. She married 2nd James Otis Stickley, a merchant of Harrisonburg, Virginia. Issue.

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*Born New York, 1868. Graduated U. S. M. A. June, 1887, 2nd Lieut. 3rd Cav.; 1890 2nd Lieut. Art.; 1891 to 1898 1st Lieut. Art.; May, 1901 Captain 12th Cav. (Heitman).

Daniel Chenault[6] Stickley, born 1904, married 1930, Kathrine Sproul. Issue. Daniel Chenault,[7] born 1931, and William Sproul[7] Stickley, born 1933.

7. Virginius,[4] born July 12, 1836, died September 21, 1854.

8. Hortensia,[4] born September 28, 1838, died March 26, 1919; married September 28, 1865, Charles Hunton Leache, born March 12, 1837, died 1910. Issue.

Roberts Hunton,[5] born May 19, 1867, died in infancy.

Julia Peake,[5] born August 18, 1868. She taught school as a young lady and now lives with her sister, Jane Roberts, and her husband, John B. Baskerville, of Roanoke, Virginia, *q.v.*

Charles Hunton,[5] born November 5, 1871, died July 29, 1922; married November 21, 1894, Maggie Bosang, born 1875. Issue. Charles Bosang,[6] born March 11, 1898, died January, 1900, Jesse Nicholas,[6] born February 25, 1901, married September, 1922, Minnie Holliday. Issue. Alma Dorothy[7] Leache, born September, 1924, and George Tyler[6] Leache, born February 6, 1907.

Jane Roberts,[5] born August 9, 1874; married April 5, 1896, John Barbour Baskerville, born 1870. He attended Roanoke College, studied and practiced law, but he was soon attracted to a railroad career. He became a telegraph operator and rose rapidly to an executive position on the Norfolk and Western Railroad, where he is now General Claim Agent and *liaisson* officer between the management and the employees. He takes a leading part in the civic affairs of the city and the local Episcopal Church, of which all of the household are devoted members.

When the youngest sister, Sallie Willett[5] Leache, died in 1918, leaving a large family of young children, they took two of her sons into their home to bring up. These are Charles William and John Baskerville Downs. They have a beautiful summer home and small farm in Buford's Gap, on the summit of the Blue Ridge at Villamont Post Office. They have named it "Millwood Park" after the George G. Tyler ancestral home in Prince William County, Virginia, heretofore described. Their town house is a large and modern one, in the outskirts of Roanoke on the foothills of the Blue Ridge. They have no children of their own.

Annette Tyler[5] Leache, born July 18, 1877; married November 18, 1903, Andrew Gemmell, born 1873 in Scotland. He is an official in the Claim Department of the Norfolk and Western Railroad and

they live the year around in Buford's Gap not far from "Millwood Park," where they have a beautiful home and fruit farm. Their children are: Hortensia Tyler,[6] born November 4, 1904, and John[6] Gemmell, born March 21, 1906.

They also took Hunton Leache, youngest child of Sallie Willett (Leache) Downs, into their home, where he is being reared with loving care. The members of this household are also Episcopalians.

Sally Willett[5] Leache, born April 26, 1880, died October 4, 1907; married October 30, Wilford C. Downs, born May 8, 1881, died April 17, 1931. Their home was in Baltimore, Maryland. Issue.

Julia Tyler,[6] born August 28, 1908. She is a teacher, Sarah Willett,[6] born April 17, 1910, died May, 1911, May Cornelia,[6] born December 29, 1911, a teacher, Wilford Carson,[6] born January 16, 1914, student at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Charles William,[6] born August 6, 1915, Student at Virginia Polytechnic Institute, John Baskerville,[6] born March 18, 1917, and Hunton Leache[6] Downs, born August 16, 1918.

9. Gustavus,[4] born October 22, 1843, died June 10, 1887. He was a soldier in the Confederate Army. (See note 67, p. 91.)

10. Julia[4] Tyler, born November 23, 1844, died July 20, 1851.

3. George Gray[3] Tyler and wife adopted and reared Julia Lane, orphaned daughter of 36. Doctor Benedict Middleton[4] Lane and his wife, Anne Peake Adams. She was born prior to 1827, and died unmarried January 1, 1864.

PEAKE

59. Doctor William Humphrey,[6] born 1812, died at New London, Rolls County, Missouri, 1865. He married Nancy Glasscock, daughter of Asa Glasscock of Fauquier County, Virginia, born 1820, died 1885 at Maxwell, California. Issue.

76. Ann Linton,[7] born 1844, died 1903, married Samuel Benn Ford. Issue.

Doctor Campbell[8] Ford, born at Frankford, Missouri, April 10, 1864, died February 11, 1934, married Sophie Johnson. Before his retirement he was a prominent physician and surgeon. He invented the suture-stitch, known to Surgery as the "Ford stitch." He was at one time on the faculty of the University of California. Issue.

Betty[9] Ford, born San Francisco, California, January 21, 1912. She graduated at Leland Stanford University at the age of seventeen, completing the course in three years. She was studying in New York City at the time of her father's death.

Leah Benham,[8] married E. R. Watson.

Lovey Gregory[8] Ford, married Wilfred Cushman. Issue. Doctor Glenn Ford,[9] Arabella Ellsworth[9] and Chrystal[9] Cushman.

77. William Humphrey,[7] married Carrie Gardner. Issue.
84. Elaine.[8]
85. Vivian Gardner[8] Peake.
78. Elizabeth,[7] unmarried.
79. Asa Glasscock,[7] married Elizabeth Lowery. Issue.
86. Gladys,[8] married William Dyer.
87. Jane.[8]
88. Annabel[8] Peake, married Lyman Phillips.
80. French.[7]
81. Susan Ellen[7] Peake, married John Tyler.

BUCK

58. Elizabeth,[6] born 1814, died November 18, 1864. Married at Hannibal, Missouri, February 26, 1839, by the Reverend C. C. Hedges, Thomas Fayette Buck, born March 28, 1803, died September 25, 1874.*

He was a descendant, in the fourth generation, from 1. Richard Buck, a descendant of the Reverend Richard Buck of London, England, who opened with prayer the session of the first House of Burgesses.

2. Charles[2] Buck, born in England, married Letitia Lovel. He moved in 1705 from Westmoreland County, Virginia, to his land, purchased from Lord Fairfax, at Water Lick on the north branch of the Shenandoah River. In 1740 he bought the land on which "Clover Hill" and "Cedar Hill" were established by William R. Buck and William R. Ashby, respectively. 2. Charles[2] Buck had three sons—John, who married Marian Richardson; Thomas, who married Ann Richardson; and Charles, who married Mary Richardson. John and Charles had each four sons and three daughters. They and their descendants are omitted from this sketch.

4. Thomas[3] Buck, born 1756, died 1843, will proved 1849, married 1774 Ann Richardson 1756, died 1859. Issue.

6. William Richardson,[4] born 1776, died 1823, married Lucy Neville Blakemore, born 1784, died 1859. Issue (see page 459).

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*Information furnished by Mrs. John B. Harnsberger of Front Royal, Virginia. It was taken chiefly from the old Buck family Bible, which was kept at "Clover Hill."

7. Isabella R.,[4] born 1778, married Hesekiah Conn.

8. Henrietta Chew,[4] born 1779, married 1797 Spencer H. Calmes.

9. Mary Ann,[4] born 1781, married 1805 George Bayly.

10. Samuel,[4] born 1783, died in infancy.

11. Thomas,[4] born 1784, died in infancy.

12. Marquis C.,[4] born 1788, married 1807 Elizabeth Drake.

13. Rebecca Richardson,[4] born 1792, married 1816 William R. Ashby.

14. Elizabeth,[4] born 1794, married 1814, George Neville Blakemore.

15. Marian,[4] born 1798, died 1810.

16. Catherine,[4] born 1799, died in infancy.

17. Isaac Newton,[4] born 1801, married Susan Taylor, married 2nd 1839 Jane N. Lovell.

18. Lititia Amelia,[4] born 1803, married 1820 John Mauzey Blakemore, who died 1853.

The children of 6. William Richardson[4] Buck were:

19. Henry Alexander,[5] born 1800, died 1834.

20. Thomas Fayette,[5] born March 28, 1803. (See note 91, p. 240) Issue.

26. William Peake,[6] born May 24, 1840, died 1849 unmarried.

27. Henry Augustus,[6] born July 24, 1842, died 1888, married November 27, 1870, Gertrude Richardson. Issue.

35. Henry,[7] married 1900 Alice Blakemore. Issue.

37. George Esten[8] Buck.

36. Irene[7] Buck, died 1900.

28. Julia Catherine,[6] born October 31, 1843, died 1909, married November 29, 1866, Marquis Blakemore Irwin. Issue.

Augusta,[7] born August 26, 1868, died August 14, 1895, married February 14, 1888, Robert Lee McCarty. Issue.

Marquis Irwin[8] McCarty, married June 15, 1911, Elizabeth Laing of Canada, who died in 1919. Issue.

Marquis Irwin McCarty,[9] Jr., born January 20, 1918.

Marquis Irwin[8] McCarty, married 2nd April 1, 1921, Lucy Preston Mitchell. No issue.

Eva Neville,[7] born April 6, 1870.

Florence Peake Fairfax,[7] born April 23, 1872, married November 25, 1902. John Baldwin Harnsberger. Issue.

Humphrey Peake,[8] born November 13, 1903. Graduated at the Virginia Polytechnic Institute, Blacksburg, Virginia, Engineer for the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company, Washington, D. C.

Eva Neville,[8] born June 26, 1908, married March 25, 1933, John Hilton Freeman of Georgia, Manager in Virginia for the Retail Credit Company of Georgia. Before her marriage Eva Neville was employed as Artist for the Virginia Conservation and Development Commission. They live in Richmond.

Julia Rebecca[8] Harnsberger, born June 7, 1910.

Mary Buck,[7] born 1874, died 1927.

George Blakemore[7] Irwin, born 1877, died 1923.

29. Charles Eugene,[6] born 1846, died 1849.

30. Linton Neville,[6] born December 4, 1847. Graduated at the Virginia Military Institute, Lexington, Virginia, in 1870, at the head of his class, president of the Literary Society and First Captain. He taught at the Institute for one year, and then went to Louisville and taught at the Louisville Rugby School, and studied law. About 1873 he went to Kansas City, Missouri, where he practiced law. He died in 1912, unmarried.

31. George Esten,[6] born April 8, 1849, died 1913. unmarried. After a brief stay in Louisville in 1873 he became a cotton planter in Arkansas, where he was highly esteemed but never sought office.

32. John Carroll,[6] born December 15, 1851. He went to Leadville, Colorado, and began surveying mining lands and performing mining engineering work, becoming an executive. He died in 1918 at Denver, Colorado, unmarried. His remains were buried at the old Buckton Cemetery near Front Royal, Virginia.

33. Thomas Fayette,[6] born March, 1854, died 1875.

34. Elizabeth Lane,[6] born June 8, 1855, died 1920, married October, 1879, Samuel Major. Issue.

Fayette,[7] born March 24, 1881, and Julian Neville[7] Major, born January 8, 1887, married Jean Elizabeth Richards. Issue.

Jean Elizabeth,[8] born December 26, 1914; Julian Neville,[8] born September 25, 1916; Russell Richards,[8] born January 7, 1921; Mary Rebecca,[8] born November 20, 1923; and Anne Neville[8] Major, born June 30, 1925.



MRS. JAMES DE CAMP.
(Born Ellen Peake).
Next oldest sister of Mrs. Cornelia McDonald.

21. Katherine Elizabeth,[5] born 1830, died 1822, married 1843, John B. La Rue. No issue.

22. George Augustus,[5] born 1807, died 1835, unmarried.

23. William Mason,[5] born 1809, married 1837 Elizabeth Ann Ashby.

24. Marquis Blakemore,[5] born 1816, married 1841 Jane Letitia Bayly.

25. John Newton[5] Buck, born 1830, married 1849 Amelia Ann Buck.

60. Susan Ellen[6] Peake, born *circa,* 1918; died *circa* 1882, married March 10, 1842, 12. Edward Charles[3] McDonald, *q. v.*

DE CAMP*

61. Ellen[6] Peake, born at Alexandria, Virginia, in 1820, died 1872, at Saratoga Springs, New York. She married at Hannibal, Missouri, *circa* 1840, James De Camp, born *circa* 1820, son of Major Surgeon E. G. I. De Camp, U. S. A., who was then stationed at Jefferson Barracks, near St. Louis, Missouri. Ellen and her younger sister, Cornelia, attended many balls at Jefferson Barracks, and it was here that Ellen met her future husband. They lived on a farm near St. Louis, which was given to James by his father.

In May, 1849, James joined a party of gold seekers, traveling by wagon train to California. Among them were 12. Charles Edward[3] McDonald, 3. Richard T. Holliday[3] and 25. Robert Baldwin[2] Sherrard. The families of all were left at home. Ellen grew restless at the prolonged absence and lack of news from her husband and, in spite of objections of those at home and without definite knowledge of his whereabouts, set out to join him. She took her son Jack and her daughter Cornelia and a young negro girl as nurse. She traveled by water, crossing the Isthmus of Panama, the family being carried on the backs of coolies. Jack died and was buried at sea. There is little of record regarding her life in California, but it was one of hardship, danger and privation, borne with great courage and fortitude. Another daughter was born in San Francisco. Her husband's health was delicate and he required much of her care and attention. She returned home by sea, escorted by Major Paymaster, later Brigadier General Benjamin Alvord, U. S.

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*The data for this sketch of the descendants of 61. Ellen[6] Peake and her husband James De Camp are taken from letters of Mrs. Cornelia McDonald and information given by her children, from old family records, letters from Mrs. Constant Williams of Schenectady, New York, written in 1932-34, and a letter from Margaret Eleanor[9] Hall of Fort Benning, Georgia, June 19, 1934.

A., a friend of her father-in-law. They landed safely at Governor's Island, New York. Our next record of Ellen is when she visited her sister Cornelia, Mrs. Angus W. McDonald, in the summer of 1854 at "Windlea." She had with her their youngest child Sally, born *circa* 1853. One night while there she awoke and ran out of the house screaming and wringing her hands. When the family reached her she cried out "James is dead, I saw him in my dream." Shortly thereafter she received news of her husband's sudden death at Governor's Island, New York. He was buried in Woodlawn Cemetery in the officers' row.

After her husband's death Ellen went to Saratoga to keep the house of her brother-in-law old Colonel Morris, who had married her sister-in-law, Maria De Camp. She had died and left a little boy, Gouveneur Morris, whom Aunt Ellen brought up, living at Colonel Morris' home (Mrs. J. Henry Lyne).

When the Civil War began Ellen's relatives and friends in the South, who were old enough, promptly joined the Confederate Army. Doctor De Camp continued in the Federal Army, serving until August, 1862, when he retired and went to live at Saratoga Springs, New York. Ellen heard little from her people in the South, but she remained true to the last in her love and sympathy for them

She was much beloved by the people of Saratoga Springs She endeared herself to all, rich and poor, high and low, by her kindness to every one. When the houses in the town were being draped in mourning for President Lincoln, she declined to allow hers to be draped. She was not molested for this bold assertion of sympathy for the Southern cause.

On January 7, 1932, Mrs. Williams (born Cornelia De Camp) wrote me from her home in Schenectady, New York, as follows:

I want you to remember that in deference to my mother's sensitiveness on the subject of the war my grandfather prohibited all conversations about it in her presence and that is one reason why I heard so little about it, and she rarely ever spoke about it. Her father (Doctor Peake) died in 1856 and I remember her grief when she heard it . . . and their mutual love.

While the war was in progress Cornelia De Camp was in a boarding school in New York City.

Mrs. Cornelia McDonald was with her sister Ellen during her last illness in Saratoga Springs.

The funeral was attended by half the people in the town. As you know I was her namesake. She had a wonderful personality, brave and headstrong, never faltering in what she determined to do, and with many social graces. (Mrs. J. Henry Lyne.)

Mrs. Williams and her sister Ellen visited Mrs. McDonald at Lexington in 1872.

The children of James De Camp and his wife 61. Ellen[6] Peake were John,[7] born at St. Louis *circa* 1841, died in infancy.

Cornelia,[7] born at Jefferson Barracks, married *circa* 1865 Captain Constant Williams, U. S. A. He entered the Civil War July, 1861, as a private in the 31st Pennsylvania Infantry and emerged as a Captain in 1865. His service for some years after the war was at various forts in the West. During this period they lost their army chest by fire, which destroyed many important records and letters.

At Big Hole, Montana, he rendered distinguished service, being wounded twice in that engagement, but continuing to fight. For this he was brevetted Major on account of "gallant and meritorious conduct in action." He was on detached service as Indian Agent for the Navajos when the War with Spain broke out. He rejoined his regiment as soon as possible, but reached Cuba too late for that campaign.

He went to the Philippines as Colonel of the 26th Infantry and commanded the 3rd District and 2nd and 3rd Brigades, in the Islands of the Camarines, Albay and Sorsagon. He was highly commended for zeal, energy and good judgment in this difficult and dangerous work. He was commissioned Brigadier General July 12, 1904, and placed in command of the Departments of the Columbia and the Colorado. He continued in this service until his retirement for age as a Brigadier General April 6, 1907. Had he served seven more weeks his rank at retirement would have been Major General. He died April 22, 1922, at Schenectady, New York. Issue.

William Constant,[8] born at Tallahassee, Florida, 1866, died 1866 at Saratoga Springs.

Cornelia De Camp[8] Williams, born 1868, married Norman W. Kitson of St. Paul, Minnesota. Issue.

Norman W.[9] Kitson of Erie, Pennsylvania. He married and issue. Norman W.[10] Kitson, born 1913. He lives at Erie.

Lucile[9] Kitson, married in England in 1914, J. A. H. Torrey, born of English parents in Orlando, Florida, educated at Union College, served with the British Army in the World War, and is now employed in the International Department of the General Electric Company at Schenectady, New York. Issue. J. A. H.[10] Torrey, born in 1920. Now (1934) at St. George's School, Newport, R. I.

Cornelia De Camp[8] Williams, married 2nd Captain Richard Clayborn Croxton of Virginia, a graduate of the United States Military Academy in 1882, who served in the Philippine Wars with the 23rd Infantry, U. S. A. No issue.

Ellen[7] Williams, born at San Francisco, California, in 1852, died at Fort Concho, Texas, September 7, 1879. She was buried at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, with her baby daughter, who died at birth. On June 8, 1876, at Fort Benton, Montana, she married Assistant Surgeon Captain John Dean Hall, U. S. A., born at Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1842, died February, 1920. He was appointed from New York in 1868, and was Major Surgeon August, 1889, and Colonel, Assistant Surgeon General U. S. A., 1903. Retired March 17, 1906. Issue.

James De Camp[8] Hall, born September 10, 1877, at Fort Independence, Boston Harbor. He married April 22, 1902, at Malabang, Philippine Islands, Margaret Eleanor Steers, born June 3, 1881. He was appointed Second Lieutenant 25th Infantry, U. S. A., from the District of Columbia, December 1, 1899. He joined his regiment in the Philippines and was promoted to First Lieutenant in 1901. He served as Aide de Camp to General Constant Williams 1904-1907, and upon General Williams' retirement he returned to the Philippines with the 4th Infantry and in March, 1911, was promoted to Captain of that regiment. In 1911-14 he graduated from the Army School of the Line and the Staff College. He served at Vera Cruz, Mexico, and in the southwest, being with the regiment at Brownsville, Texas, when war was declared against Germany. He was made Major of the 4th Infantry in August, 1917. He attained high rank as instructor in the training camps at Fort Dodge, Iowa, where he was made Lieutenant Colonel of his regiment August 5, 1917. He sailed for France August 5, 1918, with an advance party of the 88th Division, and served until the close of the war, returning to the United States June 19, 1919. He was reappointed Lieutenant Colonel of the Regular Army July 1, 1920. He served in the Quarter Masters Corps in the southwest until 1924, when he was ordered to the Army Base at Brooklyn, New York. He was promoted to Colonel December 25, 1927. In 1928 he was teacher of the Staff Class at Providence, Rhode Island, and in June, 1932, was made Quarter Master at Fort Benning, Georgia, where he is now stationed. Issue.

Margaret Eleanor[9] Hall, born at Fort Crook, Nebraska, February 2, 1912. She lives with her parents at Fort Benning.

Sally[7] De Camp, born *circa* 1853, died at Saratoga Springs in 1866.

62. Cornelia[6] Peake, married 10. Angus[3] W. McDonald, *q. v.*

LANE OF THE "NORTHERN NECK"

By Mrs. Kathrine Cox Gottschalk in Co-operation with Mr. Hunter McDonald, from a Study of Family Papers and of Public Data

THE family records were mainly letters written by Mrs. Cornelia Peake McDonald to relatives who had asked her for information about her ancestors; conversations with her daughter, Ellen, Mrs. J. Henry Lyne of Henderson, Kentucky, during their long and intimate companionship; and also old family papers which are now in the possession of Mrs. Virginia Lyne Tunstall, of Richmond, Virginia. Mrs. Lyne made a summary from her records which was used by Mrs. Mary Selden Kennedy in her book, "The Seldens of Virginia and Allied Families." This account of the Lane Family has some errors, due partly to a misreading of Mrs. McDonald's letters and partly to Mrs. McDonald's own confusions in the earlier generations.

These errors or confusions will appear corrected in the course of the present account of the ancestry of 37. Annie Linton[4] Lane, who married Humphrey Peake, of Fairfax County, Virginia. Mrs. Cornelia[6] Peake McDonald was the youngest child of this marriage. She was born in Alexandria, Virginia, in 1822, which was the same year in which her grandfather, 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., died in Fairfax County. Mrs. McDonald was about ten years old in 1832 when her grandmother, Susanna Lane, died. In her letters Mrs. McDonald states that this grandmother's maiden name was Susan Linton Jennings.

The public records consulted were those of the several counties in Virginia where this family resided; those in the Archives of the State of Virginia in Richmond; and the material in the Library of Congress, Washington, D. C. This investigation has, to a surprisingly great extent, sustained Mrs. McDonald's statements. Wherever they do not agree it is usually in the earlier generations. Such confusions as she has made are the common errors found in most family traditions, that of telescoping generations. Even in this matter she does not go far astray. She knew that she was a descendant of the Carr-Lane intermarriage of Martha Carr, though it was 1. William[1] Lane not James Lane, as she said, who married Martha Carr; this 1. William[1] Lane being the progenitor of the line

coming down to Mrs. McDonald.

Mrs. McDonald was correct in her letter when she wrote that "James' son William Lane, Jr., was my grandfather." This statement of hers has been misinterpreted by overlooking the possessive mark placed after the name of James, making the phrase read that James was the son of 6. William[3] Lane, Jr.; whereas 6. William[3] Lane, Jr., was the son of 2. Major James[2] Lane and Elizabeth, his wife (who was a daughter of William Harrison). 6. William[3] Lane, Jr., did have a son 29. James D.[4] Lane, whom Mrs. McDonald calls "James Demoville Lane."

Very few mistakes have been found in Mrs. McDonald's account of the children of her grandfather, 6. William[3] Lane, Jr. In the case of 29. James Demoville[4] Lane, whom she said married "Catherine Alexander born Triplett," it has been proven that she was Catherine Alexander born Foote, not Triplett. Catherine was the daughter of Mr. Richard Foote, of Prince William County, Virginia, and the sister of William Haywood Foote of Fairfax County. She was the widow of Mr. John Stewart Alexander, who died in 1800, leaving her as his widow with his children. In a deed in 1817 this Catherine Lane speaks of her "late husband, John Stewart Alexander."*

29. James Demoville[4] Lane and his wife, Catherine, had two children, 49. Arthur Foote[5] Lane and 48. Elizabeth Foote[5] Lane, who were legatees in the will of their grandfather, 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., in 1822.

Some have presumed that an error was made in the letter of Mrs. McDonald when she gave 30. Ralph[4] Lane as the name of another son of her grandfather Lane, as 30. Ralph[4] Lane is not mentioned in the will of his father in 1822, but a grandson DeWitt[5] Lane is left 2,000 acres of land in Kentucky and a negro named "Cyrus." DeWitt[5] Lane was the son and representative of 30. Ralph[4] Lane, of whom Mrs. McDonald spoke thus: "Susan Triplett married my uncle Ralph Lane, who died young." 30. Ralph[4] Lane married his first cousin, Martha[4] Lane, the daughter of 8. Colonel Joseph[3] Lane

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*Richard Foote's will, Prince William Co., Va., Bk. G, p. 45. John Stewart Alexander's will, Fairfax Co., Va., Bk. 2, p. 138. Elizabeth Washington's will, Fairfax Co., Va., Bk. K, p. ... Catherine Lanes will, Fairfax Co., Va., Bk. Q, p. 242. 6. William[3] Lane, Jr.'s, will, Fairfax Co., Va., Bk. .., p. ... Deed Bk. R. R., p 96, 1817, Fairfax Co, Va.

and Catherine, his wife. They were residing in Loudon County, Virginia, in 1813.*

It is hoped that this account of the Lane Family will correct certain discrepancies made in "The Glengarry McDonalds," page 330, and in "The Seldens of Virginia and Allied Families," part II, page ——. In the appendix to this second book some other corrections are made to the previous pages in that same book, but these corrections refer chiefly to the family of James Lane, who married Lydia Hardage and who also resided in Loudoun County."**

The interest of this present account of the Lane family begins with the intermarriage of Dr. Humphrey Peake with 37. Annie Linton[4] Lane in 1798 in Fairfax County, Virginia. From the family papers and from the will of her father, we know that she was the daughter of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., and Susanna Linton Jennings, his wife. 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., was born about 1750 in either Richmond or Westmoreland County, and removed with his parents to Loudoun County in 1755. He continued to live in Loudoun until about 1798 when the county line was changed making him of Fairfax County, Virginia. He died in Fairfax County in 1822. His wife, Susanna, survived him some ten years, dying in 1832.

At this date (September, 1933) the proof for connections of this line of descent with any of the immigrants to Virginia has not been definitely worked out. 1. William[1] Lane, who married Martha, the daughter of William Carr of Nominy Forest, is the earliest ancestor of whom we have actual proof. He was living in Westmoreland County, Virginia, and was well established there in 1711. He may have been the immigrant ancestor himself. However, there were Lanes in Virginia from the earliest days. Greer gives a list of eighteen persons by the name of Lane who came into the colony. It is quite probable that these were not eighteen different men, for repetitions of names would occur when a man left and then returned to the colony or moved about within the colony. Of those who re-

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*Deed Bk. R, p. 277, Nov. 29, 1813. Ralph Lane and Martha, his wife, sell to John Kile 44 acres of land which was given to the said Martha as an heir of her father, Col. Joseph Lane, deceased.

**James Lane with wife Lydia and son Aaron took up a lease on 150 acres of land in 1740. William Lane with a wife Sarah and son John took up 150 acres adjoining the land of James and Lydia Lane of the same date. Their land was located in what is now Loudon Co., Va., near the Fairfax Fauquier boundary lines. Deed Book E, pp. 142, 146, Prince William Co., Va.

mained, some information has been gathered, and some connections have been found with later generations.

If the 1. William[1] Lane who married Martha Carr was connected with any of the Lanes in the colony earlier than his own appearance there, it would naturally be with those who settled in or near Westmoreland County, Virginia. He was closely associated with families which had originated in Northumberland County, from which county Westmoreland was formed in 1653.

Of the Lanes belonging to the generation of the father of 1. William[1] Lane and who were living in this section of Virginia, some disappear into other counties, some die without issue, and others appear in records which show that the 1. William[1] Lane who married Martha Carr was not of their family. Among those to whom 1. William[1] Lane might be connected is one James Lane of Northumberland County, Virginia. 1. William's eldest son was named 2. James,[2] which would fit in with the custom of naming the first son for the paternal grandfather. The inference is strengthened by the fact that 1. William's second son was named 4. William Carr[2] Lane for his maternal grandfather. (The third son was named 5. Joseph,[2] which was another Carr family name.) According to the records of St. Stephen's Parish, of Northumberland County, a James Lane had a son James born January 7, 1686, and a son Thomas born March, 1688. As the 1. William[1] Lane (who married Martha Carr) was of age in 1711, he was born in 1690 or before, but not much earlier than that. He could very easily, according to this reckoning, be another son of this James Lane of St. Stephen's Parish.

1. William[1] Lane first appears on the records of Westmoreland County, Virginia, in the year 1711, when his signature in connection with the affairs of one John Forsigh shows William to have been of age at that time. This John Forsigh, a man of means, leaves his god-son, 1. William[1] Lane, as heir and executor of his estate, in 1722.*

Though the name and history of the father of 1. William[1] Lane is not known, the circumstances in which the young man appear indicate the background from which he came. From the beginning he is associated with men of wealth and he seems capable of man-

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*Will and Deed Bk. 7, p. 130; Westmoreland Co., Va. Will of John Forsigh, Oct. 22, 1722; Oct. 31, 1722, "To go to son William Lane rest of my estate and he to be the executor." Wm. Lane returned and caused to be recorded the inventory of this estate (p. 156 same book).

aging his inherited property. His own activities and those of the generations descended from him would lead to the supposition that his own forebears had been merchants as were most of the Lanes not only in early Virginia but still earlier in England. William's father was in all probability a well-to-do merchant. By 1720 1. William[1] Lane had married Martha[2] Carr, wealthy in her own right. Her father was William[1] Carr, "blacksmith of Nominy Forest." Blacksmith means, not necessarily that he was a smith himself, but that he owned and ran a smithy. In the will of William[1] Carr, written January 13, 1702/3, and proved in court February, 1702/3, he leaves a wife, Sarah; seven daughters, Sarah,[2] Elizabeth,[2] Hannah,[2] Martha,[2] Mary,[2] Ann,[2] and Jane;[2] and one son, Joseph[2] Carr; for each one of whom he provided well. Martha[2] and Hannah[2] are to share 200 acres in Nominy Forest. Hannah's[2] part was already seated; she was probably of age. Mary[2] and Elizabeth[2], who have their own cattle marks are to have the cattle so marked, in addition to their land. The son, Joseph[2] Carr, who inherited the "shop tools for smith's work and cooper's work," was of age in 1702, as he was named as co-executor with his mother, Sarah. Daniel McCarty and George Eskridge, two outstanding men of the colony, were the trustees and guardians of those of the children who were under age. The inventory of William[1] Carr's estate, recorded April, 1703, shows him to have been not only a man of wealth, but a man of refined taste and culture. It is interesting to note his silver buckles, books, riding chair, and nine Russian leather chairs. The will of Sarah, the widow of William[1] Carr, is recorded in 1726, mentioning but two of the children, Elizabeth[2] Bailey and Ann[2] Carr.*

That Martha[2] Carr, daughter of this William[1] Carr of Nominy Forest, was the Martha who married 1. William[1] Lane is proved by many records from among which are the following abstracts:

Martha Lane, of Cople Parish, Westmoreland County, in Virginia, widow; to Joseph Lane of the same place, gent, her son, . . . "whereas the said Joseph Lane having conveyed to her other son, James Lane, of Loudoun County, Virginia, 155 acres of land in Loudoun County, she gives to her said son, Joseph Lane, 100 acres of land in Westmoreland County, whereon she now lives. . . . This 100 acres being land which was given to her by the will of her father,

*Will and Deed Bk. 3, p. 126, Westmoreland Co., Va. Wills of Westmoreland Co., Va., by Fothergill, pp. 34, 87, 145.

William Carr, dated January 13, 1702/3, and recorded in Westmoreland County, Virginia."**

Joseph Lane, of Cople Parish, Westmoreland County, and Martha Lane, widow and relict of William Lane, deceased, of the same place, sell to Thomas Edwards ". . . land sold by William Smith to William Carr . . . and left by the said William Carr to his daughter Mary Carr . . . inherited by her son William Walker . . . who conveyed this land to William Lane and was given by the said William Lane to his son Joseph Lane, who is a party to these presents."*

After 1. William[1] Lane married Martha[2] Carr he evidently settled on her share of her father's land in Nominy Forest. He then began buying the shares of the other Carr heirs until by 1737 he owned this plantation and had become known as "William Lane of Nominy Forest." His will shows that he and Martha had four children, 2. James[2], 3. Hannah[2], 4. William Carr[2], and 5. Joseph[2]; whether they had others who died young is not known. This will, made by 1. William[1] Lane August 19, 1758, and probated August 26, 1760, gives much important family data. He leaves to his son 2. James[2]** Lane "my plantation"† and "one half of the land I bought from William Eskridge in Fairfax County," also negroes, "Scipio now in his possession and one boy Sam." To his son 4. William Carr[2] Lane, he leaves, "land I bought from Elizabeth Bailey and her son William,"‡ and negroes, "Toby and Hannah now in his possession and Kate." To his son 5. Joseph[2] Lane gives the other half of the land in Fairfax County, bought from William Eskridge, a plantation bought from William Walker§ and negroes, "Rose, Tom, Judah and Prew." To his daughter 3. Hannah[2] Middleton, 1. William[1] Lane leaves negroes "Magg and Sam already in her pos-

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**Bk. 14, p. 207, May 3, 1763, Westmoreland Co., Va.

*Bk. 14, p. 500, Sept. 29, 1767, Westmoreland Co., Va. Deed of Wm. Smith to Wm. Carr was dated Oct. 30, 1695, recorded in Westmoreland Co., Va. Bk. 2, p. 46. Deed of Wm. Walker to Wm. Lane dated March 3, 1737, recorded in Bk. 8, No. 2, p. 543.

**Wm. Lane's will recorded Bk. 13, p. 301, Westmoreland Co., Va.

†This would be the plantation in Nominy Forest. This bequest would indicate that 2. James[2] was the eldest son.

‡Elizabeth Carr married John Bailey, Jr., and had a son, William Bailey, who settled in Prince William Co., Va. The deeds of Bailey to Wm. Lane recorded Bk. 8, p. 314, Dec. 14, 1736, and Bk. 8, No. 2, p. 352, dated Oct. 27, 1735, in Westmoreland County.

§Mary[2] Carr married William Walker and had a son, William Walker. Dead Bk. 8, No. 2, p. 543, deed dated Mar. 3, 1737. A deed dated Oct. 4, 1766, recorded Bk. 14, p. 417, gives further information on the Carr-Walker intermarriage and sale to 1. Wm.[1] Lane.

session." To his wife, Martha Lane, 1. William[1] left a life interest in the estate. This latter provision caused complications which have left clear prints in the court records of this Lane family and its connections.

Martha Lane appears in deeds made by her children, in settlements with their sons-in-law, and in lawsuits due to her life interest in their property, until the year of 1771, after which date she disappears from the court records. She probably died during that year or soon afterward. After her husband's death in 1760, she remained in Cople Parish, Westmoreland County, Virginia, presumably at Nominy Forest, though her sons had gone to Fairfax and Loudoun Counties.* In 1763, her son, 5. Joseph[2] Lane, returned to the home place in Nominy Forest and settled there, with his mother.

1. William[1] Lane was born about 1690 and died in Westmoreland County before August 26 in the year 1760. He married Martha[2] Carr about 1720; she was born before 1702 and was living on September 6, 1771. They had the following children.

2. James[2] Lane, born about 1722, died 1777.

3. Hannah[2] Lane, born about 1724, living 1782-5.

4. William Carr[2] Lane, born before 1733, died 1770.

5. Joseph[2] Lane, born before 1735, died 1796.

2. James[2] Lane, son of 1. William[1] Lane and Martha[2] Carr, his wife, was born in Westmoreland County, about 1720. He witnessed the will of Frances Grace, October 4, 1744, showing that he was of age at that time.** There is a court record dated November 2, 1753, in which 2. James[2] Lane's wife, Elizabeth Lane, by power of attorney relinquished her rights in land sold by 2. James[2] Lane to her cousin, Samuel Harrison. In this deed 2. James[2] and Elizabeth Lane are described as "of Richmond County, Virginia.† His stay in Richmond County was not prolonged, however, for, in 1755, 2. James[2] Lane and his wife, Elizabeth, made a deed in Fairfax County. In Fairfax County,‡ 2. James[2] Lane with wife Elizabeth, was called James Lane, Jr., to distinguish him from James Lane

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*Loudoun County was formed in 1757 from Fairfax County. The part which had been Cameron Parish fell into the new county on this date. In 1798 a new line was run which threw a part of the Lane possessions back into Fairfax County. Another line was run in 1808.

**Bk. 10, p. 298, Westmoreland Co., Va. This 2. James[2] Lane was the only one of that name known to have been in the county at that date.

†Bk. 12, pp. 69, 73, Nov. 6, 1753, recorded Westmoreland Co., Va.

‡Deed Bk. D, p. 111, May 30, 1755, recorded in Fairfax Co., Va.

with wife Lydia, of the same county. 2. James[2] Lane, Jr., settled near Centreville on part of the land which his father, 1. William[1] Lane had bought from William Eskridge. 2. James[2] entered into an agreement with one Philip Buzan, blacksmith. In this record* 2. James[2] described himself as "of Fairfax County" and is, evidently, going into business. Between 1755 and 1761, the records show him acquiring more and more land in Fairfax County.** He not only prospered financially during these years but was also accorded the honor and duties of being "one of his Majesty's Justices" in Loudoun County, in 1760, 1761, 1762.†

By the will of his father in 1760, 2. James[2] Lane inherited a part of the home plantation in Nominy Forest, Westmoreland County, and one half of a tract of land which had been bought from William Eskridge, in Fairfax County, and several slaves. He was also named as one of the executors of his father's estate. A few years later, 5. Joseph[2] Lane, brother to 2. James[2] conveys his one-half of the land which their father had bought form William Eskridge to 2. James[2], thus giving 2. James[2] Lane, Jr., the whole tract. 5. Joseph[2] Lane returned to Westmoreland County. 2. James[2] Lane, Jr., remained near Centreville, where he had become well established. About the year of 1763 his brother, 4. William Carr[2] Lane joined him and together they developed a large and flourishing mercantile business in or near the town of Centreville. Their store carried a wide variety of what is now called "dry goods" of fine quality, among which were bolts of various kinds of cloth, shoes, imported garments, gloves and leghorn hats. 2. James[2] and 4. William Carr[2] Lane also operated a double geared grist mill and seemed to have had a large blacksmithing business engaged in the production of such articles as nails, hinges, and parts for carriages and wagons. To carry on their numerous business enterprises the Lane brothers formed several partnerships, the most important of which seems to have been "James and William Carr Lane & Company." A man named James Lewis was a "surviving partner" with 2. James[2] Lane, Jr., after the death of 4. William Carr[2] Lane in 1770.‡

2. James[2] Lane, Jr., died intestate previous to March 10, 1777.

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*Deed Bk. D, p. 341, Oct. 20, 1756, Fairfax Co., Va.

**Deed Bk. D, p. 437, June 28, 1757, Fairfax Co., Va. Deed Bk. D, p. 55, 1755, Fairfax Co., Va.

†Loudoun County was formed from Fairfax County in 1757; 2. James[2] Lane's land then fell into Loudoun County. Court Order Book A, p. 34, Nov. 1760, Mar., 1761.

‡Court Order Book E, p. 124, May 13, 1771, Loudoun Co., Va.

6. William[3] Lane, Jr., qualified as administrator of his estate with George Hancock, John Orr and James Jennings as securities on his bond of £4000.* The bond of £4000 required as security for the personal estate proves that 2. James[2] Lane was a man of means; his business interests and lands were not included. That he was a man of culture is indicated by the items in an inventory of his estate, according to which 2. James[2] held some twenty-six negroes and among other articles: a Bible, law books, pictures, a clock, medicine vials, one queensware china mug, stone plates and cups.**

Elizabeth Lane did not long survive her husband, 2. James[2] Lane. In an accounting of his estate under the date of August 17, 1777, the following items appear:

"To Rev. Richard Major for preaching the funeral.

To Mrs. E. Lane's funeral."†

As smallpox was raging at that time in that neighborhood, 2. James[2] and Elizabeth Lane may have been among its victims. With this epidemic of smallpox and the Revolutionary War going on, the times were troubled and hectic, so it is no wonder that the records of the settlement of 2. James[2] Lane's estate are incomplete and scattered. In the records which remain, however, it is interesting to note that 2. James[2] Lane is given the title of Major. In 1762 also, he was referred to as "Major James Lane, one of his Majesty's Justices." Along the margin of the page where the inventory of his estate was recorded is this note, "Major James Lane's Estate."‡ The most probable conclusion would be that he was a Major in the Loudoun County Militia. 2. James[2] Lane and his wife, Elizabeth, had three children who survived them, namely, 6. William[3] Lane, called "William Lane, Jr," 8. Joseph[3] Lane and 7. Martha[3] (Lane) Triplett.§

In brief the history of 2. James[2] Lane, as shown by the county court records is as follows. He was the eldest son of 1. William[1] Lane of Nominy Forest, Westmoreland County, and Martha Carr, his wife. He married Elizabeth, the daughter of William Harrison, and resided for a time in Richmond County. From that county

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*Court Order Book G, p. 17, March 10, 1777, Loudoun Co., Va.

**Will Book B, p. 212, Loudoun Co., Va.

†Will Book E, p. 63, Loudoun Co., Va. Recorded 1784.

‡Court Or. Book A, p. 64; Will Book B, pp. 212, 214, Loudoun Co., Va.

§In mentioning this daughter of 2. James Lane, Mrs. McDonald calls her Ellen; she may have been named "Martha Ellen." The marriage contract of Simon Triplett and 7. Martha[3] Lane, daughter of 2. James[2] Lane, of Loudoun Co., Va., was recorded in Deed Bk. D, p. 676, dated Oct. 15, 1765.

he moved to land owned by his father in a part of Cameron Parish, in Fairfax County, which later became a part of Loudoun County. There he settled, engaged in business and became a large land holder and slave owner. He was a Gentleman Justice of his Majesty's Court and died in 1777 at about the age of fifty-seven years.

The children of 2. Major James[2] Lane and Elizabeth Harrison, his wife, were:

6. William[3] Lane, Jr., born about 1750, died 1822. He married Susanna Linton Jennings.

7. Martha[3] Lane, born about 1748, died ——. She married Colonel Simon Triplett.

8. Joseph Flavius[3] Lane, born about 1754, died 1804. He married Catharine ——.

3. Hannah[2] Lane, daughter of 1. William[1] Lane and his wife, Martha[2] Carr, was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, about 1724. She married Benedict Middleton about 1740 and had six daughters who are named in their father's will, written May 29, 1782, proved on September 28, 1785, in Westmoreland County. He leaves property to his wife, 3. Hannah[2] Middleton, and to five daughters who are living at that time, one of whom had recently married for the second time. He also names a grandson, Benedict[4] Lampkin, son of a deceased daughter. Benedict[4] Lampkin was probably of age as he is named as one of the executors. The executors of this will are ". . . my brother-in-law, Colonel Joseph Lane, my nephew, William Middleton, and my grandson, Benedict Lampkin."

The children of 3. Hannah[2] Lane and Benedict Middleton were:

9. A daughter[3] who married a Mr. Lampkin and had a son, Benedict, born about 1760.

10. Elizabeth[3] Middleton, married 1st, Francis Wright and 2nd, George Lewis.

11. Jane[3] Middleton, married a Mr. Wroe.

12. Hannah[3] Middleton.

13. Martha[3] Middleton.

14. Ann[3] Middleton.

4. William Carr[2] Lane, second son of 1. William[1] Lane, of Nominy Forest, and Martha[2] Carr, his wife, was born before 1733.

On May 1, 1754, he married Anne Willson, in Richmond County.* In 1755 his father deeded to him land on Nominy River in Westmoreland County, but 4. William[2] and his wife, Anne, do not seem to have settled there. 4. William Carr Lane, describing himself as "of Northumberland County, Virginia," bought land in Loudoun County on May 23, 1761.** Some time after this date they removed to Loudoun County, where 4. William's[2] brother, 2. James[2] Lane, was already well established in business. The two brothers formed partnership and engaged in a wide range of mercantile activity. Together they owned "Lane's Store," operated a large blacksmith shop and ran water grist mills. By 1765, 4. William Carr[2] Lane and Anne, his wife, were permanently settled in Cameron Parish, Loudoun County, Virginia, and had sold their land in Westmoreland County.† The Lane brothers had land and money, together with a genius for business organization and management. One of their methods of procedure is shown by a deed in which 4. William Carr[2] Lane agrees to furnish "2 acres of land near "Lane's Store," in County of Loudoun, on which is to be erected and completed by the said 4. William Carr[2] Lane, one dwelling house and saddler's shop" for Charles Davis of Dumfries in Prince William County, Virginia. Evidently Charles Davis was to open a saddler's shop with the backing of 4. William Carr[2] Lane. This shows how the Lanes acquired interest in such numerous and diverse business projects. The fact that the road through the section where they lived was traveled by the "bell teams" which carried freight between Winchester and Alexandria and Williamsburg, explains many of the activities and much of the prosperity of the Lanes. 4. William Carr[2] Lane and 2. James[2] owned Newgate Tavern, where the "bell teams" stopped for change of horses and refreshment. Nearby were the store and smithy shops where repairs and parts could be had for wagons and harness. That the store was no mere country crossroads store is shown by the inventory taken after the death of 4.

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*Marriage bond and consent of her father, John Willson, are in Richmond Co., Va.; also deed of gift made in 1754, but not recorded until 1759, from John Willson to his daughter, Anne Lane, wife of 4. Wm.[2] Lane, of a negro Moll and a child of Moll, named Winney, born since 1754. Deed secures Moll and her increase to William and Anne Lane and their children. These negroes are in their possession in 1779. Deed Bk. 12, p. 139 (1759), recorded Richmond Co., Va. John Willson's will Mar. 6, 1759, Feb. 4, 1760, names daughter, Ann Lane, and executors, William Lane and Alvin Mountjoy, recorded Richmond Co., Va., Bk. 12, page 305, Oct. 5, 1755, deed of 1. Wm.[1] Lane, Sr., to his son 4. William Carr[2] Lane, recorded Westmoreland Co., Va.

**Deed Bk. —— p. ——, May 23, 1761, Loudoun Co., Va.

†Deed Bk. 14, p. 332, May 9, 1762, Westmoreland Co., Va.

William Carr[2] Lane in 1770. Simon Triplett seems to have been in charge of the store; and Robert Sanford and his wife, Kerrenhappuch, managed Newgate Tavern.

4. William Carr[2] Lane died between November 4 and December 10, in 1770.* His will names his wife Anne, sons, 16. Presley Carr[3] Lane and 17. Carr Willson[3] Lane; and daughter, 15. Sally Lane. In Deed Book H, page 159, Loudoun County, appear the following items:

"I, Ann Lane, widow and relict of William Carr Lane, renounce all claim to my part in my late husband's estate as bequeathed to me and take my 1/3rd part of dower interest . . ." January, 1771.

"Allotment of dower of Ann Eskridge in the estate of her late husband, William Carr Lane, Gent., dec'd. . . ." ". . . The executors of William Carr Lane, dec'd., and Charles Eskridge and Ann Eskridge, wife of the said Charles Eskridge, agree that the said Charles Eskridge and Ann, his wife, shall have . . . land except 100 acres to be laid off adjoining the Newgate Tavern and where Simon Triplett now lives. . . ."

We are informed by the executors of the estate of the late William Carr Lane, deceased, of three negroes to wit, Toby and Cate on which there is a tax of £10.0.5 during the life of Martha Lane, mother of the said William Carr Lane, deceased, and Caleb, the title of whom being in dispute, which said three negroes we have taken no notice of in the division, "September 6, 1771."** This records is very interesting as it shows not only that Ann (Willson) Lane married second Charles Eskridge, but that Martha (Carr) Lane was still alive.

The accounts of 4. William Carr[2] Lane's estate run on for many years and give a great deal of information concerning his family and that of his brother, 2. James[2] Lane, who was one of his executors until his death in 1777. The details of the management of the store, mills, blacksmith shops and Newgate Tavern involve relatives, friends and the next generation. At the time of the accounting of 4. William Carr[2] Lane's estate it took "Simon Triplett and four assistants four months to examine and balance the books."† 4. William Carr[2] Lane, born before 1733, in Westmoreland County, and died in 1770 in Loudoun County, Virginia, married Anne, the

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*Will Bk. A, page 284, Loudoun Co., Va.

**Deed Bk. H, p. 239, Loudoun Co., Va. The title to Caleb was held up by the claim of Simon Triplett through his marriage settlement. He married 7. Martha,[3] daughter of 2. Major James[2] Lane. 2. Major James[2] Lane held his interest in these slaves through his mother, Martha (Carr) Lane.

†Bk. G, p. 255. Recorded Oct. 8, 1804. 4. Wm. Carr[2] Lane's Est. in acc't. with Simon Triplett, 1785. The accounts run from 1771. See Court Order Bks, Deed Bks, Will Bks. in Loudoun Co., Va.

daughter of John Willson, in Richmond County, Virginia. They had the following children:

15. Sarah[3] Lane, born about 1760, died 1827. She married William Lane, Sr.

16. Presley Carr[3] Lane, born 1762, died ——. He married Sarah Stevenson.

17. Carr Willson[3] Lane, born 1768, died ——. He married Penelope Thrift, daughter of George Thrift.

5. Colonel Joseph[2] Lane, son of 1. William[1] Lane and Martha[2] Carr, his wife, was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, before 1735. He died about 1796. Except for a short period of time prior to 1763 when he was in Loudoun County, he spent his life in Westmoreland County on the home place in Nominy Forest. He probably had some investments in the Lane enterprises in Loudoun County as he is assessed with the ownership of certain negroes taxed in that county. His return to Westmoreland, and his share in the executorship of his brother's estate, have been given in the account of his two brothers, 2. James[2] and 4. William Carr[2] Lane.

5. Joseph[2] Lane served in the Revolutionary War, as shown by the records of Westmoreland County. August 26, 1777; "Captain Lane's Company." On May 26, 1778, Joseph Lane, Gent., is recommended for Major; and April 24, 1781, he is promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the place of Thomas Chilton, deceased.*

5. Colonel Joseph[2] Lane, of Westmoreland County, married Mary Newton, daughter of John Newton, and had the following children:

18. William Carr[3] Lane, married a Miss Taylor and went to Kentucky.

19. James Eskridge[3] Lane, who died unmarried. His name is given in some records as James Starke Lane.

20. John Newton[3] Lane.

21. Willoughby Washington[3] Lane, said to have been born 1775. He married Mary Ann Riddle and went to Jefferson County, Virginia. They had a daughter, Mary Ann Riddle[4] Lane, who married Andrew Kennedy.

22. George Steptoe[3] Lane, married Elizabeth Stribling and re-

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*Virginia County Records by Crozier, Vol II, pp. 85, 86, Westmoreland Co., Va. Virginia Hist. Soc. Mag., Vol. 10, p. 232, says that Joseph Lane, Westmoreland Co., held 33 slaves in 1782. Tax list, p. 295—Capt. Joseph Lane furnished a Fife and Drum for his Company of Militia Apr. 16, 1777, Westmoreland Co.

moved to Berryville, Clarke County, Virginia, and had Mary Newton[4] Lane, who married Joseph Marshall, born 1805.

23. Thomas Chew[3] Lane, went to Pennsylvania.

24. Joseph[3] Lane, said to have been born 1773. He died unmarried.

25. Sarah[3] Lane, married a Mr. Carter.

26. Martha[3] Lane, married a Mr. Webb.

27. Mary[3] Lane, married a Mr. Miller.

28. Elliot Toby[3] Lane, married Jane Buchanan, removed to Franklin County, Pennsylvania, and had Harriet[4] Lane, who married a Mr. Johnston.

6. William[3] Lane, like his father, was called "Junior" to distinguish him from another man of the same name in the county. William Lane, Senior, was the son of James Lane, Sr. (and Lydia, his wife), and married 15. Sarah[3] Lane, who was the first cousin of 4. William[3] Lane, Jr., as 15. Sarah[3] Lane was the daughter of 4. William Carr[2] Lane. 6. William[3] Lane, Jr., was of age in 1772 when he witnessed the deed of John and Catharine Lane to 17. Carr Willson[3] Lane. Therefore he must have been born about 1750 in Richmond County, where his parents, 2. James[2] and Elizabeth Lane were residing at that time.*

Mrs. McDonald, granddaughter of 6. William[3] Lane, Jr., asserted that her grandfather was "James' son William Lane, Jr." That 6. William[3] Lane, Jr., was the son of 2. James[2] Lane with wife Elizabeth is sustained by the county records in Virginia. In the first place, 6. William[3] Lane, Jr., was the administrator of the estate of 2. Major James[2] Lane with wife Elizabeth. This duty fell to the heir-at-law or next of kin; Elizabeth, died in the same year and soon after the death of her husband, 2. James[2] Lane, so could not serve as the administratrix. 2. James'[2] brother, 4. William Carr[2] Lane, had died in 1770. Under such circumstances Simon Triplett, the son-in-law of 2. James[2] Lane, would have been the kinsman to whom the duty of administering this estate would have fallen had 2. James[2] not had a son. This not only proves that 6. William[3] Lane, Jr., was the son of 2. James[2] and Elizabeth Lane, but also

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*Deed Bk. T, p. 84, Loudoun Co., Va., Feb. 5, 1772. 17. Carr Willson[3] Lane was the minor son of 4. Wm. Carr[2] Lane, dec'd. John Lane had sold a small tract of land to 4. William Carr[2] Lane. 4. Wm. Carr[2] Lane had devised this in his will to his son. 17. Carr Willson[3] Lane. This deed secures the title to the young heir.

that he was the eldest son and heir-at-law according to the existing law.

Later 6. William[3] Lane, Jr., appears on the tax lists with some of 2. James[2] Lane's slaves and land showing that he was an heir of the estate.* On the land tax lists 6. William[3] Lane, Jr., is assessed with "318 acres on Cub Run" which was the description of the land which 1. William[1] Lane, father of 2. James[2] Lane, bought of William Eskridge in 1750, and on which 2. James[2] Lane settled when he removed to Loudoun County.**

This is 4. Wm. Carr[2] Lane as witness in 1750. This is the land described and devised by will of 1. William[1] Lane to his two sons, 2. James[2] and 5. Joseph[2] Lane, and of which 5. Joseph[2] exchanged his one-half with 2. James[2] for land in Westmoreland County in 1763. By this exchange 2. James[2] Lane held the whole tract of 318 acres after 1763. 6. William Lane,[3] Jr., son of 2. James[2] Lane, owned and was taxed with this parcel of land 1782 and on.

In a deed dated ————, 1786, 6. William[3] Lane, Jr., with wife, Susanna, described himself as "son of James Lane, deceased."† This last item completes the chain of connection for 6. William[3] Lane, Jr., for he here appears as the son of 2. James[2] Lane and with a wife, Susanna Lane. The will of 6. William[3] Lane, Jr., gives the next generation.

Mrs. McDonald stated that Susanna, wife of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., was Susan Linton Jennings. No proof has yet been found among the records for any but the first name of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr.'s wife, but Mrs. McDonald's statement is not therefore disproved; in fact, she was probably correct. One item found on record which would strengthen the probability that Susanna was a Jennings is that one James Jennings was one of the three securities on the bond filed by 6. William[3] Lane, Jr., as administrator of his

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*Inventory of 2. Major James[2] Lane's estate, recorded Apr. 14, 1778. Bk. B, pp. 212, 214, gives a list by name of 26 negroes. Loudoun Co., Va. Tax lists, land and personal, beginning 1782; for 6. William[3] Lane, Jr. Tax lists are in Richmond, Virginia.

**Deed Bk. C, page 366. May 23, 1750, recorded in Fairfax Co. Wm. Eskridge and Betty, his wife, of St. Stephen's Parish, Northumberland Co., to William Lane of Cople Parish, Westmoreland Co., for 5 shillings. 318 acres of land lying in Cameron Parish, Fairfax Co., . . . on Cub Run . . . William Lane, Jr., Witness.

†Deed Book Q, p. 125, Feb. 17, 1786, recorded Loudoun Co. James Lane, Sr., with wife Lydia of Loudoun Co. did not die until 1790, so he would not be the James Lane, deceased in 1786. Lydia Lane died in 1793. James Lane, Sr., will 1790, recorded in Bk. D, p. 209, written Apr. 29, 1790, proved Dec. 13, 1790.

father's estate. Acting as security for a man on a bond for £4000 in the year of 1777 was an obligation undertaken by very close relatives.* That James Jennings did this for young 6. William[3] Lane, Jr., may be an indication that they were connected by marriage.

In the year of 1777, 6. William[3] Lane, Jr., appeared on the records as "Captain William Lane, Jr."** Among the family papers left by 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., and now in the possession of his descendants, Mrs. Virginia Lyne Tunstall, of Richmond, Virginia, and Mr. Hunter McDonald of Nashville, Tennessee, are the following receipts, signed by or addressed to 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr.:

Dec. 21st, 1776. Received of Capt. Wm. Lane of the Georgia Service thirty pounds for a sorrel mare which to averts to be sound and without blemish. As witness my hand the date above. THOS. HARRIS.
Witness: G. Hancock.
Endorsement: Harriss
6 Rec't.
lbs. 30.

Feb. 4th 1777
Sir. Please to pay to Wm. Finch the sum of two shillings and sixpence and place the same to my Account from your humble servant.
DANIEL MCMECHAN.

To Capt. Wm. Lane.
Endorsement: McMechan order.†

Dec. 9th, 1776
John Cleton debtr. to Ann Brannon for washing five shillings which please to pay the berror and shall be acompt'd for by your Dutiful Sold'r.
(signed) JNO. (X.) CLETON.

Jno. Sullivan
Teste.
To Capt. William Lane Jun'r.

Nov. 25, 1776 Rec'd of Capt. William Lane the sum of two pounds for a wagon horse for the Georgia Service as witness my hand and seal above
(signed) BUTLER GRIGSBY

Teste John Finch.

Dec. 4, 1776
Sir. I have Sent you my account for keeping Patrick Neale, while he was sick at my house which was above 2 months and I hope Sir you will pay my wife for the

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*John Orr, another security on this bond, became guardian of 16. Presley Carr[3] Lane in place of 2. Major James[2] Lane dec'd. and was one of the appraisers of 2. Major James[2] Lane's estate.

**Will Bk. C, p. 132, Aug. 10, 1777, and July 27, 1779. Also Tax records, 1784.

†These two are in the possession of Hunter McDonald. By order of the Continental Congress Act, dated July 5, 1776, two battalions were to be raised in Virginia and in North and South Carolina for the Georgia Service. The Virginians served in what was known as the 3rd Ga. Continental Battalion. Force's American Archives, Vol. 7 (5th Ser.), p. 1567.

trouble which I have with him. I cannot Come my Self for a pain in my Knee which I have had for a long time and I am in want of the money.

from your Servant JOHN OWENS

Rec'd of Capt. Wm. Lane Two pounds two shills. for nursing Patrick Neale

MARY (X) OWENS

Teste Job Mon. . . . . (paper torn)

Dec. 10, 1776 Received of Capt. Wm. Lane three pounds for a muskett for the Georgia Service.

(signed) THOS. MCCOWNT*

Jan. 18, 1777 Rec'd of Capt. Wm. Lane twelve pounds for a small grey horse nine years old for the Georgia Service. & me.

(signed) WILLIAM MILLAN.**

Jan. 10, 1777
Received of Capt. Wm. Lane twelve shils for keeping Jno McBride sick 12 days of me

(signed) JACOB (X) CATON.†

Sir. Be pleased to pay the bearer Peter Benham twelve shillings due to him for ten days sickness which sum shall be allowed you by him who is your most humble and Dutifull Soulder (signed) Silvester Carey
To Capt. William Lane Junr.
Jan. 26, 1777

Rec'd the contents. . . . .
(signed) PETER BENHAM.†

Peter Benham is listed in McAllister's Virginia Militia in the Rev. War as from Loudoun Co., Va., p. 213.
Saffell 279 War. 4. 116
Va. State Archives List Rev. Sol (1912) Pt. 1, p. 42.

Sir
Pay to Capt. Moses Thomas‡ Forty Shillings & oblige

Sir your Humble Servant
WILLIAM (W. H.) HEATON

Jan — Feb. 4, 1777
To Capt. Wm. Lane

The fact that these receipts are today in the possession of members of 6. William[3] Lane, Jr.'s family, taken together with the Loudoun County court record in which 6. William[3] Lane, Jr., appears in 1777 as Captain William Lane, Jr., shows conclusively that

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*This name was hard to decipher for the old writing. K. C. G.

**William Millan, officer in Rev. War, Loudoun Co., Va. and closely associated with the Lane family in attending to their personal business. His will is recorded in Fairfax Co., Va., Bk. H, p. 182, dated 1800. In this will he says he is of Loudoun Co., Va. Thos. Millan and Chas. Eskridge Ext'rs.

†McAllister's Virginia Militia, p. 211, for Loudoun Co. gives Jacob Katon (Caton) as an ensign dated 1779.

†This receipt dated Jan. 10, 1777, gives the full name and title to 6. Capt. Wm.[3] Lane, Jr.

‡Heitman gives Capt. Moses Thomas Aug. 11, 1777, when he Resigned McAllister Rev. War. Sol., p. 212, gives Moses Thomas as from Loudoun Co., Va. Va. State Archives List of Rev. Sol. (1912) Pt. 1, p. 434; pt. 2, p. 300.

6. William[3] Lane, Jr., served as a Captain in the Revolutionary War. Heitman gives William Lane, Jr., as a 2nd Lieutenant on a roll dated March, 1776. At some date soon after March, 1776, 6. William[3] Lane, Jr., was appointed Captain, and served as such to the end of the War. He seems to have acted in the capacity of a paymaster in the company raised in Loudoun County, Virginia, for the Georgia Service.* Family tradition holds that 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., was at the Battle of Camden in 1780 when Baron DeKalb was mortally wounded and that he brought home from that battle field a small silver watch which had belonged to Baron DeKalb. This watch was kept by Doctor Humphrey Peake, father of Mrs. Cornelia McDonald, until the dwelling of 12. Edward C.[3] McDonald, in St. Louis, was injured by fire, destroying Dr. Peake's desk. Dr. Peake was living there at the time. 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., as a patriot, furnished supplies to the army as shown by the index to the Loudoun County, Virginia, Claims. These are now in the Virginia State Library, Archives Division.

In the year 1798, 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., was one of the men (all of whom were Lanes or Lane connections) who petitioned for the incorporation of the town of Centreville, Virginia, and became trustees of the town when the petition was granted. Centreville today exists merely as a straggling group of houses on one side of the highway with filling stations and a country store or two on the road, with a general air of quiet and decay which gives no indication of the busy, thriving past which research on the Lane family proves that it had. Present inhabitants, among them Mr. George Harrison and Mr. Rector, know something of its history, old land marks and traditions which fill out the story found in the records. The charming "old Lane house" (home of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr.) is still standing in good condition and can be seen from the main road. The old "four chimney house" also called "the Grigsby place" which Susanna Lane, widow of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., sold to the Grigsby family, burned in recent years, but Mr. George Harrison can remember and describe it well as a handsome dwelling having four large rooms on the first floor, each with an immense fireplace, spacious halls, a ballroom, and great beams all put together with hand-made nails. On the pike to War-

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*References: Knight's Roster of Georgia Soldiers, pp. 385, 420, 430. Heitman, pp. 339, 371. Steven's Hist. of Ga., Vol. II, pp. 150, 151, 148. McCalls Hist. of Ga., Vol. 2, pp. 148, 295. Ga. Hist. Qtly. (1928), Vol .12, pp. 103. Force's American Archives, Vol 7 (5th Ser.), p. 1567.

renton stands the house once occupied by Simon Triplett which descended to his son James Lane Triplett, and from him to the Roberdean family by whose name it is no known locally, though it has always been called "Royal Oaks" from the magnificent oak trees which once surrounded it and of which but one remains.* One small house also remains of a type of which there must have once been many in the town, for it just meets the requirements specified in the old deeds to the lots which recite that on each lot there must be built a "dwelling not less than sixteen feet square with a stone or brick chimney." The chimney of this surviving house is by far its most prominent feature. The house of Carr Willson Lane, greatly changed, is still in use. The toll house on the old Braddock road has been transformed into a store. Old Newgate Tavern, around which the settlement of Newgate, which became the town of Centreville, grew, flourished and declined still stands, though in a ruinous condition. It is a frame building with a great stone chimney, and once had dormer windows in a sloping roof which extended to form a porch across the whole front. The paneling and woodwork, still well preserved inside despite abuse, show it to have been handsome and well built. Its site is marked by name on old maps with the date 1751, at the junction of Braddock road which led from Winchester down to Williamsburg, with the pike which went from Alexandria west. Frying Pan road, on which the old Lane mill is located, and other smaller roads, also joined the main roads at Newgate. At the tavern, travelers, stages and the "bell teams" stopped for change of horse, rest, refreshment and business. A large lot back of the tavern is known today as the "stage lot" where the coaches and horses were taken, and Mr. George Harrison can remember the long building which stood near it to accommodate the hands. When the two Lane brothers came from Westmoreland County, Virginia, to Fairfax County in 1755, they entered into business enterprises which they located near Newgate Tavern, which they acquired. Newgate Tavern was known far and wide. On the slave block at its door negroes were bought and sold. The negroes called it "Eagle Tavern" because of its sign; this name spread and the tavern was and is known by both names.

Mr. Harrison can remember the large store building, called, even within his memory, the "Lewis and Lane store," which stood a little way from Newgate Tavern on Braddock road which had be-

*Tradition claims that when one of these oaks die a member of the Triplett family dies, and coincidence has often corroborated the saying.

come the main street of Centreville. The blacksmith shop which stood between Newgate and the "old Lane house," also on Braddock road, has fallen into complete ruins, but was used until a generation ago; the saddlery and tannery were near by. The business activity of the Lanes developed Newgate from a well situated, important crossroads tavern to a thriving business community making the most of its advantageous situation on the main routes of travel. When Centreville became an incorporated town, about sixty two-acre town squares were laid out and sold in half-acre lots. Outstanding men of wealth and culture resided there in fine homes. After the Lanes left, in the early nineteenth century, the prosperity of the town continued until the War between the States, when it suddenly vanished and Centreville died after a hundred years of lusty life. The completeness of this death is shown by the following anecdote told by Mr. George Harrison. A Confederate veteran returned to a ceremony on the Civil War battlegrounds near Centreville. After walking around what remains of the town he approached Mr. Harrison and said, "I was a soldier and fought here during the war. I remember Centreville vividly, for I was taken there wounded, and nursed there. Where is the town now?" Mr. Harrison replied, "It's all right here." "But," said the soldier, "Centreville was a town. There isn't any town here now. Why, this is hardly a village."

About the year of 1798, 6. Captain Willaim[3] Lane, Jr., was sworn in as "Justice of the Peace at common law and chancery at the April court, 1800."*

The death of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., occurred between July 21 and October in the year 1822. In his will** he names his wife, Susanna Lane; sons, 31. William H.,[4] 32. Alfred S.,[4] and 36. Benedict M.;[4] daughters, 33. Kitty,[4] 34. Susan,[4] 35. Patty,[4] Bailey, 37. Annie L.[4] Peake, and 38. Elizabeth[4] Wren; grandsons, 49. Arthur Foote[5] Lane, DeWitt[5] Lane, and John Carr[5] Lane Bailey; and granddaughter, 48. Elizabeth Foote[5] Lane and son-in-law, Dr. Humphrey Peake. Ten years later Susanna Lane, the widow of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., died. Her will, made January 23, 1832, and probated May 21, 1832, leaves her whole estate to her two unmarried daughters, 33, Catherine L.[4] Lane† and 34. Susan H.[4] Lane.

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*Court Order Bk. for 1800, page 500, Fairfax Co., Va.

**Dates on his will as recorded in Fairfax Co., Va., in Will Bk. N, page 30.

†34. Catherine L.[4] Lane called Kitty Lane. Bk. Q, p. 281, Fairfax Co., Va.









HOUSES AT CENTREVILLE REFERRED TO IN THE TEXT. VIEWS BY MRS. GOTTSCHALK, 1934.

(1). "OLD LANE HOUSE". HOME OF CAPTAIN WILLIAM LANE, JR.,

(2). "ROYAL OAKS". HOME OF LIEUTENANT COLONEL SIMON TRIPLETT.

(3). NEWGATE TAVERN. FRONT VIEW OF RIGHT HALF. THE LEFT HALF WITH CHIMNEY; DORMER WINDOWS, AND FULL LENGTH PORCH HAVE BEEN REMOVED. GEORGE WASHINGTON DINED HERE NOVEMBER 20, 1774.

(4). THE LAST OF THE DWELLINGS REQUIRED TO BE BUILT ON EACH LOT PURCHASED.

Mrs. Cornelia[5] Peake McDonald, the youngest daughter of 37. Annie Linton[4] Lane and Dr. Humphrey Peake, was born in Alexandria, Virginia, in 1822, the year in which her grandfather, 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., died; and she was ten years old at the death of Susanna Lane.

Mrs. McDonald, who lived until 1909, preserved and passed on the family traditions. She always spoke of her grandmother as Susan Linton Jennings. One of Mrs. McDonald's stories (told by her daughter, Ellen, Mrs. Lyne) was, that her father, Doctor Humphrey Peake, had in his possession at his new home in Prince William County, in 1835, four family portraits, one of General George Washington, one of himself, one of his wife, Ann Linton Lane Peake, and one of his wife's mother, Susan Linton Jennings Lane.

When Dr. Peake emigrated to Missouri in 1835 these portraits were left for safe keeping in the attic of "Waterfall," the residence of George G. Tyler and his wife, Julia Peake Tyler. Their son, Monroe Tyler, was among the children who played in this attic. He resented Susan Linton Jenning's pug nose, which had spoiled the noses of some of her descendants.*

As vengeance upon her he shot the eyes out of her portrait with his bow and arrow. Mrs. McDonald, who was a child of ten to thirteen years when this incident took place, later had the other portraits in her possession. Those of her parents are still in the possession of her daughter, Mrs. Lyne, at Henderson, Kentucky.

This tale not only explains the absence of Susanna's portrait, but also shows that Mrs. McDonald knew personal details about her grandmother, making it all the more probable that she was right in saying that that grandmother's maiden name was Susan Linton Jennings. Another fact which would substantiate Mrs. McDonald's statement is that her own mother, the daughter of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., and Susanna Lane, was named 37. Annie Linton[4] Lane.

Mrs. McDonald's written account** of the family of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., supplies clues to other names which would be lost, otherwise. She named Harrison Lane as a son of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr. In his will dated 1822, 6. William[3] Lane, Jr.,

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*He had probably heard this accusation made against Susanna Linton Jenning's pug nose from older members of the family.

**Letters dated 1889 and 1899, to relatives, in answer to requests for the family history.

gives one 31. William H.[4] Lane, who must have been this Harrison[4] Lane. A deed has recently been found in Alexandria, Virginia, which gives the full name, William Harrison Lane.* She also gave James DeMoville Lane as another son of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr. No such person was named in the will of 6. William[3] Lane, Jr., but grandchildren surnamed Lane were mentioned, and other records show that 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., had such a son. 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., made a deed of gift, May 10, 1803, to "his son James D. Lane," giving him negroes and "the plantation whereon he now lives, being a lease from Mr. Turberville,"** When Mrs. McDonald stated that James DeMoville Lane married Catherine Alexander, born Triplett, she was slightly mistaken. That a widow, Catherine Alexander, did marry a Lane is shown by the following deed:† "Catherine Lane of Fairfax County, to Humphrey Peake . . . all her right and title in that portion of the landed estate of her late husband, John Stewart Alexander . . ." That Catherine was born a Foote is proved by her will‡ in which are mentioned her children, 48. Elizabeth Foote[5] Lane and 49. Arthur Foote[5] Lane, and her brother, William Haywood Foote. In his will, Richard Foote, of Prince William County, mentions his daughter, Catherine Foote, and his son, William Haywood Foote, in 1778. The legacy left to 49. Arthur Foote[5] Lane and his sister, 48. Elizabeth Foote[5] Lane, by the will of their grandfather, 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., consisted of negroes and land which he had deeded to his son, 29. James D.[4] Lane, May 10, 1803, and was but a confirmation of this gift. This proves finally and conclusively that Catherine (Foote) (Alexander) Lane who left children named Arthur Foote Lane and Elizabeth Foote Lane, married 29. James D.[4] Lane, son of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr.

In her list of the children of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., Mrs. McDonald also gave one named "Ralph Lane who married Susan Triplett and died young." The item "to my grandson, DeWitt Lane, a negro, Cyrus, and 2,000 acres in Kentucky," in the will of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., indicates that he had another son who had died leaving this son, DeWitt, before the will was made.

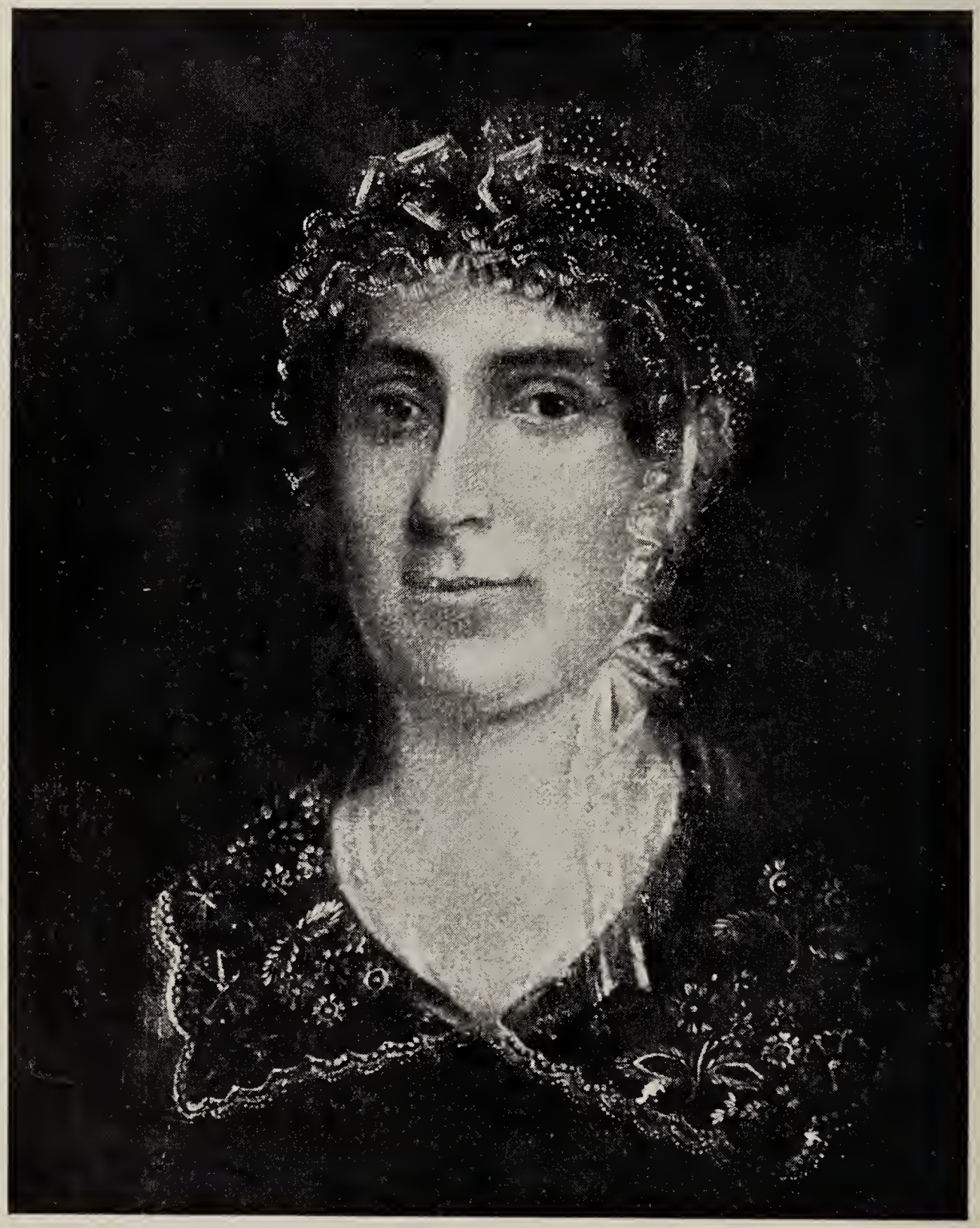
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*Husting's Court, Alexandria Court House, Bk. K, 2, p. 121, dated July 24, Alexandria, Va., 1828. Wm. Harrison Lane to Chas. T. Chapman . . . "whereas said Lane is indebted to Humphrey Peake, . . . sum of $689.61 . . . said Lane gives a mortgage on a lot he inherited from his father, Wm. Lane, dec'd. and on another lot held with his brother, Alfred S. Lane."

**Deed Bk. E, page 210, Fairfax Co., Va.

†Deed Bk. R R, p. 96, June 17, 1817, Fairfax Co., Va.

‡Will Bk. Q, p. 242, Oct. 10, 1830, Fairfax Co., Va.



MRS. HUMPHREY PEAKE.

(Ann Linton Lane).

Mother of Mrs. Cornelia McDonald. From a portrait by the same artist as that of Doctor Peake.

Also owned by Mrs. Lyne.

Mrs. McDonald also stated that Elizabeth Lane, the daughter of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., married first Philo Lane and second John Wrenn. The second marriage is the only one shown in the will of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., when he mentions his daughter, Elizabeth Wrenn. Philo Lane's will, January 20, 1812, is recorded in Fairfax County, Virginia. In this will he names his wife, Elizabeth,[4] and makes Humphrey Peake his Executor.

6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., born about 1750 in Richmond County, died 1822 in Fairfax County, Virginia, entered business as a young man of wealth and position. His career was interrupted by the Revolutionary War, but even during the years when he was actively engaged in the war he managed the settlement of his father's estate and other family affairs. His was a long and busy life led in the service of family, community and country. He married Susanna Linton Jennings and had children:

29. James DeMoville[4] Lane, married Catherine (Foote) Alexander, and had issue.

30. Ralph[4] Lane, married Martha[4] Lane, daughter of 8. Colonel Joseph[3] Lane, and had one son, DeWitt[5] Lane.

31. William Harrison[4] Lane.

32. Alfred S.[4] Lane.

33. Catherine[4] Lane, died unmarried.

34. Susan[4] Lane, died unmarried.

35. Martha[4] Lane, married John Bailey and had a son, John Carr Lane Bailey.

36. Benedict M.[4] Lane, married first, Nancy Adams, who died before March 17, 1827, leaving two children. He married a second time. His will, dated August, 1834, proved, January, 1835, Fairfax County, Book R, page 243, shows the following children: "Mary Virginia Lane and Francis W. Lane and other children."

37. Annie Linton[4] Lane, married Dr. Humphrey Peake, and had issue. Her youngest child was Cornelia Peake, who married Angus William McDonald.

38. Elizabeth[4] Lane, married first, Philo[4] Lane, who died in 1812, no issue; married second, John Wrenn.

7. Martha[3] Lane, daughter of 2. Major James[2] Lane and Elizabeth, his wife, was born about 1748, and married about 1765 to Colonel Simon Triplett of Loudoun County, Virginia. Their marriage contract was recorded in Deed Book D, page 676, in Loudoun

County, showing a gift to them from her father, 2. James[2] Lane, of three negroes. These negroes were named Fanny, Criss and Toby. The one named Toby seems to have been the same negro devised in the will of 1. William[1] Lane of Westmoreland County, in his will of 1760, when he left "Caleb, Cate and Tobey" for the use of his wife and after her death to his children. When 4. William Carr[2] Lane's widow, Anna Lane, received her dower in his estate these negroes are under discussion because of the several claims to them. This legal discussion gives us the information needed to prove the relationships.

Simon Triplett served in the Revolutionary War as a Colonel.* He was the son of Francis Triplett and Mildred, his wife, of King George County, Virginia. Simon Triplett and 7. Martha[3] Lane, his wife, had the following children:

William H. Triplett, born August 11, 1783; died Front Royal, Virginia, 1856. He married Catherine Foote Alexander, born September 8, 1793, and died 1861, the daughter of Catherine Foote, who married, first, John Stewart Alexander, and had two children; married, second, 29. James DeMoville[4] Lane and had two children. Thus Catherine Foote Alexander was half sister of 48. Elizabeth Foote[5] Lane and of 49. Arthur Foote[5] Lane. The children of William H. Triplett and Catherine were Leonidas, Haywood F., Lucy A., Martha and Elizabeth F. Triplett.

Lucinda Triplett.

Catherine Triplett.

James Lane Triplett married Miss Remy, granddaughter of James Lane and his wife, Lydia Hardage.

Simon Triplett.

Philip Triplett.

Susan Triplett, married a Mr. Adams.

8. Joseph Flavius Lane, son of 2. James[2] Lane and Elizabeth, his wife, was born about 1756 in Loudoun County, Virginia. He graduated in the class of 1776 from Princeton, where he was registered as Joseph Flavius Lane. Mrs. McDonald says in her letters that he married a Miss Prince of Princeton, New Jersey. It is probable that he did marry some lady whom he met while in college at Princeton. That her given name was Catherine is proven by the records in Loudoun County, Virginia, in connection with the settle-

*Loudoun Co., Va., Militia in the Rev. War. McAllister's Lists, page 212.

ment of the estate of 8. Joseph Flavius[3] Lane by his heirs in the years from 1804 to 1825.* His residence was about four miles from Middleburg and is still known as the Colonel Joseph Lane plantation. He is called Colonel in these records and most probably served in the Revolution. In 1795 he was appointed coroner for Loudoun County, and held other county offices.

The children of 8. Colonel Joseph Flavius[3] Lane and his wife, Catherine, were:

Philo(pmen)[4] Lane, married his cousin, 38. Elizabeth[4] Lane, as her first husband. He died after October 18, 1810, and before 1813, see Deed Book 30, page 318, Loudoun County.

Martha[4] Lane, married first, before November 29, 1813, her cousin, 30. Ralph[4] Lane, son of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., and had a son, DeWitt C. Lane. She married, second, Benjamin Mitchell, Jr., before 1823.

Elizabeth[4] Lane, married John Craine, and had two children, Emily Craine and Joseph Craine.

Flavius Joseph[4] Lane, died about 1811 with no issue.

Epaminondas M.[4] Lane, died in 1824 with no issue. He left a will, recorded in Will Book S, page 303, Loudoun County, dated January 23, 1824, proved March 8, 1824, in which he leaves his whole estate to his mother, Catherine; at her death his negroes are to be freed and the remainder of his estate is devisd to his nieces and nephews.

15. Sarah[3] Lane, a daughter of 4. William Carr[2] Lane and Anne Willson, his wife, was probably their eldest child. She married William Lane, Sr., son of James Lane and Lydia Hardage, his wife. This William Lane, Sr., was born in 1742, and died in Fairfax County in 1808. As he was about eight years older than 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., he was designated as senior on the county records. This William Lane, Sr., together with his brother, Hardage Lane, was interested in what would be called real estate business and speculation, leasing and renting large tracts of land. 15. Sarah[3] Lane survived her husband nearly twenty years as she died in 1827. She was the executrix of his large estate and acted as

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*Bk. G, p. 243, Jan. 1804. Inventory. Loudoun Co. Bk. 3G, p. 180, Oct. 10, 1823. Catherine Lane, widow of Col Joseph Lane dec'd. to her son Epaminondas M. Lane, her dower lands. Loudoun Co. Bk. 3G, p. 181, Oct. 10, 1823. Epaminondas M. Lane, his share in his father, Col. Joseph Lane's, lands to John Craine. Loudoun Co.

administratrix for the estates of her grandchildren. Some of her children were under age in 1808 when their father died and she was a capable manager of their interests, showing the trait of business sagacity which characterized her father's family. The children of 15. Sarah[3] Lane and her husband, William Lane, Sr., as shown by his will and other records, were:

Hannah Eskridge[4] Lane, married, first, Nathaniel Fitzhugh, and had one son, John[5] Fitzhugh. Married, second, Joseph Rooles (Ralls) and had a daughter, Julia Ann.[5] She died before 1808. Joseph Rooles died 1811, 1812.*

Nancy[4] Lane, married Harrison Fitzhugh.

Sarah[4] Lane, married ———— Rooles.

Susanna W.[4] Lane, died unmarried in 1812. She left a will naming her mother, Sarah, and mentioning her brothers and sisters. Book P, page 23, Fairfax County.

Martha[4] Lane, married first ———— Coleman, who died about 1808 and she married second Isaac S. Gardner before August 22, 1810. See Book L.L., page 163, Fairfax County, Chancery suit.

Lydia[4] Lane.

Eliza[4] Lane, married Turbett R. Belton before 1818.

David[4] Lane, died unmarried.

William Carr[4] Lane, who resided in Scott County, Kentucky, in 1828 when he made a power of attorney after the death of his mother in regard to his share in the estate of his brother, David[4] Lane, and of his sister, Susan W.[4] Lane.

Abby[4] Lane, who married after 1818 a Mr. Welling. She received property by deed of gift from her mother in 1820-22. Book S.S., page 97, Fairfax County.**

16. Presley Carr[3] Lane, son of 4. William Carr[2] Lane and Ann Willson, his wife, was born about 1762 or 1764 in Loudoun County, Virginia. His father died when he was a small boy and he was brought up by his guardians in Loudoun County, as his mother married secondly, Mr. Charles Eskridge. He inherited a very nice

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*Will Bk. K, p. 297, May, 1815; Sarah Lane, guardian of Julia Hannah Rowles. Will Bk. L, p. 188, Acct. of est. of Nath'l Fitzhugh with Wm. Lane Co. "Due to Mrs. Sally Lane Executrix of Wm. Lane Sr., dec'd., who was the Administrator of Nathan'l Fitzhugh dec'd. May 1810."

**These children, though named Lane, are not numbered as being in direct line of descent from 1. Wm.[1] Lane of Westmoreland Co., as that came through their mother, not their father.

fortune from his father's estate and enjoyed his part of the interests in the business which was left by his father and continued under the management of his uncles, 2. Major James[2] Lane, and Colonel Simon Triplett. He held his land in Loudoun and Fairfax Counties at his death and it was sold by his heirs. 16. Presley Carr[3] Lane removed to Fayette County, Pennsylvania, in 1787. He bought land there in that year. He there became an influential citizen and was a member of the State Legislature. The Fayette County, Pennsylvania, History (pages 486-8), in speaking of 16. Presley Carr[3] Lane, says, "he was a man of great gentleness and culture and quite wealthy." He married Sarah Stevenson and had several children. He died while on a visit to some of his children in Shelby County Kentucky, in the year 1819. His will was re-recorded in Loudoun County, Virginia, in the settlement of that part of his estate still in Virginia. The children of 16. Presley Carr[3] Lane and Sarah Stevenson, his wife, were:

39. Richard William[4] Lane.

40. William Carr[4] Lane, married Mary Ewing and moved to Shelby County, Kentucky, and then to Missouri. He was born December 1, 1789, in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, and died in 1863 in St. Louis, Missouri.

41. Henry[4] Lane, married Julia Ann . . . and resided in Ralls County, Missouri, in 1826.

42. James S.[4] Lane, resided in St. Louis, Missouri, in 1826.

43. Eliza[4] Lane, if she was married in 1826, her name was Lane, and she was residing in Missouri.

44. Anna Maria[4] Lane, married ———— Adams and was in Shelby County, Kentucky, in 1826.

45. Sarah Louisa[4] Lane, married Burr G. Powell and was in Shelby County, Kentucky, in 1826.

46. John[4] Lane.

47. George W.[4] Lane, born 1793 and died August 18, 1841, in Marion County, Missouri. He married Frances Toulson Adams, sister of George F. Adams, March 19, 1813, at Centreville, Virginia. She was born in 1795 and died October 13, 1844, in Missouri. They had issue: Presley Carr Lane, born January 3, 1816, died unmar-

ried;* Richard H.; and George W. Lane, father of Francis W. Lane ("Marion County, Missouri, History").

17. Carr Willson Lane, son of 4. William Carr[2] Lane and Anne Willson, his wife, was born in Loudoun County, Virginia, about 1768, and was very young when his father, 4. William Carr[2] Lane, died in 1770. His mother married again in 1771, Charles Eskridge, Esq. 2. Major James[2] Lane was appointed guardian to his two young nephews and his niece, the children of his brother, 4. William Carr[2] Lane, and looked after their interests until his death in 1777, when Mr. John Orr was appointed guardian for the lad, 17. Carr Willson[3] Lane. Among the items in the account of this guardian appear these little side lights as to the events in the boyhood of Carr Willson Lane—"Singing Lessons, . . . inoculation . . . and . . . (sett)ing of leg." On the tax books of Loudoun County, beginning in 1782 down to 1788, John Orr is charged as the guardian of 17. Carr Willson[3] Lane, and after that 17. Carr Willson[3] Lane appears as a taxable. He inherited land near Centreville and six negroes from his father's estate besides his interest in the mills and other business. In 1798, he was living in Centreville, for in a deed from William Hutchinson to him, the land is described as "land in Centreville adjoining Presley Carr Lane's land and near the house 17. Carr Willson[3] Lane now lives in." 17. Carr Willson[3] Lane married Penelope, the daughter of George Thrift, and moved to Mason County, Virginia. His record after leaving Fairfax County has not been followed."**

21. Willoughby Washington[3] Lane, said to have been born about 1775 in Westmoreland County, Virginia, was the son of 5. Colonel Joseph[2] Lane and Mary Newton, his wife. He was a god-son of General George Washington, who gave a hogshead of tobacco to the minister at his christening. 21. Willoughby Washington[3] Lane removed from the home place of the Lanes in Nominy Forest and resided in Jefferson County, Virginia, now West Virginia. He married Mary Ann Riddle and left but one child named Mary Ann

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*Fayette Co., Pa., Court Records, Deed Bk. Q, p. 122, Oct. 15, 1827. Heirs of 16. Presley Carr[3] Lane sell land in Fayette Co., Pa. Bk. XX, p. 61, Fairfax Co., Va., 1826, deed of heirs of 16. Presley Carr[3] Lane. This deed says that he died July 31, 1819, in Shelby Co., Ky., and that at date of his death some of his children were not of age and that others were married and gone.

**Tax Lists of Loudoun Co., Va., in Va. State Library. Will of 4. Wm. Carr[2] Lane, Bk. A, p. 284, dated 1770, Loudoun Co., Va., Bk. B, p. 326. Dist. Court Deeds, Prince William Ct. H., June 28, 1798. Bk. T, p. 84, Loudoun Co., Va. Bk. F, pp. 127, 181, 266, Loudoun Co. Bk. N, No. 2, p. 19; Aug. 3, 1818, Corporation Court, Alexandria, Va.

Riddle[4] Lane, who married Andrew Kennedy of Scotland and South Carolina.

22. George Steptoe[3] Lane, son of 5. Colonel Joseph[2] Lane and Mary Newton, his wife, was married in 1810 to Elizabeth Stribling, and died in Berryville, Clarke County, Virginia, in 1841. His will, dated December 30, 1839, was probated in August, 1841. (Will Bk. A, page 1, Clarke Co., Va., C.H.) In this will he names his daughter, Mary Newton[4] Lane Nicklin, and gives her one-half of his estate; the other half is devised to his daughter, Elizabeth T.[4] Lane. To his son, Benjamin B.[4] Lane—"not a cent." Andrew Kennedy is named as trustee for the two daughters. The family records say that Mary Newton Lane, daughter of 22. George S.[3] Lane, married Joseph Marshall, who was born 1805. If this is true, this was a second marriage, as she was named Nicklin in 1839.

The inventory and appraisal of the estate of Benjamin B.[4] Lane, only son of 22. George[3] Lane, was recorded in Book A, pages 158-159, in Clarke County, dated 1847.

28. Elliot Tobey[3] Lane, son of 5. Colonel Joseph[2] Lane and Mary Newton, his wife, was probably the youngest child of his parents. He was born on the old home place of the Carrs and of the Lanes in Nominy Forest, Westmoreland County, Virginia. He removed to Franklin County, Pennsylvania, and married there, Jane Buchanan. She was the daughter of James Buchanan and the sister of President James Buchanan. The daughter, Harriet[4] Lane, was the favorite niece of President James Buchanan and presided at the White House during his term of office. Her beauty and graciousness endeared her to the public, and she has been remembered as one of the popular mistresses of the White House. The home of 28. Elliot Tobey[3] Lane is on a busy street in Mercersburg and across the street from the Buchanan home. He and his wife, Jane, are buried in Spring Grove Cemetery. He died November 3, 1840, aged 50 years. His wife died 1839, aged 46 years. Their children buried in this cemetery were: Thomas Newton[4] Lane, who died May 27, 1835, aged 18 years; William E.[4] Lane, who died February 12,

1834, aged 8 months; and Joseph Starke[4] Lane, who died August 2, 1822, aged 2 years.*

In taking up the children of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., numbered from 29 to 38 in this account, so much has already been given about them in their father's part that it may not be necessary to give each one separately. The records of Fairfax County and of Alexandria give information about these persons showing their joint heirship in their father's estate, which corroborates Mrs. McDonald's statements about her mother's sisters and brothers.

29. James DeMoville[4] Lane, son of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., and Susanna Linton Jennings, his wife, was born in Loudoun County, Virginia, and died in 1812 in Loudoun or in Fairfax County. 29. James[4] Lane appears on the court records as James D. Lane, son of 6. William[3] Lane, Jr. Mrs. McDonald's letter gives him as James Demoville Lane, which statement seems quite trustworthy.** (a) Mrs. McDonald could hardly have made up the name DeMoville. (b) 29. James D.[4] Lane was her uncle, whose children she would have met in Fairfax County. (c) She could not have known about the early DeMoville family of Virginia which is now extinct save through family tradition. Mrs. McDonald also passed on the family tradition† that there was a Miss Demoville who married a Lane ancestor of the early generations. The account given by Mrs. McDonald of this early connection shows a confusion of generations which has been straightened out by investigation of the records which have proven the Lane lineage and intermarriages as they stand in the preceding pages. This does not, however, exclude the possibility of an early DeMoville ancestor. It may occur back of 1. William[1] Lane, who married Martha[2] Carr; his father may have been the Lane who "married . . . de Moville in 16—, though certainly not "in Prince William County,"‡ as Mrs. McDonald said,

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*Cumberland Valley Hist., Vol. I, p. 345. Spring Grove Cemetery Records. The children of James Buchanan, Sr., were: 1. James Buchanan, who became President of the U. S. 2. William Buchanan, who d. before 1836. 3. Maria, who m. Dr. Chas. Yates of Crawford Co., Pa. 4. Harriet E., who m. Rev. Robt. Henry; she was b. 1802 and d. 1825. 5. Sarah, who m. James B. Huston; she was b. 1798 and d. 1825 and left one child, Elizabeth Huston. 6. Geo. W., d. unm. 7. Rev. Edward Y. Buchanan, m. Ann Eliza . . . and resided in Lancaster, Pa. 8. Jane, b. 1793, d. 1839, m. 1810 Elliot T. Lane.

**See pp. 35 and 36, under 6. Wm.[3] Lane, Jr., for proof concerning the parentage, marriage and issue of 29. James D.[4] Lane.

†Bk. EE, p. 240, Jan. 20, 1803, Humphrey Peake and James D. Lane sell to Daniel Harrington . . . land in Centreville. (Fairfax Co. C. H.) The above shows Mrs. McDonald's father and 29. James D.[4] Lane together in a transaction.

‡Mrs. McDonald's letters quoted in "The Glengarry McDonalds," p. 332, and in "The Seldens of Virginia," Vo. 2, p. 248.

but in Westmoreland or in Northumberland County, Virginia. There were De Movilles in Westmoreland County early, especially one Samuel DeMoville who appeared on the records in connection with the Lanes, Carrs and Middletons. A second possibility is that the DeMoville connection is not in the direct Lane line. There is a record of an Elizabeth DeMoville who married a Harrison; Elizabeth Harrison who married 2. Major James[2] Lane and who was the daughter of William Harrison, may have been the descendant of the Harrison-DeMoville intermarriage and so have brought the DeMoville ancestry into the Lane family. That 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., son of 2. Major James[2] Lane and Elizabeth Harrison, named a son, 29. James DeMoville[4] Lane, strengthens the tradition of the DeMoville connection, in either case.

29. James DeMoville[4] Lane married about 1801 Catherine Alexander, a widow with two young children. She was the daughter of Richard Foote and the sister of William Haywood Foote. 29. James DeMoville[4] Lane died before 1822. In his father's will in 1822, 29. James DeMoville[4] Lane's children, 49. Arthur Foote[5] Lane and 48. Elizabeth Foote[5] Lane, are given the land and negroes previously given to 29. James D.[4] Lane by his father in 1803.

48. Elizabeth Foote[5] Lane, the daughter of 29. James DeMoville[4] Lane, died unmarried in 1837, leaving a will in which she mentions her uncle, William Haywood Foote, her brother, 49. Arthur Foote[5] Lane, and his children, James William[6] Lane and Helen Elizabeth[6] Lane, and their aunt who married Mr. Peter Gregg of Loudoun County, Virginia, also a niece, Maria[6] Carter.

The two children Catherine Foote had by her first marriage to John Stewart Alexander were William H. Alexander and Catherine Foote Alexander, who married William H.[4] Triplett, son of Colonel Simon Triplett, and 16, Martha[3] Lane, his wife.

29. James DeMoville[4] Lane died before 1822; married Catherine (Foote) Alexander and had children:

48. Elizabeth Foote[5] Lane, died unmarried, 1837.

49. Arthur Foote[5] Lane, married and had issue, James William[6] Lane and Helen Elizabeth[6] Lane.

37. Anne Linton[4] Lane, daughter of 6. Captain William[3] Lane, Jr., and Susanna Linton Jennings, his wife, was born in 1780 in Loudoun County, Virginia, and removed with her parents to Fairfax County about the year of her marriage, 1798. She married Dr.

Humphrey Peake of Fairfax County, Virginia. They resided for many years in Alexandria, Virginia, where their children were born. They removed to Prince William County, Virginia, and later to Missouri. 37. Anne Linton[4] (Lane) Peake died in 1837 in Palmyra, Missouri. Dr. Peake died in Warren County, Virginia, when there on a business trip and visit to his daughter, Mrs. Elizabeth Lane[5] (Peake) Buck.

The children of 37. Anne Linton[4] Lane and her husband, Dr. Humphrey Peake, who grew up were:

Julia Ann Peake, born 1802, married 1819, Mr. George G. Tyler of Prince William County. Parents of Monroe Tyler (see page 455).

Elizabeth Lane Peake, born ...., married Mr. Thomas Fayette Buck of Warren County, Virginia. It was to their son that Mrs. McDonald addressed one of her letters in 1880.

Susan Ellen Peake, married Edward C. McDonald in Hannibal, Missouri.

William Humphrey Peake, born 1812, married Nancy Glasscock of Fauquier County, Virginia.

Ellen Peake, born 1820, married James DeCamp.

Cornelia Peake, born 1822 in Alexandria, Virginia, and married at Hannibal, Missouri, 1847, Mr. Angus W. McDonald as his second wife. She died 1909.

Cornelia Peake McDonald, the youngest child of Dr. Humphrey Peake and 37. Anne Linton[4] Lane, his wife, was of the fifth generation in the direct line of descent from her ancestor, 1. William[1] Lane, who married Martha[2] Carr. Her letters have preserved the family story and connections and passed these on for future generations.

THE ST. LOUIS LANES

By Hunter McDonald

As we have seen from page 493 of the preceding sketch, 40. William Carr[4] Lane moved from Fayette County, Pennsylvania, to Shelby County, Kentucky, and thence to Missouri. He had married Mary Ewing, danghter of Judge Nathaniel Ewing of Pennsylvania.

Our interest in him and his brother, 47. George W.[4] Lane, arises from the fact that they and their descendants were intimate with the McDonalds, Peakes, Tylers, Hollidays and DeCamps in Palmyra,

Hannibal and St. Louis, Missouri, and many of the kindly associations there established continue to this day.

40. William Carr[4] Lane was born in Fayette County, Pennsylvania, December 1, 1789, educated at Jefferson and Dickinson College, in his home county and studied medicine at Louisville, Kentucky, in 1811. He attended lectures at the University of Pennsylvania. He served as Surgeon's Mate at Fort Harrison, Florida, and became Surgeon there in 1816. In 1819 he moved to St. Louis and practiced in partnership with Doctor Samuel Merry.

He was chosen Mayor, the first under the first city charter granted in 1823, and was re-elected for five successive terms of one year each. After an interval of nine years he was again elected Mayor, serving for three terms. Such honors were not lightly bestowed in those days and they came to him as the result of his outstanding executive ability and public spirit.

In 1825, upon the failure of the State to provide funds with which to entertain General LaFayette and the consequent inaction of the Governor, Major Lane induced the city authorities to bear the expense and an appropriate reception and entertainment was nevertheless extended to the distinguished visitor.

In 1852 Doctor Lane was appointed by President Filmore, Governor of the Territory of New Mexico, but after a brief service in this office he returned to St. Louis and resumed his practice. He died here January 16, 1863, leaving three children.*

Ann, who died in 1904, leaving no children.

Victor Carr, who died at Lexington, Kentucky, August 19, 1848, and

Sarah, died in St. Louis 1892, married April 16, 1840, William Glasgow, Jr., born 1813 in Delaware and died in St. Louis, 1892. Issue, eleven children.**

Doctor Hardage Lane was a contemporary of Doctor William Carr Lane and a distant cousin. I have often heard my mother refer to him in a very friendly way but she left no clue to the connection. He was probably descended from 15. Sarah[3] Lane, who married Captain William Lane, Sr., son of James Lane of Fairfax County, who married Lydia Hardage.

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*"Encyclopedia of the History of St. Louis" (Hyde) and *Missouri Historical Review,* Vol. 26, 1931-32.

**Letter December 23, 1933, from Miss Stella M. Drumm, Secretary, Missouri Historical Society.

72. Presley Carr[6] Lane of St. Louis wrote me in 1927 substantially as follows:

Doctor Hardage Lane came from St. Jenevieve, Missouri. He had a brother, Doctor Harvey Lane. Both were in the Legislature at the same time. Doctor Hardage married a Miss Carroll of Carrollton, Missouri, who was related to Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Maryland. He was one of the organizers of the St. Louis Medical Society. He died in 1849. He had two children, Hardage Lane, Jr., and Elizabeth, who married Samuel Peake from Virginia or Maryland. They had three children, Samuel Peake, Jr., Elizabeth and Fannie. They are all dead as far as I know.

In "Colonial Families of the United States" (McKenzie), there appears in a sketch of Charles Carroll, a record of one of his descendants, Anna Carroll Laurenson Beatty, having married Doctor Lane, whose eldest child Elizabeth married Samuel H. Peake.

The Lane family with whom my mother was most intimate, was that descended from 47. George Washington[4] Lane, son of 16. Presley Carr[3] Lane and his wife, Sarah Stevenson, born 1793 at Centreville, Virginia, died August 10, 1841, at Palmyra, Marion County, Missouri. He married March 19, 1813, at Centreville, Virginia, Frances Toulson Adams, a sister of George Francis Adams[4], born 1795. He moved to Missouri prior to 1830 and died there, October 13, 1844. Issue.*

50. Richard Henry[5], born July 14, 1814, at Centreville, died young.

51. Presley Carr[5], born January 3, 1816, at Centreville, died young.

52. Frances Louise[5], born September, 1817, died 1822.

53. William Carr[5], born August, 1819, died October 28, 1820.

54. William Crawford[5], born September 19, 1820, died September 30, 1823.

55. Sarah Virginia[5], born 1822, died June 15, 1833.

56. Nathaniel Tyler[5], born August 14, 1824, died November 10, 1860. He married Helen Le Roy. Issue.

59. John LeRoy[6].

60. Nathaniel Tyler[6] Lane, born August 30, 1857, died February 20, 1910. He married 77. Alma Rogers,[6] *q. v.*

57. George Washington[5], born May 23, 1829, married Miss Isabel. Married 2nd Amanda Overton, born April 5, 1831. He died November 22, 1884. Issue.

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*List furnished by Mrs. F. W. Lane of Palmyra, Missouri, in a letter dated May 29, 1932, to 72. Presley Carr[6] Lane of St. Louis.

61. William Francis[6], born June 8, 1854, died April 24, 1921. Married March 11, 1880, Fannie Ely Winchell. Issue.

81. Mary Winchell[7], born June 27, 1882.

82. Nellie Amanda[7] Lane, married Doctor D. V. Northland and had five children.

62. Robert Clifton[6], born November 25, 1856, died 1860.

63. Dudley Overton[6], born June 27, 1860, died March 24, 1931, married October 6, 1886, Sallie R. Newland. Issue.

83. Agnes Newland[7], died .....

84. George William[7] Lane, married Ellen Glasgow. Issue.

98. Mary Beale[8].

99. Frank Glasgow[8] Lane.

64. Dudley Jackson[6], married Francis White. Issue.

85. Francis Newland[7].

86. Margaret Lucinda[7].

87. Dudley Overton.[7]

88. Katherine Bates.[7]

89. Sarah Louise[7] Lane.

65. Mary Isabella[6], born October 30, 1861, married January 2, 1884, William H. Youse. Issue, two children.

66. Joseph Winlock[6], born May 6, 1863, died in infancy.

67. Fannie Evalina[6], born September 13, 1865, married December 20, 1888, Frank G. Zwick. Issue, two children.

68. Emma Louise[6], born December 20, 1867, married January 27, 1886, Edward de Gavis. Issue, three children.

69. Anna Cornelia[6], born October 27, 1869, died in infancy.

70. Alma Llewella[6], born January 10, 1871.

71. Presley Carr[6], born January 9, 1873.

72. Sarah Amanda[6] Lane, born May 11, 1876, died March, 1900, married Walter A. Nelson.

58. Francis Adams[5] Lane, born January 4, 1830, near Palmyra in Marion County, Missouri, died at St. Louis June 16, 1901. He grew up at Palmyra, came to St. Louis in 1848 and became a merchant of wealth and influence. In his younger days he was a member of the National Guard. He accompanied General D. M. Frost

in his "famous Southwestern Expedition."* He married Emma Horner Price, daughter of Captain Enoch Price, born in Pennsylvania in 1796, a pioneer in navigation of the Ohio, Mississippi and Missouri Rivers. Beginning at the age of sixteen Captain Price built up a flourishing steamboat and mercantile business from which he retired in 1847 to manage his large estate. He was a member of the old Episcopal Church and one of the founders of Christ Church, in which his daughter married December 2, 1856. Emma Price was born January 8, 1837, on the corner of Sixth Avenue and Olive Street and lived for fifty years in their residence on Pine Street, where I had the pleasure of visiting her several times. She was tall and stately and much loved by all who knew her. She had a summer residence at "Overledge," Magnolia Massachusetts, where she kept open house for her descendants and friends. She was a vigorous and delightful correspondent and kept in close touch with a wide circle. She and my mother corresponded and exchanged visits until late in life. She died at St. Louis February 8, 1927. Issue.

73. Fannie[6], born 1857, died in infancy.

74. Presley Carr[6], born November 5, 1858. He married Sarah Doolittle. He married 2nd Mary Gratz Brown, born March 29, 1865, daughter of Governor B. Gratz Brown of Kentucky. He is a physician in St. Louis. His wife died November 17, 1931. No issue.

75. Price[6], born October 1, 1861. He married Susan Buchanon. He married 2nd Mary Branch Garrison, widow of C. K. Garrison.

76. Ralph Martin[6], born August 25, 1863, died 1893. He married Julia Ulrichi, a cousin. Issue.

90. Ralph Martin[7], Jr., he graduated from Harvard University and married Margaret Mather of Detroit, Michigan.

91. Eric Ulrichi[7], a graduate of Harvard.

92. Francis A.[7] Lane.

77. Almira Rogers[6], born March 25, 1865, married 60. Nathaniel Tyler[6] Lane, born August 30, 1857, died February 20, 1910. He was a son of 56. Nathaniel Tyler[5] Lane. She has a summer residence near Brookport, Massachusetts. Issue.

93. Helen Le Roy[7] Lane, born 1894, married 1917 Wells Blanchard of Concord, Massachusetts. Issue. Helen Le Roy[8], born 1919.

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*"Encyclopedia of History of St. Louis, Missouri," Vol. 2, p. 1227.

Herbert Wheeler[8], Jr., and Nathaniel Lane[8], twins, born 1920, Susanna[8], born 1925, and Myra[8] Blanchard, born 1929.

94. Nathaniel Tyler[7] Lane, Jr., born 1899, graduated at Yale University 1922, married 1928 Genevieve Williams of St. Paul, Minnesota. He is with the Certainteed Products Company of New York City. Issue.

78. Emma[6] born February 23, 1867, died March 5, 1932, married 1827 Robert de Coursey Ward, a Professor at Harvard University. Issue. Robert de Coursey[7], Jr., graduated at Harvard, Anita[7] and Emma Lane[7] Ward.

79. Belle[6], born October 7, 1870. Unmarried.

80. Josephine[6], born October 16, 1872, married November 13, 1898, John Scott Carter. Issue.

Frances[7] Carter, born October 4, 1900. Married October 192.. Walker Mason[8], Jr., born March 4, 1927.

81. John Beach[6] Lane, born May 4, 1875, married Sarah Isabel. Issue.

95. Alexander[7].

96. George Ayers[7].

97. Francis Carr[7] Lane.*

SINGLETON

12. Edward C.[3] McDonald, married July 26, 1833, Francis Elizabeth Singleton, fourth daughter of General James Singleton, born in Richmond County, Virginia, 1762, died 1815, and his wife Judith Trockmorton Ball Singleton. His country home "Paxton" on the Cedar Creek Pike near Winchester was begun by him about 1810 but construction was abandoned after being almost completed on account of the troublous times of 1812-1814. General Singleton was a Captain in the Virginia troops in 1785, Major in 1804 and commanded the 2nd Battallion 10th, 16th and 18th Brigades Virginia Militia under Lieutenant Colonel Alex King of Hampshire County, Virginia. He commanded the 16th Brigade in the War of 1812. He was Justice of Frederick County from 1795 to 1813 and Member of the House of Delegates 1806-1807. He lived at Winchester on the corner of Washington and Germain Streets.

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*The data regarding the descendants of 58. Francis Adams[5] Lane are taken from letters of 74. Doctor Presley Carr[6] Lane of St. Louis and 77. Almira[6] Lane, written me in May, 1932.

His son James Washington[2] Singleton was born at "Paxton" in 1811. In 1828 he went to Kentucky and studied medicine. He later moved to Illinois, where he married in 1834 Ann Craig of Lexington, Kentucky. They had one child who died in infancy. His wife died in 1841. While living at Mt. Sterling, Illinois, in 1841 he was licensed to practice law. He moved to Quincy, Illinois, in 1854.* In his law practice he met in the courts and there began a friendship with Abraham Lincoln, which lasted until the death of the latter, notwithstanding the fact that they held opposing views on the political questions of the day.

On April 13, 1865, President Lincoln signed a pass reading:

Allow General Singleton to pass to Richmond and return. (Signed) A. Lincoln.

The President was shot by Booth just thirty-six hours after he signed this pass.

On April 16, 1865, Singleton wrote his wife regarding a mission on which Lincoln had requested him to go to Richmond, saying:

I was well informed of all his views as to the future, they were so liberal and conservative that I was filled with joy at the prospect of (a) united, peaceful and harmonious country. His loss is irreparable. . . .

My intercourse with him for the past six months has been so free, frequent and confidential, that I am fully advised of all his plans and thoroughly persuaded as to the honesty of his heart and the wisdom of his humane intentions.**

How this mission failed is a matter of history but the related circumstances seem to have escaped the historians.

The title of General was conferred on him by Governor Ford of Illinois for his part in the Mormon War.

He married 2nd on April 9, 1844, at Springfield, Illinois, Parthenia McDanold of Mt. Sterling, Kentucky, a daughter of John Ellis McDanold, born 1795, and his wife Elizabeth Crockett Iles. Parthenia McDanold was "a cousin of Mary Todd, wife of Abraham Lincoln." Her parents had emigrated from the lower valley of Virginia to Woodford County, Kentucky, where they became large land owners. John Ellis McDanold later moved to Illinois. His children by his 2nd marriage were:

Lilly[3], born August 9, 1859, at Quincy, Illinois, married January 2, 1884, Francis Worthington Thomas, born December 21, 1855, at Baltimore, Maryland, died at Charles Town, West Virginia, February 22, 1896. Issue.

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*Mrs. Lily Singleton Osburn of Charles Town, West Virginia.

**Matthew Page Andrews in the *New York Times* of February 12, 1928, reprinted in the *Winchester Evening Star*, February 22, 1928.

Louisa Singleton[4] Thomas, married June 11, 1913, James Battaile Kempe, great grandson of Battaile Muse, agent of General Washington, who was a son of George Muse, who taught General Washington, in military tactics. Issue.

James Battaile[5] Kempe.

Judith Ball,[4] married November 29, 1919, G. Keasley Wysong, of Charles Town. Issue.

Lily Singleton,[5] Elizabeth Keasley,[5] Judith Ball[5], G. Keasley,[5] William Smith[5] and Francis Worthington[5] Wysong.

Francis Worthington[4], Jr., born December 22, 1889, died unmarried.

Parthenia Singleton[4], married November 29, 1922, J. B. Kershaw de Loach of Camden, South Carolina. Issue.

Francis Bratton[5] de Loach.

Cora Elder[4] Thomas. She is a clerk in the office of Adjutant General, U. S. A., and lives in Washington. Not married.

Lily[3] Singleton, married second November 10, 1906, Doctor Howard Osburn of "St. Johns Wood," Rippon, Jefferson County, West Virginia, died February 10, 1931. No issue.

James[3] Singleton, born July 8, 1860, lives in Cleveland, Ohio.

Mrs. Osburn now lives on Samuel Street in Charles Town with her son-in-law, J. Keasley Wysong.

SHERRARD

The family in Frederick County, Virginia, was founded by 1. Robert[1], grandson of Robert Sherrard, and son of Robert Sherrard, Jr., both of Newtown, Limonady, near Londonderry, Ireland, who was born at Newtown, on the day of the Derby Review in June, 1779 or 1781. He had six brothers and one sister, as follows:

Michael[1], who probably settled in Louisiana. Issue: William[2], Paul[2], Michael[2], Anne[2], Jane[2] and Sarah[2].

Joseph[1], who settled in Path Valley, Pennsylvania. Issue, James[2], Joseph[2], Samuel[2] and David[2].

1. Robert[1], *q. v.*

Abraham[1], clergyman. Issue, John[2], also a clergyman, Jane[2], and Martha[2], James[1], Issue, John [2], also a clergyman.

William[1], a sea captain. Issue, William[2], who lived and died in Washington, Pennsylvania. Issue, a daughter[3], who married Doc-

tor Clemens of Wheeling, by whom she had a son Sherrard Clemens[4].

David[1]. Issue, John[2], a clergyman, Robert[2], David[2], who had a son John[3], who came to America in the same vessel with 1. Robert[1], and who was known in 1844 in Morgan County, Virginia, as "Old Johnnie the Wheelwright," Henry[2], Anne[2] and Jane[2].

Martha[1].

Henry[1], the youngest. Issue, Robert[2], John[2], Mary[2] and Jane[2],* 1. Robert[1], lost his wife on the voyage to America but he brought his three children to Winchester, Virginia, where he settled. These children were:

2. Jane[2], married William Alexander of Winchester, Virginia.

3. Elizabeth[2], married 1796, John Bell, a merchant of Winchester. Issue.

Sally[3], Mary[3], Robert[3], Elisa[3], Nancy[3], Mira[3], and John N. Bell[3].

4. Robert[2], a Colonel of the Virginia Militia, born in Ireland June, 1780, married April 27, 1813, Elizabeth Parke Wilson, born March 19, 1793. Issue.

10. Mary Wilson[3], born May 8, 1814, married John B. Stewart.

11. William Wilson[3], born January 11, 1816, died in infancy.

12. Robert Bell[3], born January 30, 1818, married Elizabeth Van Meter of Romney, Virginia, born at Gerardstown, Virginia, died, 1825. He lived at Romney during the war and later moved to Illinois.

13. Edward Parke[3], born April 3, 1819.

14. Willis Wilson[3], born December 3, 1820.

15. John Broome[3], born December 12, 1822, married Susan Gibson. He served in the Confederate Army and after the war moved to Texas. His son David was living in Burnett, Texas, in 1932.

16. Richard Montgomery Scott[3], born August 23, 1824.

4. Robert[2] married 2nd July 18, 1826, Eliza Morton Matthews, born September 15, 1804, died May 2, 1886, daughter of Doctor John Matthews, a Presbyterian Minister. Issue.

17. Scott Matthews[3], born June 2, 1827.

18. William Matthews[3], born July 9, 1829.

19. Elizabeth Morton[3], born September 10, 1833. She married February 1857, 14. Angus W. McDonald[4] Jr., *q. v.*

20. Alexander Watkins Leigh,[3] born September 4, 1836.

21. Francis Dixon[3], born February 5, 1840. Killed in the battle of Gaines' Mill June 26, 1862.

22. Joseph Lyle[3], born January 21, 1842. He was a student at Washington College, Lexington, Virginia, when the war broke out. He joined the Liberty Hall Volunteers as a private and served throughout the war. After the war closed he became a bridge engineer, designed and constructed a number of bridges and later studied for the Ministry. He was ordained and served as a Presbyterian Minister until he retired. He married Elizabeth Cremer of Charles Town, West Virginia. He and his wife live at Crozet, Albermarle County, Virginia, and spend the winters in Richmond with their daughter Elizabeth. Issue.

31. Elizabeth Matthews[4], married Doctor Theron Rice of the Theological Seminary at Richmond. She is a widow.

32. Robert Cremer[4].

33. Shannon Davenport[4].

34. Margaret Morton[4].

35. Josephine Cremer[4] Sherrard.

The widow of 4. Robert[2], married a second time Reverend R. M. Harris, a Presbyterian Minister. No issue.

1. Robert[1], settled in Winchester and married a second wife, ——— Abernathy.

5. John[2] married Anna Munford of Richmond, Virginia, and lived at Berkeley Springs, Morgan County, Virginia.

6. William[2], married 12. Millicent[3] McDonald, *q. v.*, of Hampshire County, Virginia. He died in Florida. No issue. His widow returned to her former home and later moved to Hannibal, Missouri.

7. Joseph Holmes[2], born at Winchester, Virginia, in 1802, married Ann McCarty Singleton, oldest sister of James W. Singleton of Winchester and later of Illinois. He became Cashier of the Farmers' Bank at Winchester, of which his father-in-law was promoter and first President. He lived until after the war, in the large brick house on the Southwest corner of Loudon and Water (Boscawen) Streets. The bank offices were on the ground floor in front. He moved from here to the home on Ambler's Hill, built by General

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*Names and notes above from a memorandum left by Colonel 4. Robert[2] Sherrard to his son 12. Robert Bell[3], furnished by Mrs. John Randolph Tucker of Welch, W. Va., and R. B. Woodworth, of Burlington, W. Va. These two and Mrs. Lilly Singleton Osburn, of Charles Town, W. Va., furnished other data.

David Morgan. In 1827 he was the proprietor and publisher of the *Winchester Gazette.* He was the first President of the Winchester and Patomac Railroad Co., chartered in 1831. He was too old to enter the Confederate Army and he lived in Winchester until his capture by General David Hunter in June, 1864. After his release from the Atheneum prison at Wheeling he remained within the Confederate lines until the close of the war. In 1871 he organized and became the first President of the Stonewall Jackson Cemetery, serving until his death in Winchester, January 6, 1889. Issue.

23. Frances Ball[3], married E. Jacquelin Marshall. No issue.

24. James Singleton[3], a graduate of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania, did not marry.

25. Robert Baldwin[3]. He studied law under his uncle, "General" James W. Singleton, and in 1849 went to California with Edward Charles McDonald and others during the "gold rush." His health gave way and he had to stop mining and went to the mountains of Nevada, In 1851 he returned to California and practiced law at Nicalaus, Sutter County, where he became County Judge. He acquired a small fortune. He died in Winchester, August, 1860, while on a visit to his parents. He did not marry.

26. William Throckmorton[3], born 1828. He went to Kansas and in 1856 was elected Sheriff of Douglas County, the candidate of the "Pro-Slavery" party. His commission was withheld by Governor John W. Geary and while he was making a speech before the County Court in January, 1857, in support of his right to the office of Sheriff, he was shot down and killed by a "Free Soldier," one of the audience, and a supporter of the Governor. This shot has been said to be the first one of the War of Secession. He did not marry.

27. Virginia Ball[3]. Never married.

28. Ann McCarty[3], married Robert Kennedy of Scotland and South Carolina.

29. Elizabeth Kempe[3]. Never married.

30. Joseph Holmes[3], Jr., born at Winchester, *circa* 1837. Between 1857 and 1859 he was with his uncle, James W. Singleton, of Quincy, Illinois. He later returned to Winchester and at the breaking out of the war enlisted as a private in the 7th Virginia Cavalry and was later transferred to the 11th Virginia Cavalry on its organization January 7, 1863, becoming First Lieutenant Troop H., under Captain A. M. Pierce.

He was wounded five times, most severely at the battle of Trevilian Station, June 10, 1864. He was also in prison about six months.

When he enlisted he was a consumptive but emerged from the army a well man.

In the spring of 1863 his regiment wintered in Rockbridge County, at which time he is supposed to have met his future bride, Rachel Primrose Cameron, daughter of Colonel Andrew Warwick Cameron, owner of the "Cameron Farm," north of Lexington. They were married in October, 1865.* They lived on her portion of the Cameron Farm. Issue.

31. Rose[3], married Charles Price Harman. Issue.

Charles Price,[4] Jr., Travis[4], and Joseph Sherrard[4] Harman.

32. Virginia[3], died unmarried.

33. Nellie[3], died unmarried.

34. Anne Singleton[3], married Frank Dean Coe of Rockbridge County, Virginia, born Gerardstown, West Virginia, and son of William Coe and his wife, Miss Trent, of Lynchburg, Virginia, and grandson of Doctor Coe. Issue.

Frank D. Coe[4], Jr., Primrose Cameron[4] and Wilson Park Cameron[4] Coe.

35. Joseph Holmes[3] Sherrard of Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, married Amy Williams. Issue.

37. Joseph Holmes[4].

38. Hugh William[4].

39. Robert Singleton[4].

40. Mary Anne[4].

41. Primrose Sherrard[4].

46. Holmes Cecil[4] Sherrard.
Maryland, married Floe Carpenter of Johnson City, Tennessee. Issue.

42. Andrew Cameron[4].

43. Frank Coe[4].

44. John Carpenter[4].

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*On p. 193, "Recollections and Letters of General Lee," this wedding is spoken of as that of Miss Cameron and "Mr. Sherrod."

45. Warwick Constable[4].

46. Holmes Cecil[4] Sherrard.

8. Mary[2], married Henry Myers of Morgan County, Virginia. They moved to Winchester.

9. Evalina[2] Sherrard, married Reverend Eichelberger and taught a school for boys in the early days of the war.*

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*Mrs. Osburn furnished the following: "Henry Sherrard married Martha, 6th child of Robert Glass. Issue, a daughter who married first, Barbee, and second Colonel Sowers. Am unable to place Henry."

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ORIGIN OF COUNTIES

1-STAFFORD COUNTY, VA.
from Westmorsland - 1664
2-SPOTSYLVANIA COUNTY, VA.
from Essex, King William and King and Queen - 1720
3-PRINCE WILLIAM COUNTY, VA.
from Stafford and King George - 1730
4-ORANGE COUNTY, VA.
from Spotsylvania - 1734
5-FREDERICK COUNTY, VA
from Orange - 1738
6-AUGUSTA COUNTY, VA.
from Orange - 1738
7-FAIRFAX COUNTY, VA.
from Prince William and Loudoun - 1742
8-LOUISA COUNTY, VA.
from Hanover - 1742
9-ALBEMARLE COUNTY, VA.
from Goochland - 1744
10-CULPEPER COUNTY, VA.
from Orange - 1748
11-BEDFORD COUNTY, VA.
from Lunenburg and Albemarle - 1753
12-LOUDOUN COUNTY, VA.
from Fairfax - 1757
13-FAUQUIER COUNTY, VA.
from Prince William - 1759
14-AMHERST COUNTY, VA.
from Albemarle - 1761
15-BUCKINGHAM COUNTY, VA.
from Albemarle - 1761
16-PITTSYLVANIA COUNTY, VA.
from Halifax - 1766
17-BOTETOURT COUNTY, VA.
from Augusta - 1769
18-SHENANDOAH COUNTY, VA.
from Frederick - 1772
19-MONTGOMERY, COUNTY, VA.
from Fincastle - 1776
20-HENRY COUNTY, VA.
from Pittsylvania - 1776
21-FLUVANNA COUNTY, VA.
from Albemarle - 1777
22-ROCKBRIDGE COUNTY, VA.
from Augusta and Botetourt - 1778
23-ROCKINGHAM COUNTY, VA
from Augusta - 1778
24-CAMPBELL COUNTY, VA.
from Bedford - 1781
25-FRANKLIN COUNTY, VA.
from Henry and Bedford - 1785
26-BATH COUNTY, VA.
from Augusta, Greenbrier and Botetourt - 1790
27-MADISON COUNTY, VA.
from Culpeper - 1792
28-GILES COUNTY, VA.
from Montgomery, Tazewell and Monroe - 1806
29-NELSON COUNTY, VA.
from Amherst - 1807
30-ALLEGHANY COUNTY, VA.
from Bath, Botetourt and Monroe - 1822
31-FLOYD COUNTY, VA.
from Montgomery - 1831
32-PAGE COUNTY, VA.
from Shenandoah and Rockingham - 1831
33-RAPPAHANNOCK COUNTY, VA.
from Culpeper - 1833
34-CLARKE COUNTY, VA.
from Frederick - 1836
35-WARREN COUNTY VA.
from Frederick and Shenandoah - 1836
36-ROANOKE COUNTY, VA.
from Botetourt and Montgomery - 1838
37-GREENE COUNTY, VA.
from Orange - 1838
38-APPOMATOX COUNTY, VA.
from Buckingham and Campbell - 1845
39-HIGHLAND COUNTY, VA.
from Pendleton and Bath - 1847
40-CRAIG COUNTY, VA.
from Botetourt, Roanoke, Gile and Montgomery - 1851
41-JEFFERSON COUNTY, W.VA.
from Kentucky - 1780
42-BERKELEY COUNTY, W.VA.
from Frederick Co. Va. - 1772
43-MORGAN COUNTY, W. VA.
from Hompshire - 1820
44-HAMPSHIRE COUNTY, W. VA.
from Augusta Co. Va and Frederick Co. Va. - 1754
45-MINERAL COUNTY, W.VA.
from Hampshire - 1866
46-HARDY COUNTY, W.VA.
from Hampshire - 1786
47-GRANT COUNTY, W. VA.
from Hardy - 1866
48-TUCKER COUNTY, W.VA.
from Randolph - 1856
49-RANDOLPH COUNTY, W. VA.
from Harrison - 1787
50-PENDLETON COUNTY, W.VA.
from Hardy and Augusta, Rockingham & Bath Co's Va. - 1788
51-POCAHONTAS COUNTY, W. VA.
from Bath Co. Va. and Pendleton, Randolph & Greenbrier - 1821
52-WEBSTER COUNTY, W. VA.
from Nicholas, Braxton and Randolph - 1860
53-NICHOLAS COUNTY, W.VA.
from Greenbrier, Kanawha and Randolph - 1818
54-GREENBRIER COUNTY, W.VA.
from Botetourt Co. Va. and Montgomery Co. Va - 1778
55-FAYETTE COUNTY, W.VA.
from Logan, Greenbriar, Nicholas and Kanawha - 1831
56-SUMMERS COUNTY, W.VA.
from Greenbrier, Monroe Mercer & Fayette - 1871
57-MONROE COUNTY, W.VA.
from Greenbrier & Botetourt Co. Va. - 1779

LEGEND

- Railroads as of 1861
- Railroads as of 1931
- County Lines
- Route of 152nd Nat'l Guard train, prisoners and refugees under Col. D. Putnam
- Retreat of Union Forces under Genl. David Hunter
- All other Topography as of 1861

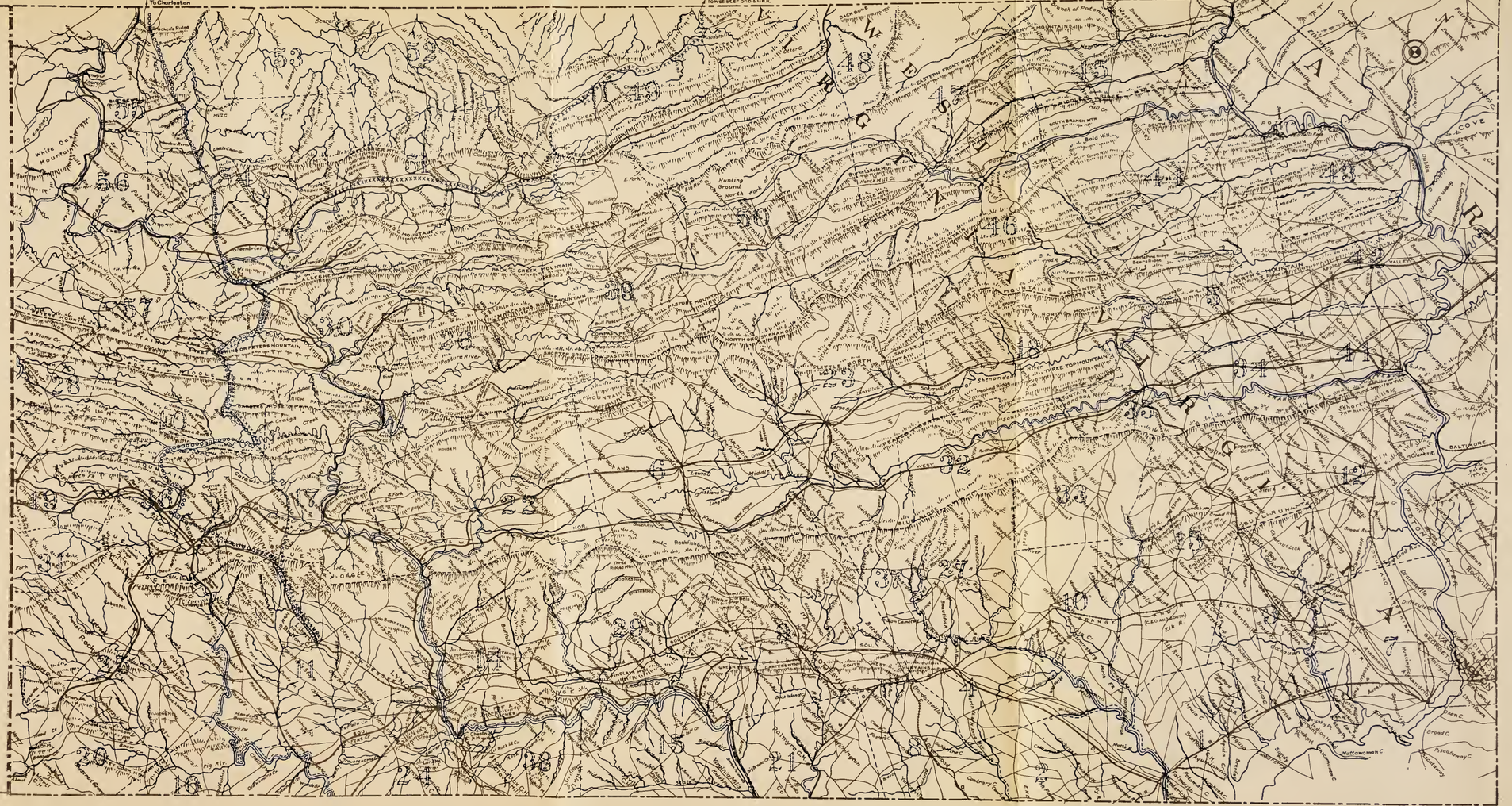
THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA

FROM

THE POTOMAC RIVER TO CHRISTIANSBURG

Approximate Scale in Miles

0 10 20 30


To Charleston
To Webster on B. & O. R.R.
SHENANDOAH
ROCKINGHAM
AUGUSTA
ROCKBRIDGE
BATH
ALLEGHANY
BOTETOURT
CRAIG
MONTGOMERY
PULASKI
GILES
FLOYD
CARROLL
GRAYSON
WYTHE
SMYTH
WASHINGTON
TAZEWELL
RUSSELL
BUCHANAN
DICKENSON
WISE
LEE
SCOTT
HARDY
HAMPSHIRE
MORGAN
BERKELEY
JEFFERSON
FREDERICK
CLARKE
WARREN
FAUQUIER
LOUDOUN
PRINCE WILLIAM
FAIRFAX
ALBEMARLE
NELSON
AMHERST
CAMPBELL
BEDFORD
FRANKLIN
PATRICK
HENRY
PITTSYLVANIA
CULPEPER
ORANGE
SPOTSYLVANIA
STAFFORD
FLUVANNA
BUCKINGHAM
APPOMATOX
LOUISA
GREENE
MADISON
RAPPAHANNOCK
PAGE
STRASBURG
WOODSTOCK
NEW MARKET
HARRISONBURG
STAUNTON
LEXINGTON
BUENA VISTA
GLASGOW
NATURAL BRIDGE
LYNCHBURG
BALTIMORE
Shenandoah R.
Potomac R.
James R.
New R.
Kanawha R.
Gauley R.
Greenbrier R.
Cheat R.
Monongahela R.
Valley R.
Hunting Ground Mountain
Peters Mountain
Allegheny Mountains
Blue Ridge Mountains
Alleghany Mountains
Cumberland Mountains
Cumberland Gap
Big Sewell Mountain
Gauley Mountain
Shenandoah Mountain
Massanutten Mountain
North Mountain
Three Top Mountain
Rich Mountain
Cheat Mountain
Laurel Hill
Back Bone Mountain
Warm Springs Mountain
Big Levels
Little Levels
Valley of Virginia
Shenandoah Valley
Kanawha Valley
Greenbrier Valley
New River Valley
Tygart's Valley
Cove
Hunting Ground
Sweet Springs
Salt Sulphur Springs
White Sulphur Springs
Fincastle
Lewisburg
Gauley Bridge
Charleston
Point Pleasant
Huntington
Ceredo
Ripley
Gauley Mt.
Sewell Mt.
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